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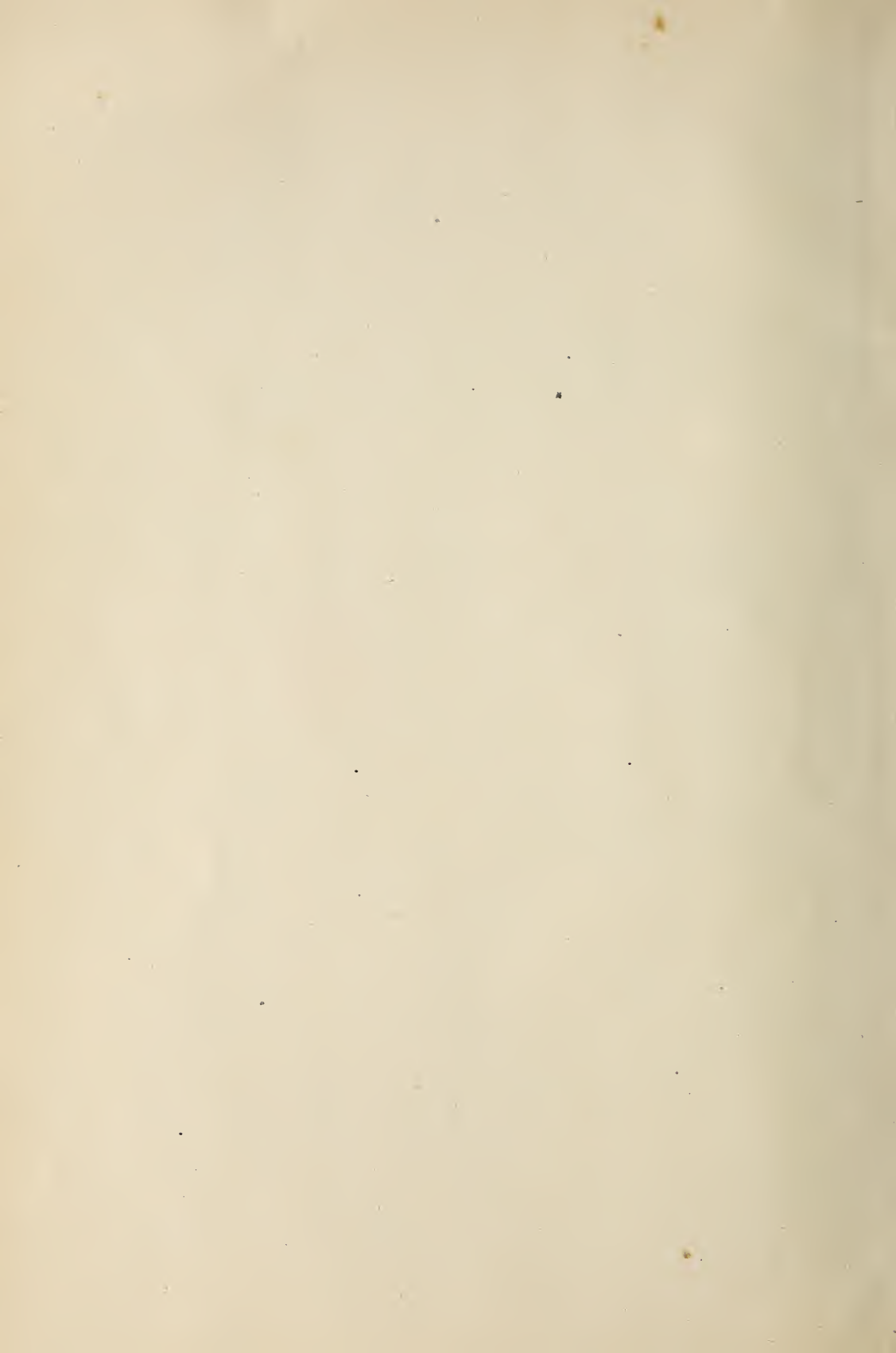
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THE
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ERRATA.

On page 24, 2nd column, strike out *Encyclopædia Brit.*, 20 vols.

On page 26, read *Total number of volumes*, 304.

On page 161, 1st column, 6th line, read *so*, instead of *as*.

On page 165, 2nd column, 15th line from bottom, read *are* for *were*.

On page 169, 2nd column, 16th line from bottom, read *is* for *are*.

On page 170, 1st column, 11th line from bottom, read *unartistic*.

On page 276, read *Editor J. J. Lane*.

On page 344, 1st column, 16th line from bottom, read *Iliad*; 9th line from bottom, read *Aristophanes*.

On page 347, 2nd column, 18th line, read *Curtius*.

On page 379, 1st column, 14th line from bottom, read *Truman* and elsewhere in the editorial.

On page 416, 1st column, 5th line, read 200.

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RICE.

Rice constitutes the chief staple of life for several hundred millions of the human family. It is to China, India, and large districts of Africa and America what the potato is to portions of Europe and our own country. Many millions seldom taste any other variety of bread-stuff, and many find in it, with an occasional fish, fowl, or other meat, their only diet. Tasteless, odorless, and hard to cook, it does not commend itself to the stranger. Being regarded, too, as a weak article of food when compared with wheat, corn, or potato, purveyors who are looking to the main chance—the ready conversion of food into muscle and bone—pass it by. That this is a mistake, however, may be seen in the case of those people who live chiefly on this diet. Whatever chemistry may teach on this point, certain it is that none are better developed physi-

cally or more capable of striking hard blows and enduring to the end than those who use rice. The testimony of employers of Chinese labor in railroad building, clearing lands, ditching, and manufacturing, is very decided on that point. The matter has not been fully tested in our country in the case of a distinctly rice-eating class of Americans, white or black. For there never has been such a class among us, the blacks upon the rice-fields even enjoying a variety of diet—corn, sweet potato, and occasionally wheat.

RICE LANDS.

Although this grain is raised successfully on high lands, it is yet a more profitable crop on low lands. Indeed, it flourishes only where there are frequent rains, or in districts which may be readily inundated. The

grounds adjoining water-courses are preferred. In the coast lands of the Carolinas and Georgia are found the conditions which most nearly meet the requirements of the case. There six large rivers and a number of smaller ones—each with its delta—furnish thousands of acres of richest swamp lands, which, when reclaimed, yield their millions of bushels of the best rice. Tide-water districts are considered as possessing decided advantages over all others. And for this reason.

TIDE WATER LANDS.

The tide from the ocean flows inland for several miles. This water is of course salt at first. But as it sweeps upward it mingles with the fresh water of the rivers and becomes brackish. The water of the river, too, is driven back with every flood, so that there is with every incoming tide a rise of from one to five feet, according to distance from the ocean. It is in this belt, extending from a point ten or fifteen miles from the ocean for forty or fifty miles inland that the best rice-lands are found. On either side of the rivers, each, there are usually low swamp lands, many of them lower than the banks of the river. Here are found the choice spots for the cultivation of the grain—being most easily irrigated.

IRRIGATION.

In this belt the crop is made chiefly by irrigation. The river itself is dyked in order to keep out an overflow of

the stream, and the lands are drained and irrigated by canals and ditches which convey the water to the land when needed and let it out when the work of flooding is done. In the dyke there are flood-gates which form the medium of communication between field and river.

Irrigation is employed for a two-fold purpose: to moisten the land, and to work the crop. Every species of grass known to that country, with one exception, is destroyed by water, while the rice itself may be submerged for days without being affected. When, then, at the expiration of so many days—two or three—it is supposed that the grass is destroyed, the water is (on the ebb-tide) discharged into the river.

GROG.

As may be supposed, persons engaged in this business are largely amphibious. For many days work is necessarily done in the water, and that at the season of the year when fever-producing malaria most abounds, to say nothing of colds, lockjaw, and inflammatory diseases brought on by being wet half the time. And yet the average negro laborer is as healthy in this climate and at this work as elsewhere. Fatal to white men, it brings no injury to the black man. Indeed, you will go far to find a fatter, sleeker, more jolly specimen of humanity than the ordinary rice-field negro.

The notion largely prevailed once that health was secured to the worker mainly by the free use of rum or

whiskey. And on many plantations the practice obtained of dealing out to the hands every morning before going to work rations of grog—unsweetened liquor with water. Sometimes this was repeated in the evening. Managers of rice-hands, said that this grog acted not only as a prophylactic, but also as a stimulus to industry and to prompt and regular appearance at early roll-call. It is well known that rice-planting on the coast has not been a success since the war. Some of the largest and most productive plantations lie waste. It would require a heavy outlay of money to rehabilitate them and run them as of old. This puts it out of the power of these owners to resume work on them, even if labor could be commanded and controlled. But as to the latter, methinks if “old mosser” could reappear on the stage with his “obersheer” dealing out grog in half-pint pots twice a day to thirsty throats, there would be even now laborers not a few.

FIELDS.

In the good old times rice-fields usually possessed one element of grandeur—size. Think of one unbroken field large enough for the full employment of five hundred hands—say two thousand acres. And to one standing on the main embankment, the whole of that was generally in full view. Add to this the adjoining fields above and below and across the river, and you had a sight witnessed nowhere else in our country except in certain sections of the northwest, among the boundless wheat-fields. At certain points

near Georgetown, South Carolina, and Darien, Georgia, five thousand acres were to be seen at one view. Jehossee Island, at the mouth of Combahee river, South Carolina—the property of ex-Governor Aiken—was one solid rice-field worked by a force of six hundred hands, his slave property on that island amounting to two thousand five hundred men, women, and children.

To the observer in October one of these fields just ripening presented the appearance of the ocean—its broad golden waves, as fanned by the winds, succeeding each other with a rhythm and regularity of movement truly charming.

Each field in a well ordered plantation is subdivided into plats of five acres, entirely surrounded by ditches for irrigation, the grain being planted in rows fourteen to eighteen inches apart. The chief work of the hoe after the land is planted is to destroy the water-grass and keep the ditches free of weeds, which are here of very rapid growth.

BIRDS.

The grain when maturing has to run the gauntlet of that other “autocrat of the breakfast table”—the rice-bird. This gentleman, with his lady, migrates from his northern home, where he is known as bobolink, to the rice-fields of the South, in good time to reap the first-fruits of his chosen crop. His name in October and November is legion. He comes like an avalanche. And Cuffy with Sambo, Tom, and Pompey, reinforced by a

host of scare-crows and other deterrents must equip themselves with muskets, blunderbusses and the stoutest lungs at their disposal to keep the marauders and bummers from carrying off more than their share. Perhaps, of all fat animals, the average rice-bird in October is the fattest, as Sambo and "de buckra" (the white folks) too can assure you. Indeed, Sambo's sleekness and greasiness are sufficient proof of the same. His face is as radiant as a shoe polished by a Yarbboro House boot-black. And he goes "largin'" (putting on airs) around like a well-bred Soph. in vacation. This, with blackberry time and Christmas, constitutes the three events in the life of ricedom.

When the rice-bird season is over then come the ducks. These bring up the rear as gleaners. In the late fall and winter they abound, and are ever found in the pantry of the farmhouse and in the city markets. They were legitimate game for white and black like the rice-bird, but not being hunted as part of their task as in the case of the latter, fewer of them fell to Cuffy.

The particular Pompey whom the writer knew was about fifty years old and had emigrated from Angola only twenty years before. On inquiring of him once how he liked America, he replied: "Lice-bud boon, mumdely funfum no boon"; which being interpreted means: "Rice-bird good, master's whip not good." Pompey knew how to wad up words antithetically. He evidently thought little of superlatives as enhancing the force of a thought, and "spoke right on,"

"plain, blunt man" as he was, with all his travels and royalty—for he claimed to be "the king's son." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a weak dilution of the terse pathos in his words.

DINAH'S DISHES.

"Ki! mosser, wüñ you ax me how fñh cook rice? wy, any chile know dat. My little Elsy cin cook um 'swell as e gramma; let 'lone me."

"Well, Dinah, I am told that you have a way of cooking it which makes it really good to eat. In my country we boil it until it looks like glue, and then unless it is sweetened it is not palatable."

"Wüñ düñ dat you talk 'bout now, boss? You muss be laugh at Dinah. Who ebber yeddy sich ting like dat? Is dat fñh true? Well, well, I nebber been yeddy any sich fool way sence I been böñ 'pon de top o' de groun'."

"Be so good as to tell me how *you* cook rice."

"You want to know sho 'nough how I cooks it, süñ? Well, I gwine tell you. Fus wash yo rice clean. Den put um enside de pot, po watuh on um till e kubber de rice. No put too much watuh; ef you do you spile um."

"Well, Dinah, how much water is proper?"

"Law! mosser, I can't tell you dat. Ole misses have tole me often, but I can't 'zackly 'member now. I tink if you tek one pint o' rice, you po on um de pint cup full one time an a half. Den, süñ, you let de watuh bile way from de rice, and den you put the lid on de pot an steam um. Dat's all as

I knows bout it, 'cepin dat you mussn't tech um wid a spoon tell you go fuh dip um up."

"Not touch it with a spoon! Why, how then can you stir it?"

"Stir um, suh! wy, who ebber yeddy talk 'bout stirrin rice, 'cepin you go fuh mek soup? I bin tink ebry-body smaht 'nough fuh know how you mussn't stir de ting when 'e bilin."

At this juncture Cæsar, one of a new lot of hands from Halifax, Va., enters Dinah's cabin and joins in the conversation. Mr. Love, who is interviewing Dinah, is a mountaineer on a visit to the proprietor of the plantation, and as intent on fun as on gaining knowledge. Seeing his opportunity for the former he asked Cæsar how he liked rice.

"Whaut, that ar truck whaut dese 'ere niggers lub so? Why, boss, dar's no more subshun in the stuff dan in so much white san. I tell you de troot, boss, I hasn't had nutten to sorta set well on my stomick sence I lef de cohn bread of Ole Furginny. Dey cooks only flat hoe-cake down here, and I farly dying for de pone whaut Susy used to bake. Boss, dey tells me to forgit all 'bout dem pones. But, boss, I far dream 'bout dem. And den day say, "Oh! man, try de rice;" and dat's wusser'n de hoe-cake. I watch dese niggers how dey open deir mout big and swallow um down by de paddle full an 'e farly teks away my bret. Boss, you ought to been see dem eat whaut dey calls hot-scoff."

"Hot-scoff! what is that." This question Dinah had to answer.

"Mosser, you nebber been yeddy 'bout hot-scoff! wy, de people weah

you come from muss be singlur. Well, I cin tell all 'bout dat. Well, suh, befo the pot o' rice have biled too long you jes drop in um a hanful o' fat chitlin and let um cook in de rice. Dat's hot-scoff. An I tell you, suh, deres nuttin will do a black pusson's haht more good dan hot-scoff for brekfus, 'cepin it bes pullow (pilau) for dinner.

"Pulow! what's that again?"

"Yes, boss, ax um," chimes in Cæsar. "I's wanted to fine out dat ar myself, an hasn't onderstand it yit. Dat ar pullow as dey calls de greasy truck aint fittin for a dumb animil, to my notion."

Dinah had to take the floor again.

"Pulow, suh, is wot de buckra eats. Dey lub hot-scoff's well as we, but dey wunt call um by 'e true name. Dey call um wen 'e been cook fuh *dem* pullow, same like de true an true pul-low."

"Well, what is the true and true pulow?"

"De true and true pulow, suh, is fat fowl, eider duck or chicken, cook wid the rice; an ef you hasn't dem you can mek out berry well wid nice fat ham. But, suh, de bes pullow is mek out'n rice-bud. Wy, boss, my ole man wunt tech de dish o' pulow 'cepin deres a lebbel quart for hisself 'lone. He say less dan dat mek 'im hongrier dan befo' he tase a moutful."

And before Mr. Love departed for his mountain home he had himself initiated into the mysteries of Dinah's favorite dishes. But not remaining beyond his novitiate, he failed to become fond of them.

CAPTAIN SYKES.

Yes, the captain received his title long before that other earthquake—of '65—but did not live long enough to become a brigadier, as he evidently would have done but for that fact.

The captain maintained with vehemence—indeed, it was his favorite doctrine—that no man who could not and did not eat rice was any better than a mud-fish. He had a kind of contempt for biscuit (wheat) and the loaf, and estimated the man according to his relish for rice. This grain he had served up in all the varieties which prevailed in the rice-belt—pure rice, pilau, bread made of pulverized rice, rice pudding, and what not. But on one occasion, for a rarity, the captain was forced to sojourn for a while in a land where rice was not known. His soul loathed the everlasting biscuit—“hot biscuit, sir!”—and he pined away for lack of nutriment. At last he prevailed upon his landlady to prepare him some rice for breakfast. The article was brought on the table in goblets and as a jelly.

“Well,” said the kind lady, “Captain, I have managed at last to prepare your favorite dish. I hope you will relish it.”

But we must draw the curtain over the scene in which a collapsed captain plays the principal part and not raise it until he is safely restored to the bosom of his family in ricedom. Can

we blame the captain for wanting to fight somebody about the year '60?

KING COTTON?

The power behind the throne—yes, who was he? Rice. He was King. These rice-fields reared a class of men the like of whom America will, perhaps, never see again. They were men of leisure, many of them of broad culture and highly educated. The love of money they never had need to cherish. They were raised above all sordid feeling. Devoted to American institutions because from extensive foreign travel they had opportunities of comparing these with those; patriotic beyond the comprehension of the many who now denounce them, they formed the bulwark of the constitution as it came from the hands of the fathers, and “contended earnestly for the faith once delivered.” With due tolerance for maligners in high places at present, who are too near the past unspeakable to see things in their true light, we hold that time will show these men to have been genuine lovers of American liberty and sincere followers in the footsteps of the ancients of the Republic. They did the thinking largely. Cotton voted—mostly as they thought, because they *did* think, and that, in the main, correctly. They with their rice-fields have been overwhelmed in the Great Flood, but their countrymen honor their memory.

WM. ROYALL.

MORMONISM.

It is a clear, moon-lit night. Let us, by the aid of Imagination's wings, swift and sure, fly away from familiar scenes toward the far-off land of the setting sun. Alighting on one of the everlasting, snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, let us forget the cold; or, as in the days of old some unseen hand arrested the sun in his course, that Joshua, captain of Israel's hosts, might have victory; so now imagine that some unseen power gives us respite for a while from the ice-chilled blasts of the mountain peaks.

We are on the rim of a mighty basin; indeed, this is the Great Basin of the Rocky mountains. Bathed in a flood of moonlight, Utah, the home of Mormons, lies outspread before us. Near the centre of the valley is Great Salt Lake, and looking down through its waters, clear as crystal, we behold another chain of Rockies, image of the real. Away from the shores of the lake, some twenty miles, half-hid beneath the abundant shade trees which line its streets, slumbers Salt Lake City, the hub of Mormondom, as if secure in the protection of the giant guards which surround it. With its streets an hundred and thirty feet wide; its picturesque, vine-clad homes; its vast and imposing granite structures—verily it is the beautiful city of the West, gem of the mountains.

But all that glitters is not gold. Less than one year ago Winfield S. Hancock, the bravest of the brave—typical man, typical commander—

passed away. Large of stature, perfect in symmetry, robust in health, he was every inch a man. But a malignant sore broke out on his neck and sent its direful poison through the veins where erst his life blood proudly flowed. Loving friends gather round his bed impotent to help. Medicine is given in vain. Physicians are powerless to save. Death claims him for his own, and a nation mourns. A strong man brought low by a scarcely noticeable sore on his neck.

So on the bosom of the beautiful West, with its grand possibilities, its vast, uncultivated fields but waiting for the husbandman to yield rich crops of golden grain, having hid in the bowels of its mountains fabulous stores of gold and silver and precious stones—upon the bosom of this fair land of promise there is a cancer which is poisoning its very life blood, and which, if not destroyed, is destined to blight all hope, all that is pure, all that is noble, all that is true, not only in the West, but in the whole country. And that cancer is Mormonism.

But what is this Mormonism? Whence come its poisonous effects?

In Sharon, Vermont, about eighty years ago, there lived a family of Smiths whose reputation was none of the best. Into this family was born a son, Joseph by name, who was destined not to forsake the example of his sires. Indeed, he soon surpassed by far his family's record for meanness; he was the worst Smith of them all.

When Joe was about ten years old the family moved to Elmira, New York, where young Joe began to show signs of those dreaming propensities which reached a climax in his eighteenth year, when he declared that the angel Moroni appeared to him in a vision of the night, and told him to go to a certain place and he would find two golden plates, whereon was written the will of God concerning him. Smith declares that he went, and found upon the plates mysterious characters arranged in every conceivable shape; from which characters he translated what is now known as the Book of Mormon. It has since been discovered, however, that these mysterious characters were nothing more than the alphabets of several ancient languages, and that the Book of Mormon was compiled by Smith from an unpopular romance written by one Solomon Spalding, a graduate of Dartmouth College. Smith, getting hold of this, and having cunning enough to see that he could make capital out of it, told of his dream and how he had translated the book from the two tables of stone.

Now, about this time he met a German peddler from whom he learned the art of mesmerism. The influence arising from the practice of this art, together with the awe in which he was held as one who had seen an angel, gave him, in the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious, the character of a supernatural being. The power thus acquired he used for the basest purposes. Entering like a serpent into happy homes, he despoiled them of their purity. To appease the right-

eous anger of his own wife, and the red-hot wrath of outraged fathers and husbands, he declared that he had been told in a vision that a man's glory in heaven depended on the number of spiritual wives he had; and that a woman's only hope of salvation lay in her being the spiritual wife of some man. He practised what he preached, and Mormonism is a product of his devilish character: an off-shoot of his lust. And yet, though exposed on every hand as guilty of lying, fraud, and the nameless crime, men continued to flock to him, and soon his followers amounted to hundreds.

But it soon became too hot for him in New York; and so, hearing from hunters and trappers of the beautiful land of the West, they determined to leave the land of the heathen—as they called all who were not Mormons—and make for the promised land flowing with milk and honey. So they departed, likening themselves to the children of Israel journeying from Egypt. As they marched, missionaries dispersed in every direction, crying, "Come unto Smith, believe his gospel and preach it, and all your sins shall be forgiven; you shall have riches and honors and all the wives you want in this world, and in the next, life everlasting." And deluded men and women came unto him by hundreds—came but to reap a harvest of misery and woe.

They settled at first in Missouri; stealing, murdering the inhabitants; holding that it was no more harm to kill an anti-Mormon than a dog; committing outrages that would disgrace barbarism; until the wronged people

rose up against them in defence of their property, their lives, and the honor of their families, and drove them from the State.

Then they went into Illinois and built a beautiful city, which they called Nauvoo, and which was for a long time the capital of Mormondom. Here Joe Smith was killed by a mob, at whose head was Doctor Foster, whose wife he had ruined. But Nauvoo soon became a veritable pandemonium. The civil authorities were maltreated and sometimes slain. The inhabitants knew no authority. Every man was a law unto himself. Disorder and confusion reigned supreme.

Again they had to change their quarters; and again they emigrated, still keeping their faces turned toward the setting sun. And after many vicissitudes, contentions within among themselves, and fightings without with hostile bands of Indians, leaving behind them the bleaching skeletons of their comrades who had perished by the way, some from cold, some from hunger, but more from broken hearts,—they came at last to the promised land of Utah, and commenced to build the city at which, with Imagination's eye we've taken a peep.

When Smith was killed at Nauvoo, the notorious Brigham Young was chosen to be leader of the Mormon church. He was a worse man than Smith, because an abler. Like him, he was a degraded, sensual wretch. He even murdered one of his own daughters, because forsooth she loathed the hell-born institution of polyga-

my and started with an emigrant band for California.

These are the characters of Smith and Young; the one the founder, the other the propagator and crystallizer of the central doctrine of Mormonism—the doctrine around which all others revolve, and to which all others are subordinate—Polygamy.

The condition of woman in any country marks that country's degree of civilization. In almost every country of heathen faith, woman has been an abject slave—bound hand and foot. But wherever the Christian religion has gone, hovering o'er her like an angel of mercy, it has touched her shackles, and they've fallen. And yet, here in America, where truth, like an electric light, shines clear as the noonday's sun, this relic of barbarism, this enslaver of woman is allowed to exist. The wail of the broken-hearted women of Mormondom rises to heaven as a testimony against this nation. Utah is crowded thick with the graves of murdered women; and every grave is a monument to the nation's faithlessness.

What is the secret of the government's indifference to this evil? Is it that secret polygamy is rife at Washington? A prayer of Dr. Milburn, "blind man eloquent," chaplain of the House of Representatives, would suggest as much.

Others, strange to say, console themselves by saying that it is a little thing, which the future will solve. Little? It is not little. This poisonous plant, whose tap-root is in hell, sending up its main stalk into Utah, has already six lateral branches extending into so

many States and Territories, and feelers into every State of the Union; so that Mormonism is firmly established in Utah, Idaho, Washington Territory, Nevada, and Wyoming.

O for Herculean strength! I'd climb the loftiest peak of the Rockies, and pointing with indignant finger at Mormondom, cry out with stentorian voice, "Guardians of the nation, awake! awake from your lethargy! In the name of your mothers, in the name of your sisters, in the name of your wives, in the name of Purity, in the name of Virtue, I say, awake! and destroy this crying shame. Blot out of existence this cesspool of iniquity—this cruel prison, through whose barred and grated windows an

embruted and enslaved womanhood, with wan cheeks and hollow eyes, is holding out a supplicating hand, pleading, crying, imploring, 'O deliver us from the body of this Death!'"

But there is coming a reckoning day; and the statesmen, whether Northern or Southern, Eastern or Western, who might have destroyed this evil, but would not, will find that delay meant destruction; and when this monster Mormonism gets a controlling influence in this nation, out of "Memory's graveyard" will come tramping hideous phantoms of neglected opportunities; the sole burden of whose melancholy chant will be "Too late! Too late!!"

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?"

It is hardly natural that we who live in the Southern States should have that true and devoted love for our Union that is exhibited by our Northern brethren. When we remember the merciless hordes which swept through our land, burning and pillaging all that fell in their path, and leaving only smouldering ruins and standing chimneys as monuments of their passing; and when we remember that our fertile plains, where once peace and prosperity sat basking in the genial light of a southern sun,

they stained with the blood of our kinsmen, I say it is hardly natural that we should have any love for, or pride whatever in her weal.

But the time has come when sectional prejudices must be ignored, and in their stead be cherished a deep and abiding love for our Union. We must no longer remember the wrongs of the past, but remember that to-day we are a strong arm of one of the most powerful nations that exist. The questions over which these two sections so long contended are to-day irrevocably settled. The bright star of the Confederacy which shone forth like a meteor, has sunk in impene-

trable gloom, and now it becomes our duty as loyal citizens to shed tears alike over the graves of the "blue" and the "gray," and remember that they both fought for a cause they thought just, and now,

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

They fell like the patriots that they were nobly defending the land they loved, and now they lie resting 'neath the sod of their native land. The bones of Northern as well as Southern patriots bleach the soil of every State from the hills of Pennsylvania to the prairies of Texas.

But while we should forget the wrongs of the past, and while we should love our country and should be willing, should circumstances require, to lay down our lives in her defence, still let us respect the principles on which our fathers entered the strife; let us cherish with never-dying affection those brave men who left homes and loved ones to the care of the Father of all good, and went forth to meet the blazing storm of battle.

The old Confederate flag, which waved triumphantly over so many gory fields, is now furled forever. The mighty armies which once greeted it with enthusiastic shouts have been dispersed; so

"Touch it not; unfurl it never;
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead."

Although the Confederacy was crushed it left a record of daring deeds

and patriotic devotion which will last as long as bravery is honored and patriotism receives its rightful homage.

Let us thank God that the old sectional strife is rapidly dying out, and the South as well as the North feel that this is their Union, and as such they must look to its best welfare. Were a foreign foe to invade our land Southern youths would spring to arms with as much avidity as Northern patriots, and would never sheathe the sword till the last foe was crushed.

The young men of the South who are just coming on the stage of action must let their love of country extend beyond Mason and Dixon's line; for they are and will be called to offices of trust and honor which will embrace not merely one section but the whole country. For the leaders of the church and state are passing away, and their places must be filled by young men of our own generation. Therefore let it be the first care of every young man to acquire a character with principles so pure that he could not be bought with the gold of Ophir or bribed by the honors of a nation. As we enter the arena of life let us cultivate a spirit of love and devotion for the land of our nativity; think of her institutions, resources, and future, and be proud of her; show ourselves worthy of honor and trust; be prepared to go when and wherever our country calls us, and strive to perpetuate the institutions of liberty which were purchased by the blood of our forefathers.

E. H. BOWLING.

THE STRANGER OF THE DEEP.

I have a story to tell,—or rather a tale; but I don't know how to begin. Could I distinguish the head from the tail of it, no such trouble would arise; but it is one of the twisted up, tough things which one sometimes meets with, not knowing how to get around. Like a woman catching a mouse, he can do nothing but stand, or rather *jump*, and holler at it. However, he doesn't accomplish anything by that, and finds that the only way to get at the right is to *try something*. On that plan, then, will I act.

'Twas a morning, about the middle, I think, of May; at least I will say it was in May, for a beautiful morn it was, and all May mornings are, you know, pretty—so they say; anyway, I never heard of an ugly one. Well, on this lovely morning the little "Alabama," like some new-fledged dove, bounded from the bosom of the mighty deep, and glided up the peaceful river, with strains of "Home, sweet Home" floating in softly swelling tones from her decks. The foam-crested waves, as they chased each other and sang to the laughing shore, were tinted with the most delicate of nature's hues, and their spray, dancing in the glory of the rising sun, seemed to gather in every color of the rainbow. A dream-like haze slept on the ocean's bosom, rolling away, away to the orient climes till it seemed to melt into the sky and naught was visible save the unbounded expanse of heaven. Ah! with what mingling feelings of delight and pride

did the young captain greet again his beloved sunny clime! How his heart throbbed! how he longed to hasten back to the dear old home of his childhood, to rove over the fields and sylvan haunts he had so much loved, to hear again the gentle murmur of the brooklets, near which he had wandered long, long years ago, and felt his youthful spirits glow, as fancy lifted the curtain and spread out in gorgeous panorama the mystic future.

He was not left long, though, to enjoy a reunion with his native land, for suddenly the alarm was raised that there had sprung a leak, which proved so serious an affair that she turned into port at the little town of H., situated some few miles from the coast. This caused a delay of many hours, so that it was in the afternoon before they again set sail. Then for some time they sped on and on until the evening shades begun to gather, when again our young captain might have been seen leaning over the railing of the deck to drink in the beauty of the ever-changing scene. How natural, how unchanged he thought it seemed. Those hoary cliffs which loomed up in the distance, those high, rich bluffs—his childhood's playmates—crowned with green trees; the valleys between so luxuriant, wearing their robe of waving verdure; the river bank embroidered with tall ferns and creeping vines which bowed to meet the kisses of the cool ripples; and even the little brooks which came in view winding

like silver threads through the emerald meadows and, like the music of an hundred bells, leaping into the mightier stream—all, all, were still the same.

But what attracted him most, on nearing the town of M. (his destination), was a clump of trees about a mile and a half farther up the river, which could be seen lifting their crowned heads far above their lesser comrades. Can you guess why they were so attractive? There was nothing more about them than about other large trees growing upon a hill. No, certainly not to us; but to him they spoke volumes. The very breezes which kissed his sunburnt cheeks seemed, every one of them, to have their home amid those very trees—seemed to be trying to tell him of the past, as with a sigh they murmured and flitted on. And on this spot he still gazed, while the sun which had been slowly sinking bid the world good-night, and with a last kiss to the dewy hills went to rest, leaving the western skies suffused with roseate light in pensive beauty. At the same time they sailed into harbor. Anchor was cast, and soon the captain with the rest had set foot on land.

“O, Mamma, please don’t begin talking about that any more, for I’ve heard it and heard it until the very mention of it freezes my blood. I would almost rather die than to—oh, I cannot, I cannot. Why will you be so hard-hearted as to make me act what is in substance a lie to myself, to him, and to the world? Why add this last fatal stroke to my life which already has been full to overflowing

with bitterest gall? But alas, it’s my fate. If I did but have a brother, or an uncle, or any near kin to take my part, I would not be run over, either. You know you made me promise to marry him, and now—oh, I’m perfectly wretched!”

These were the words which Leona had at length summoned courage to utter, as she buried her face in her lap amid a burst of passionate tears.

“Ah, ha! my young miss. Do you dare, then, to dispute my authority, and as good as tell me that you have been treated wrongfully. You have always been a love-sick, sentimental dreamer, doing nobody any good, and I’ve tried, for your father’s sake, to bear your words as best I could. But since he is dead, and your will comes in conflict with mine, we’ll see who comes out conqueror. Not a whit more of your pettishness will I stand. Every arrangement, as you very well know, has been made; and here on the very eve of your marriage you come to me with such whimpering and broad assertions. To-morrow morning you are the bride, happy or sorrowful, just as you like, of Robert Linwood. Your word has been given to him, and he believes you will soon be his, and *he shall not be disappointed*. True, he is very hasty about the marriage, but that is owing to business affairs abroad, and his wanting you to accompany him. I thought since that bad caper of yours three years ago about that low-down, ungentlemanly Harry, you”——

“Stop, Mamma; say what you will of me, but dare you utter such another epithet about Harry, and no

power on earth can make me yield to your will. Why do you wish to taunt me? Can your anger not cease with the grave?" While living he was a perfect gentleman, every inch of him, and I loved him, nor am I ashamed to own it; and now that he is dead, I cherish his memory—'tis all that is sweet in life."

At first pride was the sole feeling which possessed Leona—wounded pride—but here her feelings gave way under the mighty tide of memory which swept the chords of her responding soul and enveloped her in a flood of tears. Her mother sat motionless for a while, careless it would seem of her daughter's words, though not venturing to renew the conversation; then, suddenly rising, swept out of the room, saying as she did so, "Remember, my girl, the reception comes off to-night at 10 o'clock. Be ready to accompany Robert to the dining hall—*without fail*."

For some time after Leona's tears flowed on unceasingly until, as tears always do, they brought something of ease to her burdened spirit. But not with the tears wholly went her unwillingness to a marriage with Robert Linwood, concerted by her manœuvring mother. Not that he was not "all right," as far as she knew—handsome, intelligent, rich, said to be of good family, etc., did she object. Oh, no, he was all of these. But for her life she could not love him. *Her love*—alas! the merciless waves had taken Harry, and there was not one left for whom she could feel that warm, glowing fire which, once in life, by some unknown hand is kindled on the altar

of two hearts. True, she could respect others, but she believed as I do, that there can be no happiness in these "convenience" unions, based upon respect alone. Surely there must be respect, but let it be clothed in the deepest love. Give me for my teacher a woman learned and strict; for my example, a woman pure and virtuous; for my admiration, a woman fair with deep blue eyes and golden ringlets; but give me for my wife a woman with a heart whose every impulse beats to mine—"a heart of my heart the home." Then will I show you what happiness, what life is.

At length timidly arising, Leona drew back on their golden wires the soft rich curtains to get the benefit of the breezes which were seeking for admittance, thus revealing the terraces of roses, the lawn and its groves and fountains, and above all the rose and amber-colored river rolling on between its banks of undulating light and shade, upon which parties of pleasure seekers were sailing in their white-winged boats.

"Ah," she sighed, "I, too, would be happy and free if he were only here. He was poor but I was rich, and I care not a cent for a world of riches if they bring not happiness. Here I am only twenty years old, with life already a burden to me! Only a year ago and I, though separated from him by the cruel waves, enjoyed life to some extent, for he was living and I had hope. They say while there's life there's hope. But life is gone; what then? O, that that hated message had never come of his being drowned. Ignorance had been bliss. It is over,

though, now, and I must bear the pain. O, God," she murmured, "be thou my help, my stronghold, and my deliverer!"

Just then a ray of light seemed to shed its radiance across her soul. She knew not why nor whence it came. It was one of those gleams from the spirit world which steal over one unconsciously at times in his darkest hours. He only knows that it is a scintillation of the all glorious and holy One who works not as man, but in mysterious ways. One question, though, ever intruded itself upon her. "Shall I, oh, shall I marry him? I do not love him, and how can I be false to any one, most of all to myself, and in a case, too, like this on which so much depends? But then because I am miserable it's no use making every one else so. I reckon I care as much for him as for any one else, and if I must be a sacrifice, better this than to be always quarrelled at by Mamma and made to feel bad about poor Harry. So I will just do as she wishes and leave the result to God. I am determined. Come what will! ere another sun has set an unloved lover shall clasp me to his bosom and claim for his own—what never can be his—my heart. Ah, could I rid myself of the effect of that dream last night. I have never told any one of it—hardly dared to think of it myself. That is why I am thinking about him to-day so much, and turning everything up-side-down. How clearly I recall his every feature as he stood and beckoned to me from that ship! I can not. But let it pass. 'Tis but a dream, as all dreams are. I feel

some better now, for I see my way. There is some consolation at least in being determined, even if all ahead is dark and uninviting." After this wise reasoned the generous, loving, big-hearted Leona. Then, as the evening shades were gathering she started for her room and with a heart of resignation began to prepare for the coming ordeal.

"Going up to the reception to-night, Will?"

"Not that I know of—haven't heard of one. Where is it?"

"What! haven't heard of the reception at Mrs. W's. Miss Leona is to be married to-morrow to that stuck-up Robert Linwood. They say her mother is the cause of it—wants to get her out of the way so she can marry again. For my part I wish 'twas she instead of Miss Leona who is to be his wife."

"Well," began the second speaker, "that is news to me. You know she used to love Harry Miller, but because he was as nice, clever, whole-souled boy as ever breathed, that hateful old mother swore she should never marry him. He wasn't rich, but—bah! he had what a woman, what anybody but a fool, prizes *more* than money—a heart; and he wasn't a fool for the lack of sense, either. Don't you remember how all the boys liked him. I think without a single exception he had the biggest soul of any one in the world. Miss Leona knew it, too; nor did she fail to appreciate it, though the others tried to prejudice her against him. And when the news came that he was drowned, how hard

she did take it. I thought it would kill her, and it was a long, long time before she came out in public. As for me I don't believe she loves that fellow Linwood, though I shouldn't like to tell him so; and it's a burning sin to sacrifice such a lovely, sweet girl as she is. I tell you the devil will get all such folks as her old mother, and I hope he will burn 'em good. Now—"

The speaker was interrupted and turning around, imagine his amazement and delight at seeing one approach whom he thought "dead and in heaven," as he expressed it. "Why, hello, my dear, dear boy!" he exclaimed; and in a second Will Banks and Harry Miller had clasped each other with the warmth of old and tried friendship. Releasing his clasp and taking him by the hand, "Harry," began Will, "is this you? Come, let me hear you speak—am I not dreaming? Tell me how you, who about a year ago were drowned, are here to-night looking so well—I started to say you were looking as well as ever, but you are not. What is the matter that you are so very pale? Are you sick?"

"Sick? Well, yes and no. Physically, yes; mentally, no, forever, if what I hear be true. Ah, Will," Harry went on, "you have always known me as a sanguine though unfortunate youth; but what I heard you say a minute ago has frozen my blood—cut me off from hope, from life, if, indeed, I heard aright. Tell me, I cannot wait longer, is she going to be married to-morrow indeed? Do not hesitate to tell me all; is it so?"

"Harry, my dearest friend, it pains me—"

"For God's sake, Will, say *yes* or *no*!"

"Yes."

"As I anticipated. Then am I a wreck—a bark drifting on the shoals of time without sail or rudder to guide me. I had hoped. But words are idle. Time cannot undo now what has been done. Good-bye, Will; God bless you—perhaps we will meet to-morrow."

With this he rushed from the store and hurried on to the river where his ship was moored, entered the cabin, changed his clothes, took up his guitar (which he had carried with him across the sea), and like one bewildered came out on deck to quiet his raging spirits. Twilight's soft tints were closing in, the heavens becoming studded with myriad diamonds, while the pale young moon softly swinging her silver crescent on the dark blue sky flung her mellow light upon the undulating hills, and peopled the dreamy valleys with fairy forms. An exhalation gradually arose from the bosom of the river, which, catching the rays of the moon, floated in gaudy wreaths along the shore. Sweet was the hour—lovely the scene—and, oh, how refreshing the gentle winds which sped their way across the sleeping hills. But Harry saw none of this, felt none, cared for none. All he knew was that he was perfectly miserable. A sense of loneliness, too, unlike any he had ever before experienced, crept over him—of loneliness and despair. Once he tried to play *her* favorite, but that made the tears flow, and tears

were unmanly. Nought could cheer him. He could not, however, under such torture remain inactive; he must *do* something, to him it made little difference what, only that he might get a covering with which to veil a reality. Like all the rest of the world he wanted to shun his trouble, wanted to bathe in some cold dark Lethe his burdened soul. An hour ago his hopes were bright—but why more words? 'Tis but a step from glory to the grave.

Seeing below a little skiff moored he descended, embarked, and was soon gliding swiftly up the stream on whose delightful bosom he had often plied the oar with a lighter heart. Why did he choose to go up instead of down the river? Did he think he might catch a glimpse of his angel? Perhaps so, but what good would that do him? Only tantalize him the more,—exactly as the gelid waters to thirsty Tantalus. Or it may be that his object was—. No, no, we are all wrong. Let him speak for himself.

“By all that is good and holy, I will hear from her own lips that she does not love me, if indeed she does not; and *if* she does, I'll die before any man shall take her from me—by all that is true or virtuous in man, by all that is underneath, on, or above the earth, by all that is or is to be, *I will!*”

And he swept the last bend in the river which hid from view the beautiful grove and residence toward which he was rowing. With what sensations did he glide under the old willow under whose protecting shade he had so often whiled the stolen hours away

with his sweet little Leona. “Exactly the same—would that it were typical of her,” he sighed, letting loose the oars and catching on to a limb which grew out over the river, thus stopping the progress of his boat in order to listen for the sound of the revellers. But no, he was too soon. Not a sound save the voices of nature reached his ears. “Ah, well, well,” he began musing, “do I remember the first time I was here! Yes, it was right here. I was only seventeen then; had come on a visit to my aunt who lived at M——. Pshaw! doesn't it seem a long time ago, and it's only seven years since. And Will Banks and I went out angling. It was in June—a beautiful day, too,—and I was just from college, young, light-hearted, and glad that I was alive. We strolled along the river nearly all the morning without catching anything save our shoes full of water and our pants full of holes, until we reached this promontory. A fortunate thing, too, that we came, for just as we came up, “crack” went the limb and down into the river she went. I saw her through the bushes as she struck the water. I didn't know who it was, only that it was a woman and in need; so I just plunged in. And such a prize!—worthy of a king. Shall I ever forget that day, that minute, when first I gazed upon her beautiful young face (she was only fourteen then) while she clung with her snowy arms in childlike simplicity around my neck; when I brushed back her dripping ringlets and asked her who she was? Ah, no! I remember only too well the very expression of those

tender, liquid eyes—the reflection of heaven's own blue—as she looked up, with gratitude filling her whole soul, and replied, “Your friend,” and then burst into tears. Her tears, like a shower in May, were soon over, and the roses came out upon her cheeks. I thought then, as I think now, that she was the loveliest creature I ever saw; and from that moment I have known naught but to love her. Then we went—let me see—yes, we went with her home, and such expressions of gratitude as were bestowed upon us I have never seen,—by the father, at least. The mother, though, looked at me as if it would have been all right to have left Leona in the river; and I never did like her for it, either. They were rich, I knew—as rich as cream—but I was fool enough to think that ‘worth makes the man,’ and that a fellow, if he wasn't rich, might “kinder” mingle with those who were, though it didn't appear that way to Mrs. W——. However, Leona came to my rescue. Perhaps it wasn't exactly right, but we did get around them so nicely. I guess Mrs. W—— thought she was ‘fixing me up,’ but Leona used to pluck a heap of flowers along the river banks and I fished—oh, didn't I fish!—right here under this tree in sight of the house.”

Here Harry could not repress a smile, so completely had his mind wandered to the dreamy far-away. But as quick as thought it was dispelled, and a cloud blacker than before settled on his brow, caused no doubt by the mental agony of contrast which Southey thus expresses:

“Could I forget
What I have been, I might then bear
What I am destined to. I am not the first
That have been wretched; but to think how much
I have been happier.”

“Would that I had never left,” he sighed. “But I couldn't get around that, nor would I have done so had it been my choice. 'Twas the last time I ever saw Leona. I left without saying good-bye. May-be she thought I had played the rascal. But no; I wrote her a note telling her of the intelligence just received of my father's illness, explaining that it was impossible for me to see her again before my departure, and at the same time pledging my vow ever to be true. And I have kept it—kept it faithfully and truly. I never heard from her but once afterwards, though she then gave me all the assurance any one could ask. Will said something, too, about my being dead. How could that be? I know I wrote to her less than two months ago. There's something wrong—irreconcilable. Ah! I have it. Fraud! I'll stake my head that they were intercepted. And Leona thinks I'm dead, sure enough. Good heavens! no wonder at her marrying. Why didn't I think of this before? What hard things I have been thinking of her unjustly! Yet,” he added, resuming his oars, “this does not alter my determination of knowing the truth from *her*.”

Shortly afterwards he had come directly in front of the house, which was indeed a very elegant Southern mansion. The east is the front of the house toward the river. The view here is the most charming to be im-

agined. Below stretches a lawn, not level, but gently waving with grass as soft as velvet. This beautiful lawn is separated from the yard proper by a light iron fencing, which indeed surrounds the yard and is furnished with three gates, one to the north, another to the south, while the third leads down to the white and pebbly beach where boats are always moored for the convenience of the rambler. Across the soft water in rich contrast lie hills and groves and fields, and beyond these hills and groves and fields are other fields and groves and hills, stretching on and on until they blend with the horizon in soft mellow tints changing like the color of the clouds.

'Twas here, then, that Harry at length moored his boat. Noiselessly leaping out he approached the iron gate which was by no means a stranger to him, and seated himself, as he often before had done, under a rich magnolia standing just at the gate. A short prelude on his guitar, and then—and then the old song of other hours and other hearts, "Departed Days." In rich cadences his mellow voice floated off on the evening air, and all was hushed.

"Oh, does she not hear! If I fail at this I have no other talisman with which to draw her," he sighed.

"I thought—I thought—alas!—can it?—oh, it cannot be! It is some shadow ghost from out the past. What have I done that I should be so wicked? But then who else? Oh, it is he, it is he! No, no, no! It has ceased." These were the broken sen-

tences which Leona uttered when on putting the last touch to her luxuriant ringlets of chestnut brown she peeped through the lattice and caught the sound of a voice familiar in other days but which she thought was silent forever. A minute more she listened and—" 'Tis he, 'tis he!" she exclaimed, catching the swelling tones of her favorite song, "My Own Lost Love," which nobody could sing like that; no, not one but he. Like some one frantic, with fluttering heart, she bounded down the steps, gained the veranda, and was in a minute's time making her way across the yard—as she had done, perhaps *once* before—not thinking of the rules of propriety. Love had swallowed up all else. "But," thought she, nearing the gate, "may-be I am fooled. Oh, God, why should I be so tormented. How can I—" when the soft refrain "My own lost love, I will return," died away, and Harry Miller stepped forward only in time to catch his fainting Leona in his arms.

Reader, I needs must leave you now. My tale is told—at least it is ended. How it happened that there was no reception that night on account of the absence of our friend Robert, and how, when daylight came, every one was astounded to find that this "gent" had taken wings; how it came that Harry was detained for those five long years in strange lands and stranger seas with his invalid father, who at length died; how he was shipwrecked so often and as often saved; how when the next reception came off he was billed as one of the principal actors; and at length how he sailed from his humble station right on to fame and glory—all this I leave for other times and other tongues to tell. Adieu.

GEORGE CLARENCE.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The term truth in a narrow sense is used to express the opposite of positive error or glaring falsehood, but with a little reflection it can be seen that it possesses a far broader and deeper significance than this; that this is but the index on the surface that points to the hidden depths of meaning embodied in it.

Truth, in this more comprehensive sense, may be considered a perfect agreement with the eternal and intrinsic fitness of things, an entire accord with the mind of Deity: order as opposed to disorder, law as opposed to chaos, beauty and symmetry as opposed to deformity and derangement, and right as opposed to wrong. In a word, Truth is Jehovah himself speaking and acting and living in his works. Viewed in this light, what broad fields are opened up to us, and what precious stores for contemplation and study do we discover in the word truth!. Truth in the material world, truth in the moral world.

In obedience to the principles of order and truth, and in accordance with the inherent fitness of things, this mighty universe, with all its attendant machinery, moves on in its course with faultless regularity and precision. Here we see the highest law and order and truth exemplified. The earth in its diurnal and annual motions, the sun in his mission of brightening and vivifying the earth, the moon with her silvery light, the twinkling stars ever varying in mag-

nitude and glory; each and all, moving or stationary, perform their several functions in the great economy of the universe, in accordance with the fixed principles of truth. And beyond our feeble vision other worlds, other suns, other stars, forming parts of other systems are moving, and still beyond these, other systems perhaps more glorious and grand are revolving; and so on and on to infinity itself the measureless fields of space form one mighty factory with millions of shining orbs like so many spindles, all whirling to the music of the universe with never a jar, never a discord, while truth, *truth* as a mighty engine fashioned and regulated by the mind of Deity, governs with its unerring laws this vast array of machinery.

Then see what triumphs are achieved by man as he discovers the fixed and uniform laws of the material world. The pyramids, stupendous monuments of a once superior civilization; the discoveries of Newton, which shed a flood of light on the intellectual world; the triumph of Franklin in rendering the fierce lightnings subservient to the wishes and wants of man; the skill of Fulton in the application of steam to the steamboat; the genius of Morse in tying together two hemispheres, and a hundred other triumphs and discoveries in science and art—discoveries which have brightened and gladdened the world—all show what can be accomplished when

the principles which govern material things are appreciated and utilized.

And yet the vast realm of truth is still unexplored. It has yet rich mines laden with precious ore for the earnest seeker. What has been achieved, what has been learned, what has been discovered, is but an earnest, a slight indication of the achievements yet to be made and the victories yet to be won by him who in the cause of truth seeks new light. The telegraph and the phonograph and the railroad and the steamboat and the hundred other achievements of this and past ages may and will be eclipsed in coming years, when through the power of truth man shall become enlightened, and when the true causes, effects, relations, and laws of all the forces in the world around us shall have become known. Ah! truth is mighty in the natural world, mighty in taming the savage forces of nature, mighty in the storm and tempest, mighty in the hands of scientist and inventor; but what can be said of it in the moral world? Here we find its true sphere, its grandest power, and most brilliant victories.

The history of man from the beginning of his existence until now forms a curious and interesting study. It is interesting to view man in his original and savage state, to trace his progress through the various stages of transition and improvement, and to mark the causes which effected his present moral excellence. That some great power has through all the past ages been at work developing man's moral nature, and in some way counteracting the evil tendencies about him, is

evident. In the age of mythology and superstition, when barbarity, ignorance, and oppression reigned; when liberty, justice, and right were unknown; when every hill and grove at Athens, the centre of power and learning, were filled with gods,—even then, in that period of almost utter moral darkness and hopelessness, there was still some power holding on to man and throwing stray gleams of light athwart his pathway. There was something whispering in his ear a consciousness of his higher, nobler nature, and of an immortal existence.

Socrates, though living in a heathen age and surrounded by the most degrading customs, inculcated the most rigid morality, and left evidences of a knowledge of the soul's immortality, and many of the principles of Christianity.

Epictetus, living long as a Roman slave in want and wretchedness, still set an example of patience and fortitude almost superhuman, and taught precepts of a wholesome character.

Seneca, at the court of the wicked Nero, mingling daily in scenes of the most revolting cruelty and vice, still lived a life of spotless integrity, in many respects, and in his philosophical teachings he displays a gentleness of spirit which might be mistaken for genuine piety.

The same is true of many of the ancient philosophers. Though living in an age of intellectual and moral darkness, before the bright rays of Christianity had illumined the earth, they showed that there was some influence at work deep down in their

hearts lifting them up, and giving them a faint conception of the grandeur of man's nature and the possibilities of his existence.

This was the mighty and all pervading power of truth.

And again during the middle ages, when war as a mighty giant stalked over the earth scattering death and destruction everywhere, and the world seemed almost converted into a pandemonium, then in the convents and monasteries all over Europe the lovers of learning were fanning the sparks of truth, and in the Crusades and in Chivalry the germs were kept alive destined to burst forth in all the glory of our modern civilization.

But perhaps the power of truth has been more strikingly exemplified in the Christian religion than anywhere else. Against that religion, in its earliest history, the most violent persecution was aimed. In its infancy in the reign of Nero, the tyrant, the most exquisite tortures were inflicted on its votaries. The Roman Emperor being in possession of absolute power determined to uproot the new religion, and for this purpose he bent all his energies and employed every agency at his command. But his efforts were in vain. The flame spread

and took deeper and stronger hold at every effort made to extinguish it. And so on for centuries the monarchs of the whole world combined, strove, and labored to destroy the Christian religion. But they failed. Christianity stood; it stands to-day.

While mighty empires and grand kingdoms tottered and fell, and whole nations became extinct; while other systems apparently well founded crumbled to dust, the Christian religion stood—stood amid the blasts of persecution—stood, because founded in truth. Yes, to-day the Bible stands as a mighty rock in the surging ocean; around its base the angry waves of opposition have been howling and roaring for centuries, but it stands in the power of truth.

We hear much now about the dangers to religion, the dangers to society, the dangers to all that is true and virtuous. We hear of nihilism, socialism, communism, and scepticism, until we sometimes fear that the safety of law and order and virtue is endangered, and that they may ultimately be destroyed. But there is no danger; the power of truth will prevail.

BETHUNE.

LIST OF BOOKS PURCHASED FOR LIBRARY,

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Blackwood's Philosophical Classics. 10 volumes.
 Lewes' History of Philosophy.
 Marcus Aurelius' Meditations.
 Lotze's Microcosmus.
 Argyll's Unity of Nature.
 Argyll's Reign of Law.
 Ueberwig's History of Philosophy. 2 volumes.
 McCosh's Christianity and Positivism.
 Spinoza's Chief Works. 2 volumes.
 Tullock's Movements of Religious Thought.
 Sully's Outlines of Psychology.
 Sully's Teacher's Handbook of Psychology.
 Lecky's History of European Morals. 2 volumes.
 Ribot's Diseases of the Memory.
 Ribot's Contemporary German Psychology.
 Martineau's Types of Ethical Theory. 2 volumes.
 Legge's Life and Teachings of Confucius.

THEOLOGY.

- Uhlhorn's Christian Charity in the Ancient Church.
 Fiske's Myths and Myth-Makers.
 Morison's The Great Poets as Religious Teachers.
 Armour's Atonement and Law.
 Parker's Apostolic Life, Vol III.
 Parker's The People's Bible. 3 vols.
 Brace's Gesta Christi.
 Taylor's Joseph the Prime Minister.
 Geikie's Hours with the Bible. Vols. V. and VI.

- Spencer's Ecclesiastical Institutions
 Smith's Old Testament History.
 Smith's New Testament History.
 Smith's Ecclesiastical History.
 Lang's Custom and Myth.
 C. Kingsley's Sermons for the Times.
 C. Kingsley's Westminster Sermons.
 Spurgeon's Treasury of David. 7 vols.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Carnegie's Triumphant Democracy.
 Mrs. Jackson's A Century of Dishonor.
 Rae's Contemporary Socialism.
 Spencer's Study of Sociology.
 Amos' Science of Law.
 Jevons' Money and Mechanism of Exchange.
 The Statesman's Year-Book, 1886.
 Hapgood's Reforms.
 Maine's Popular Government.
 Maine's Ancient Law.
 Malthus' Essay on Population.
 Carey's Principles of Social Science. 3 vols.
 Fiske's American Political Ideas.
 Mill's Political Economy.
 Jevons' Methods of Social Reform.
 Jevons' State in Relation to Labor.
 Ely's French and German Socialism.
 H. George's Progress and Poverty.
 Wheeden's Morality of Prohibitory Laws.
 Gustafson's Foundation of Death.
 Newcomb's Principles of Political Economy.
 Schuyler's American Diplomacy.
 Ashton's Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.
 Woolsey's Doctrine of Divorce.
 Wilson's Congressional Government.

Bigelow's Writings and Speeches of Tilden.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Agassiz's Methods of Study in Natural History.

Agassiz's Geological Sketches. 2 vols.

Schmidt's Mammalia.

Wood's Nature's Teachings.

Wood's Horse and Man.

Argyll's Primeval Man.

Foster's Prehistoric Races of the United States.

Milne's Earthquakes and other Earth Movements.

Wagner's Chemical Technology.

Meynert's Diseases of the Fore Brain. Part I.

Romanes' Jelly-Fish, Star-Fish, and Sea Urchin.

McCook's Tenants of an Old Farm.

De Nadaillac's Prehistoric America.

Lewes' Studies in Animal Life.

Roscoe and Schorlemmer's Treatise on Chemistry. 5 vols.

Cook's The New Chemistry.

Schutzenberger's Fermentation.

Thurston's History of the Steam-Engine.

Luy's The Brain and its Functions.

Semper's Animal Life.

Oswald's Zoological Sketches.

Whitney's Metallic Wealth of U. S.

R. Chambers' Vestiges of Creation.

Evans' Ancient Stone Implements.

Richardson's Preventive Medicine.

Brannt and Wall's Techno-Chemical Receipt Book.

Gore's Electro-Metallurgy.

Wurtz's Atomic Theory.

Remsen's Theoretical Chemistry.

Tait's Recent Advance in Physical Science.

Roscoe's Spectrum Analysis.

American Ephemeris, 1887.

Clarke's History of Astronomy.

Johnston's Topographical Surveying.

Carpenter's Geographical Surveying.

Winslow's Stadia Surveying.

Specht's Topographical Surveying.

Warren's Paradise Found.

Cassino's Standard Natural History. 6 vols.

Hamerton's Landscape.

Ruskin's Complete Works. 12 vols.

Lubke's History of Art. 2 vols.

Ferguson's History of Architecture. 2 vols.

Reber's History of Ancient Art.

Ritter's Manual of Musical History.

Nichol's Art Education Applied to Industry.

Morse's Japanese Homes.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Encyclopædia Britannica. 20 vols.

Stormonth's Dictionary.

Posnett's Comparative Literature.

Scherer's German Literature. 2 vols.

Keble's Christian Year.

Ingelow's Poems of the Old Days and the New.

Stedman's Poets of America.

Austen's Emma.

Austen's Pride and Prejudice.

Wallace's Ben Hur.

C. Kingsley's Alton Locke.

C. Kingsley's Yeast.

C. Kingsley's Hereward the Wake.

C. Kingsley's Prose Idylls.

C. Kingsley's Lectures in America.

Geo. McDonald's Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.

Geo. McDonald's Robert Falconer.

Geo. McDonald's Donal Grant.

Geo. McDonald's What's Mine's Mine.

Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Roe's Opening of a Chestnut Burr.
 Roe's Barriers Burned Away.
 Roe's Without a Home.
 Lang's Letters to Dead Authors.
 Lowell's My Study Windows.
 Lowell's Among my Books. 2 vols.
 Lowell's Fireside Travels.
 Owen Meredith's Glenaveril.
 Burrough's Wake Robin.
 Burrough's Fresh Fields.
 More's Songs and Ballads of the
 Southern People.
 Gough's Platform Echoes.
 Collins' Moonstone.
 Collins' The New Magdalene.
 Collins' Woman in White.
 Collins' The Two Destinies.
 Black's Madcap Violet.
 Black's Judith Shakespeare.
 Black's White Wings.
 Hugo's Toilers of the Sea.
 Auerbach's On the Heights. 2 vols.
 Auerbach's Little Barefoot.
 Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd.
 Ebers' Egyptian Princess. 2 vols.
 Ebers' Serapis.
 Brontes' Wuthering Heights.
 Mulock's A Life for a Life.
 Mulock's Agatha's Husband.
 Mulock's A Noble Life.
 Mulock's Miss Tommie.
 Oliphant's Primrose Path.
 Initials and Pseudonyms.
 Tennyson's Tiresias.
 Carleton's City Ballads.
 Gladstone's Homer and the Homeric
 Age.
 Mrs. Jackson's Ramona.
 Matthews' Oratory and Orators.

TRAVELS.

Hare's Walks in London.
 Hare's Walks in Rome.

Hare's Spain.
 Hare's Florence.
 Hare's Venice.
 Melville's In the Lena-Delta.
 Mrs. Jackson's Glimpses of Three
 Coasts.
 Basset's Persia.
 Schwatka's Along Alaska's Great
 River.
 Knox's Boy Travellers. 2 vols.
 Forbes' A Naturalist's Wanderings.
 Miss Bird's Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.
 Lanier's Florida.
 Froude's Oceana.
 Conder's Tent Work in Palestine.
 2 vols.
 Thompson's Land and the Book.
 Vols. II. and III.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Grant's Personal Memoirs. 2 vols.
 Allen's Charles Darwin.
 American Statesmen. 6 vols.
 American Men of Letters. 5 vols.
 Cross' George Eliot. 3 vols.
 Life and Education of Laura Bridge-
 man.
 S. Longfellow's Life of Longfellow.
 2 vols.
 Campaigns of Grant in Virginia.
 Rambaud's History of Russia. 2 vols.
 Hosmer's Story of the Jews.
 Labberton's Historical Atlas.
 McCarthy's History of the Four
 Georges.
 Stepniak's Underground Russia.
 Stepniak's Russia under the Czars.
 Lossing's New History of U. S.
 Rawlinson's Ancient History.
 Scribner's Epochs of Ancient His-
 tory. 10 vols.
 McClellan's Campaigns of Stuart's
 Cavalry.
 Arnold's Life of Lincoln.

Stevenson's strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.	Ploetz's Epitome of History.
E. C. Agassiz's Life and Correspondence of L. Agassiz. 2 vols.	J. S. Moffat's Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.
Seeley's Short History of Napoleon I.	Froude's Carlyle. 2 vols.
American Commonwealths. 7 vols.	General Gordon.
Rose Kingsley's Children of Westminster Abbey.	Smiles' Men of Invention and Industry.
Probyn's Italy.	Louis Pasteur.
Marvin's Russians at the Gates of Herat.	Trollope's Autobiography.
Higginson's Larger History of U. S.	Heroes of Science. 3 vols.
	Bush's Life and Times of Chrysostom.
	Lowe's Life of Bismarck. 2 vols.
Total number of volumes.....324.	

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

"ET TU, BRUTE!"

Trustees, Alumni, Fellow Students, Old Students, Friends of the College, one and all, with this number of THE STUDENT, the incoming editors for the session of '86-'87 greet you. And as we do so, we bespeak your co-operation in the work of publishing our college magazine. We need it. THE STUDENT has had a hard struggle for existence. True, our subscriptions, in connection with the funds coming from advertisements, would have been sufficient to defray all expenses, had we been able to collect all. But this we have not been able to do; and, whilst the debit column of our books has heretofore shown a fair array of figures, the figures in the credit column have been too often like "angels' visits." Hence THE STUDENT has been compelled to draw on the treasures of the Societies in order to meet expenses. This ought not to be.

We submit that THE STUDENT deserves the hearty support of all friends of the College. It is one of the best advertisements that the College can possibly have; for the notices which it has received at the hands of other college publications and of the press in general have been, without a single exception, in its favor. The sentiment is unanimous, that THE STUDENT is surpassed by no college magazine in the South. If this be true, then it necessarily follows that it is a good

advertisement for the College. It is the exponent of College thought; the thermometer, as it were, which measures the temperature of its intellectual atmosphere.

We have felt sometimes, in thinking over the struggle which THE STUDENT has had since its birth, just as we imagine Cæsar felt when the cold dagger of him whom he thought his best friend pierced his bosom. Not that you, friends, have actually done aught against the magazine—not that; but because your very indifference has imperilled it; and the sight of that, coupled with the thought that you had withheld what was but your reasonable service, has made us exclaim, almost involuntarily, "*Et vos, Bruti!*"

But we cannot believe that it will be longer thus. Shall it be? Now that the College is taking on new life and throwing aside the garments of sloth, thus preparing for a bold advance; when the hearts of the vast hosts of Baptists throughout the length and breadth of the State are beating time to the quick-step of her onward march, and all friends of religious culture everywhere are bidding her God-speed,—surely this obvious means of advancing her interests still further—this, her offspring in her darker days, must not be left behind. And we have so strong a faith in the friends of the College as to believe that they will not allow it.

So now we, the representatives of the Euzelian and Philomathesian So-

cieties, again greet you in their name; and, and at the same time, ask you to support this, their humble contribution to the advancement of the interests of the College.

Friends who help in time of need,
Surely they are friends indeed.

W. P. S.

THE TIME FOR GRAMMAR.

Leading educators are agreed at least in theory that the best way to learn a language is to use it. They look on grammar, which is the philosophy of language, as one of the most difficult branches of human learning, and, therefore, promising to the immature mind small results either of culture or of practical acquaintance with the language. And yet in our schools the English grammar continues to be studied and recited by rote, by children who have not, and ought not to be expected to have the slightest conception of its abstract terminology. Why should not the time usually spent in this well-nigh profitless exercise be devoted to the study of the objects of nature as grouped in the sciences of observation, and leave grammar to a later and more fitting period in the process of education? The pupil would be vastly the gainer by this course. The observing powers would meet their appropriate exercise at the right time and respond in a healthy development. In the meantime, the teacher, by a correction here and a suggestion there, and by example, could enable the child to speak and write good

English in a shorter time and with less worry to both than he could, by direct instruction in grammar. Mrs. Judson, who had the entire management of the missionary household and was frequently obliged to speak Burman all day, found that, while Mr. Judson gave all his time to the study of the nature and construction of the language, she could talk and understand others better than he.

W. L. P.

OUR NEW PROFESSORS.

On the 30th of last July the Trustees of Wake Forest College met in Raleigh to elect a Professor of Chemistry, a Professor of Latin, and an Assistant Professor of Languages and Mathematics. There was a large number of applicants for these positions from all parts of the country, whose high recommendations were a compliment to the institution.

Dr. J. R. Duggan, of Johns Hopkins University, was elected Professor of Chemistry. He was born in Washington county, Georgia, in 1859, and is therefore about twenty-seven years of age. In 1877 he graduated at Mercer University, Ga., with the degree of A. M. Later he obtained the degree of M. D. from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and the degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University. After his graduation there he was for one year a "Scholar" of Johns Hopkins, and for the three years succeeding a Fellow. He was consulting chemist for the Maltine Man-

ufacturing Company of New York City, was employed by the government commission appointed to investigate the manufacture and uses of glucose and grape-sugar, and has done work for the American Health Association. Papers giving accounts of some of his original investigations have appeared in the *Medical News*, the *American Chemical Journal*, etc. He has done considerable work in fermentation and bacteriology. Dr. Duggan's original studies have received recognition abroad in his election to membership in the Chemical Society of Germany.

The new Professor of Latin is Rev. George W. Manly, Ph. D. Born Nov. 26, 1858, in Richmond, Va., he entered Georgetown College, Kentucky, Sept., 1873, and graduated with the degree of A. M. in June, 1878. The following September he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, and completed the entire course in May, 1882. In the same month he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church at Aiken, S. C., which position he held until his departure for Germany in the summer of 1883. He studied in the University of Leipzig until the summer of 1886, obtaining the degree of Ph. D. The dissertation which he presented for the degree is entitled "Contradictions in Locke's Theory of Knowledge," a monograph of 63 pages. Dr. Manly bears a name honored in North Carolina history, being a great-nephew of Governor Manly and of Judge Manly of the Supreme Court. He is a son of Dr. B. Manly, Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Prof. W. H. Michael, Assistant Professor of Languages and Mathematics, was born April 7, 1861, in Preston county, West Virginia. He received the degree of A. B. from the University of West Virginia, June, 1884. Since his graduation he has been teaching at Louisburg, this State.

The friends of Wake Forest have not yet ceased their congratulations upon the work of the Trustees on that 30th day of July.

W. L. P.

GETTING TO WORK.

Few realize the importance of being at the College at the beginning of the term. Many seem to think that a few days missed when all is in the confusion attendant upon the opening of the term's work, the forming of new classes, and the adjusting the hundred other little matters that come up, will make no difference. This is a very great mistake. Every student has to pass through the stage of excitement before he settles down to work. The pleasant memories of vacation pastimes must be laid aside, and the mind must be drilled not to wander back to the good-byes said at home. And the sooner one gets to college the sooner he gets through this stage of excitement and gets cooled down to work.

Then, too, if one is late in entering he begins behind his classes, and ten chances to one he will never fully

catch up, but keep getting farther and farther behind until perhaps in utter despair he concludes to "wait and take it up next year," or, to "change his course" so as to avoid it altogether.

But the tardy ones are not the only ones who suffer on account of their negligence. Their professors who begin the regular recitations on the day appointed, find themselves compelled to go over the work of yesterday so that Mr. A. can have some idea of the new study. Then the next day in comes Mr. B., for whose benefit the two preceding day's work must be reviewed. And thus it goes on until the students who did come at the first of the session are bored beyond endurance by having to go over the same ground again and again. Thus those who come in late do a thing which is injurious to themselves, unfair to their teachers, and unjust to their classmates.

Doubtless many excuses can be rendered by those who are late. And while a few of them are good, many are on this style: "We had a pic-nic down home a few days after school was to have begun and I could not miss it"; or, "The boys were to have a camp-hunt on the river and it would be too bad not to go; a few days make no difference anyhow." But excuses have fallen into disrepute since Adam made that memorable one for eating a certain apple. Let us then avoid excuses in the future by being ready to begin work when the time comes.

J. J. L.

REGULAR ACADEMICAL EDUCATION.

The question is often asked, "Why spend so much time at college in taking a regular college course, in studying dead languages and higher mathematics?" Year after year we see the number of those taking special courses steadily increasing. And as our session is just beginning we shall set forth as briefly and as clearly as we can the advantage of taking a regular course at college.

In the great majority of cases, the superiority manifested by some over others in the conflict of intellect, is to be attributed to the readiness with which they can apply and confine their attention to whatever subject they desire. That man is to be congratulated who can restrain his wandering thoughts, and bind down his mind at will to the contemplation of the subject in hand. Vague, interrupted thought never does and never has effected anything great in the world's busy arena. All the great things that are done are the fruit of this continued, concentrated application of the mind. Now, it is certain that this exclusive direction of one's powers can be obtained as the result of a regular college course. In the study of Latin and Greek, our attention is of necessity sharpened and fixed by having to discover the meaning of the various words and define the relation existing between them. In the mathematical sciences our minds are thoroughly trained by being directed to each proposition, each truth, as they follow one another with logical certainty. Thus our reasoning powers,

our powers of discrimination are disciplined. Nothing is more evident than that the habit of fixed attention, of a powerful concentration of the

mental powers, is the certain and legitimate result of a regular academic education.

J. M. B.

CURRENT TOPICS.

WHAT CAUSED THE EARTHQUAKE?—The earthquake scare of Aug. 31st is not entirely over, and Charleston is still a scene of fearful destruction; yet, as a man who receives a blow in the dark begins to look around as soon as he gets over its effects to see what caused it, so are people everywhere trying to account for this phenomenon unprecedented in the United States. The numerous theories advanced differ as widely as the minds from which they come. A good colored sister declares it was sent to warn people to stop their meanness; an honest mountaineer thinks Bald Mountain is to be blamed for it all; the *Charleston News and Courier* attributes the earthquake to a wave which came from the volcanic earthquake that occurred in Greece on the 28th of August; while Prof. McGee thinks it was caused by a landslide. This latter theory is the one most generally accepted by intelligent people. The Professor argues that the fragmental portion of the eastern slope of the Appalachian system has slipped on the granite bed which underlies it; and he concludes his argument by saying that because volcanic action ceased in America thousands

of years ago, the recent earthquake cannot be attributed to volcanic causes. But the different ideas advanced are merely theories at best, and, while some are as ingenious as others are simple, none have been given which account for all the facts in the case.

The different directions which the fissures assumed at Charleston are as puzzling to the scientific mind as the the ordinary phenomena are to the common mind. To agree with Prof. McGee's theory, all of the cracks should have been parallel to the ocean border; to substantiate the views of the *News and Courier* the fissures should have contained lava. So, who can tell what caused the earthquake? Perhaps the old darkey's theory will do as well as any. At any rate, no one will deny that there was plenty of "meanness" going on in the world, and that the sudden destruction of human life might well serve as a warning.

THOSE STRIKES AGAIN.—During all of the turmoil of the Labor Question the South has been a pretty calm spectator; for having nothing to fear herself from a struggle be-

tween Labor and Capital she could afford to look coolly on. But the strikes seem to have spread down the Mississippi Valley until like Sherman they threaten "a march to the sea," which may bring as much trouble with it. Augusta, Ga., has felt the influence of Northern lawlessness in the recent strikes in her factories; and even in the stricken city of Charleston bricklayers have refused to work for less than five dollars per day. When men begin to take advantage of a calamity so dreadful as that which has befallen Charleston, it is time to inquire into the justice of their action. That a man has a right to refuse to work for a certain sum, no one will deny any more than he will deny that Capital has a right to control the property which it owns. It seems that laborers have the right to refuse to work, but they undoubtedly have no right to prevent others from taking their places. And if it were not for this feature in the struggle between Labor and Capital, a compromise could readily be effected; for take the boycott away from Labor and you give the advantage to Capital.

The causes which have been given to account for the strikes are as various as those which have been given to account for the earthquake. It seems, however, that those who think that they are due to the importation of socialistic ideas from Europe are right. For those parts of our country to which there has been the most immigration, have been the most disturbed by organized lawlessness; while at the South, for instance, where there has been little immigration, there has

been the least trouble. The dispositions of the African to let well enough alone is our greatest surety for the future; but who can tell what will be the result when he shall have been educated to see the difference between "mighty" Capital and "oppressed" Labor by the Americanized German? and, how long will it be before he will be so educated? These are questions which should interest us.

THE BULGARIAN DIFFICULTY.—The question now most agitating the diplomatic circles of Europe is the Bulgarian difficulty, a satisfactory solution of which has not yet presented itself. It seems that Russian policy, ever insidious and encroaching, is again showing itself. At the instigation of Russian emissaries, undoubtedly employed by Russian officials, Prince Alexander, whose romantic history is intensely interesting, was attacked and abducted by a regiment of soldiers. The revolutionists formed a provisional government. But they were not destined to have things all to themselves. For Alexander by his untiring efforts for the advancement of Bulgarian interests, and by his indefatigable energy in the war with Servia, has endeared himself to the people, and no sooner did they see the high-handed violence of the rebels, than a counter-provisional government was formed by those favorable to Alexander. Russia, perceiving the ill-success of her plot, disavows all knowledge of it, and Alexander is liberated. But not only does she object to his reinstatement, but Germany also. So Alexander, on his return

seeing the state of affairs, and realizing that Bulgaria is but a toy in the hands of the great powers, to save his people from bloodshed, to preserve order and peace, abdicates the Bulgarian throne. This sacrifice of his own interests for theirs, has endeared him more than ever to the Bulgarians. He is a man of most admirable traits of character, being universally loved,

and it is to be regretted that he has been so unjustly treated. Prince Oldenburg is his probable successor. It is hoped that soon some steps will be taken to withstand the aggressive power of Russia and resist her inordinate greed. If not, the balance of power will be destroyed, and Russia will occupy Constantinople.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The graded school at Rocky Mount opens Oct. 4.

—The Advent term of St. Mary's School began Sept 9.

—On Sept. 6, the graded school of Durham began its fall term.

—Bingham School has 132 students.

—The military school at King's Mountain will hereafter be known as the Bell Military Institute.

—William Jewell College began its present session with 138 students; 57 entered as ministerial students.

—The freshman class of Brown University numbers 80, representing 11 States.

—Madison University, New York State, has opened well, with 40 in the freshman class.

—In North Carolina a Catholic college has been established for the education of colored priests, to work among the negroes of the South,—*The Sunny South*.

—America has over 200 students at the University of Leipzig, Germany, besides being represented at other German universities.

—We are sorry to learn that sickness in that section is again seriously interfering with Rev. George Greene's school at Moravian Falls.

—Peace Institute, in addition to its faculty of last year, will have Mr. Charles D. McIver, from the Winston graded school, as Professor of English Literature, History, and Latin.

—The Shelby High School begins a prosperous session under the management of Messrs. Frank Dixon and Gidney as Principals, assisted by Miss A. E. Draughan. Over 160 pupils have been enrolled.

—The New Berne graded school closed its first week with 163 pupils enrolled, in the face of the fact that only two of its grades are free and its being in a community of a great many private schools.

—Nov. 6—8 is the period set apart for the festival at Cambridge commemorating the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University, which event occurred Nov. 7, 1636.

—The educational prospect in North Carolina is exceptionally bright this fall. With hardly a single exception, all the schools from which we have heard have an increase of attendance above that of last session.

—Miss Jean Gales of Raleigh, and Miss Eliza Pool of Oxford, have been added to the old corps of teachers at the Raleigh Graded School. This school opened with more than 700 pupils. The attendance is expected to reach 1,000.

—Harvard is the oldest institution of learning in the United States, but not the oldest on this continent. The charter of the University of San Marcos, Lima, Peru, is under the sign manual of Charles V., and bears date of 1551.

—Richmond College opened Sept. 20. At last accounts quite a large number of students were expected, representing the States of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and Mexico.

In Ohio great attention is paid to the preparation of teachers. The last report in reference to this subject shows 87 institutes to have been held, having a force of 388 lecturers and instructors, and an attendance of upwards of 13,000. Each county in the State holds an institute annually or biennially.

—The University of Berlin is the largest in the world. Founded in 1810, it is the youngest of the German universities, as Heidelberg is the oldest. During the past summer it was attended by 6,842 students.

—During the summer President Hobgood has greatly enlarged the building of the Oxford Female Seminary, with a view to an increased attendance of pupils for the coming term. 137 students were enrolled last year.

—Globe Academy begins its present session under the management of Mr. C. A. Smith, one of Wake Forest's Alumni, who succeeds another one of our old students—Mr. J. F. Spainhour. The last named gentleman will teach at Moravian Falls during the coming year.

—We have seen but one definite statement as to the opening of the North Carolina University. That was to the effect that one week after the first day of the session there were 170 students on the Hill. Later: there are now 182 there.

—The Trustees of the University of North Carolina, elected Professor Eben Alexander to the chair of Greek Language and Literature. Prof. Alexander leaves the chair of Greek and Latin at the University of Tennessee to accept the position at our State University. He was graduated at Yale College in 1853, and comes to North Carolina bringing most flattering testimonials from prominent scholars in different parts of the country.

—On the 9th of September the people of Henderson, N. C., held a meeting to consider the establishment there of a non-sectarian female college. The subscriptions amounted to several thousand dollars. It is agreed that Rev. J. M. Rhodes, now President of Littleton Female College, will be at the head of the new institution.

—The 500th anniversary of the founding of the University of Heidelberg was celebrated last Aug. 2—9. Nearly all European universities were represented; only Harvard and Yale on this side were invited. The “festive sermon” was preached by Dr. Bassermann, and the “festive oration” was delivered by Kuno Fischer.

—William and Mary College, one of the oldest foundations in this country, is said “not to have a single student; but the venerable President rings the bell regularly every morning, keeps the doors open for students, preserves the charter, and, it may be presumed, his salary.”

—*The Public Opinion* (Washington, D. C.) makes the statement that in this country 65,522 students are in attendance on 370 universities and colleges, 57 law schools, 236 institutions for the higher education of women, 145 medical schools, 255 manual schools, and 92 distinctively scientific schools, making in all 1,155 schools of all kinds, with an average attendance of nearly 57.

—The New Royal Holloway College was recently opened by Queen Victoria at Egham, England. This college, one of the largest of the kind in the world, is devoted to the cause

of higher female education, and is a monument to the munificence of Mr. Thomas Holloway, for whom it is named. He has spent four million dollars in equipping this institution for the use of the women of the upper and upper-middle classes. The deed of foundation requires that “the curriculum of the college shall not be such as to discourage students who desire a liberal education apart from the Latin and Greek Languages; and proficiency in the classics shall not entitle students to rewards of merit over those equally proficient in other branches of knowledge.” No test of religious opinions will be required. The power to confer degrees has not yet been obtained.

—*Hic jacet universitas.* So does the Chicago correspondent of the *Examiner* begin his announcement of the fatal end of the long struggle to save the University of Chicago. Some thirty years ago Senator Douglas honored the memory of his wife, who was a Baptist, by giving ten acres of Chicago land sloping to the edge of Lake Michigan to be the site of a university that should be under the control of her own denomination. But it was embarrassed from the start, and now subscriptions to the amount of \$225,000 and the magnificent gift of Senator Douglas have been swallowed up by a debt of \$300,000 to the Union Life Insurance Company of Maine.

—President Robinson recommended to the Corporation of Brown University at a recent meeting the following as to co-education: “That young

women be admitted on the same conditions as young men; that instruction be given them separately during their first year in college in the afternoon and in the recitation rooms of Sayles Hall, which during the afternoon shall be given up to their exclusive use; that instruction be given them by

such members of the faculty as may be willing to undertake this service, and that the compensation for the service shall be derived from and consist of a *pro rata* distribution of the portion received from the members of the class."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

POOR RICHARD'S Almanac has been translated into Chinese.

THE Memoirs of Gen. McClellan will be ready in December.

THE first number of the new *Scribner's Monthly* will appear Jan. 1.

THE circulation of *The Century* was in 1885, 135,000. Now it is 240,000.

LIPPINCOTT will shortly publish a life of Shelley, by Prof. Dowden.

E. P. ROE's new novel, *He fell in Love with his Wife*, will be out this fall.

PROF. W. H. PAYNE's book, *The Science of Education*, is highly commended.

DR. HASKINS will shortly have ready his reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

COL. JOHN HAY's life of Abraham Lincoln will begin in the November number of *The Century*.

THE COMPTE DE PARIS' work on the campaign of Gettysburg, will soon be ready. It will be issued in a separate volume from his *History of the Civil War*.

PROF. RICHARDSON of Dartmouth, has completed the first volume of his *History of American Literature*.

MR. GLADSTONE's book on the Irish Question has been reprinted by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

SEVENTY-FIVE new novels were issued by London publishers in the first three months of the year.

GEN. BRADY, ex-assistant Postmaster-General, is preparing a book of reminiscences embracing history of noted public men since the war.

DR. HOLMES has returned from abroad. He was delighted with his treatment by his friends and admirers in the old world.

A VERY important dictionary has made its appearance. It is edited by Franz Miklossish, and is said to contain Russian, Slavic, Bulgarian, Serbian, Bohemian, Polish, French, and German. It is the first work of the kind ever published and will be hailed with delight by the student of Philology and by those studying the Slavic group of languages especially.

NO DOUBT *Ben Hur*, by Gen. Lew Wallace, deserves its popularity. It is now selling in the 110th thousand. It combines the religious interest with the interest of romance.

The Labor Movement in America, by Prof. Ely of Johns Hopkins, has just made its appearance. It is said to be the best work of the kind ever written, and no doubt will give us a deeper insight into the socialistic and labor organizations of America.

REV. JAMES JOHNSTON, in *A Century of Protestant Missions*, estimates that although three million conversions have been made, there are now 200,000,000 more heathen than there were before the Protestant Mission began a hundred years ago.

AMERICA the asylum for the oppressed, indeed! Auerbach makes Raven Zacky in *Little Barefoot* call it the "slop-pail for the Old World. We shake into it what cannot be used in the kitchen."

IN *The Nineteenth Century*, Prof. Goldwin Smith in an article on the "Political History of Canada," shows that instead of the French element dying out, it is absorbing and assimilating the English, there not being more than six thousand British left in Quebec.

THAT matchless hymn "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," was written by John Henry Newman as he lay becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, in 1833. It was

a time of great ecclesiastical and political excitement in England, in which he was personally and deeply concerned, and from which his journey abroad gave him no relief. But for once, at least, he had sweet and tender thoughts.

SINCE the death of Meyer in 1876, Dr. Barnhard Weiss of the Berlin University, has been the chief editor of *Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament*. He is thought by Dr. Schaff to be superior to Meyer as a textual critic, though not as a commentator.

DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOP has observed in the Letters of Cicero two curious omissions. "The first is that Cicero never indulges in that foolish practice of ordinary letter-writers, to wit: long descriptions of scenery." The other omission is "quite unpardonable. In all those 800 letters it would be difficult to find one in which he says a word about the dress of the ladies of his time—it is disgraceful, but so it is."

VERY rarely in all these twenty years have the *Religious Herald* compositors made any mistake in printing my articles.—J. A. B. Would that the same could be said of all other compositors! We have heard strong men excuse themselves for writing so little for the public prints on the ground of exasperating blunders by the printer, which a little care would have avoided.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—A GLIMPSE OF SPIDER LIFE.—

On the 20th of July last I took a silk tube from the foot of a small pine. The day before it was adhering to the tree by its upper extremity, which was about six inches above ground, but when it was taken it had become detached and was prostrate on the ground. It was one-half inch in diameter. At the lower extremity, which was one inch beneath the surface, were the remains of insects. The next day on laying the tube on the table I pressed the spider out of it. He was an odd-looking creature, with short, strong legs and immense mandibles, which worked up and down instead of sidewise, as in most spiders. He was dark seal brown. For some time he walked rather aimlessly about, but finally coming (accidentally it seemed) upon the tube, he extended and raised his long, keen fangs, and with one stroke ripped a longitudinal slit and worked himself into it. The tube was then put into a glass jar with earth and pine straw on the bottom, not high enough for the tube to be supported in a perpendicular position throughout its whole length; some three inches of it, therefore, lay wrinkled and collapsed on the top of the straw. The next morning it was observed that the spider had built about one inch on to the tube from the point where it was bent from the perpendicular, the older part commu-

nicating with the new through a rent, the new being attached to the glass. Two days later the tube had grown one and a half inches longer, smaller at the upper end and closed. A fly minus one wing was put into the jar. Soon after it touched the tube the spider appeared above the opaque portion of it, and whenever the fly moved the spider got closer to it, until he was only separated from it by the delicate wall of silk. Before I was aware the spider had made a hole in the tube and was drawing the fly in. He sank out of sight with his prey. The rent through which the fly had been drawn was seen fifteen minutes later to have been repaired. The refuse parts of flies fed to him were found on the outside of the tube near its upper end.

After an absence of three weeks I found that the spider, which had been left in the care of another, had further lengthened his tube and fastened its upper end to the small porcelain dish used to cover the jar. Besides, he had attached to the outer walls of its new portion particles of trash, which made it less conspicuous and like the older portion. The spider himself was found outside the tube on the pine leaves. When disturbed he raised his fangs, but was easily put to flight. He seemed, however, not to care to retreat into the tube, but crawled up the side of the jar with its

aid. He struck with his fangs a large fly placed near him, but did not care to eat it. Five days later he was found among the pine leaves dead. My notes close with this melancholy entry: "Alcoholic Specimen No. 17."

—THE EARTHQUAKE OF AUG. 31, 1886.—The most severe earthquake on record in the United States, both in its effects and in its extent, occurred on the 31st of August last. It did not come without warning, for in the Carolinas, for several days before, the earth had seemed uneasy, and moderate shocks had been felt. The centre of disturbance seemed to be in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., where the greatest loss of life and property occurred. The disturbed area may be roughly bounded as follows: On the east by the Atlantic ocean (probably felt 500 miles at sea), on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the west by the central Mississippi valley, and on the north by Michigan, Ontario, New York, and southern New England. There was no disturbance south of Tampa, in Florida. It was very slightly felt at Boston, Mass., in northern Vermont, and New York. It was very perceptible at Toronto, Canada. From Charleston it radiated throughout this great area at the rate of 20 to 60 miles a minute, the lines of equal disturbance forming ellipses.

At Wake Forest the first shock was felt at 9:53 p. m., and lasted about one minute. Ten minutes later a very slight shock was observed by some. At 10:8½ p. m. a tremor quite perceptible was felt, lasting half a minute. Another occurred at 10:23, and an-

other, the longest of all, from 10:28 to 10:31. So that five distinct shocks were felt here, and others were reported. The first was the most violent. It was accompanied by a deep roaring as of a heavy freight train passing. Windows rattled, tin vessels were thrown from their shelves, and plastering was cracked. No serious damage was done.

—AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—

The best equipped biological laboratory in the world is probably the Zoological Station at Naples, founded by Dr. Anton Dohrn, and still under his direction. An interesting account of it occurs in *The Century* for September. The following is the writer's description of one of the methods in use there for collecting and studying marine animals: It is not only necessary that they be taken from their haunts to aquarium and laboratory, it is important that the biologist visit them in their native homes and examine their surroundings. Incased in a heavy water-proof suit, his head in a casque of steel and iron, the biologist is let down from the boat, and allowed slowly to sink to the bottom; by tubes he is supplied with air, so he can remain three hours and over walking about among the seaweeds and rocks, with from thirty-five to one hundred feet of water above him. That which strikes one first in the splendid kingdom of the fishes is the beauty of the colors. Blue is predominant everywhere, but in the blue are distinguishable the richest tints and most varied shades; then, when you reach the bottom of the sea, this general blue, which is only the color

of the water at different depths, is enameled with other hues borrowed from the algæ, the hydrozoa, the bryozoa, which form enormous mossy tufts upon the rocks,—from the crinoids, the star-fish, the mollusks and crustacea which creep or frolic with each other. Fish with glittering scales come fearlessly towards you, so that you can catch them with your hand, or with a butterfly net, so to speak. The transparency of the water is so great at thirty or thirty five feet below the surface that the minutest characteristics of a plant or animal can be distinctly observed. It is possible to make use of a lens, and one can seize with pincers the tiniest ob-

jects. We discover that the diving suit, so heavy and cumbersome in the air, leaves the utmost freedom to our movements under the water. At first the pressure of the caoutchouc investment itself is oppressive, but one at length becomes accustomed to this, and with a little dexterity a diver would succeed in performing, under the water, elementary gymnastic exercises. This entire ease of movement enables one to slip through narrow passages between the rocks, to creep under their projecting ledges, and to follow into the most hidden recesses the objects of which one is in search.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—TWENTY Seniors.

—THE largest class ever graduated.

—178 students have registered.

—MRS. WINGATE has opened a boarding house at her residence.

—MRS. P. E. BUNN and family, of Wilson, have cast their lot with the citizens of the Hill.

—THE Reading Room has been furnished with five large stands to hold the newspapers, which are secured to them on files. This arrangement may do very well for some, but to those belonging to the class *lazy*, it doesn't seem to be so well suited. We predict that few articles of length will be read by said class, seeing that all must stand during the process.

—THREE of the most celebrated Universities of the world are now represented at Wake Forest College: the University of Virginia, by President Chas. E. Taylor, B. Lit.; Leipzig University, Germany, by Prof. Geo. W. Manly, Ph. D.; Johns Hopkins University, by Prof. J. R. Duggan, Ph. D.

—THE Senior class met in the chapel Saturday afternoon, Sept. 4, and effected the following organization: President, F. H. Manning, Gates county, N. C.; Vice-President, J. J. Lane, Marlboro' county, S. C.; Recording Secretary, T. E. Cheek, Durham, N. C.; Treasurer, W. J. Matthews, Gates county, N. C.; Corresponding Secretary, D. O. McCullers, Clayton, N. C.

—THE list of new books just put into the College Library is an attractive one. They number 324 volumes.

—DR. J. R. DUGGAN, Professor of Chemistry, is to be thanked for the introduction of lawn tennis on the College play-grounds.

—ON the fourth Friday night in October the first Senior Speaking will occur. Eight of the seniors will "hold forth." All are invited to attend.

—REV. DR. THOS. E. SKINNER, of Raleigh, paid us a visit Sunday, Sept. 19, and preached morning and evening for pastor Vann. His sermons were enjoyed.

—THERE have been added to the valuable literature of the Reading Room *The Independent*, *The Book-Buyer*, *The Citizen*, *The American Naturalist*, and *Nature*.

—REV. THOMAS DIXON preached in the Memorial Hall at 7:30 p. m., Oct. 5, on the Mission of Christ—Matthew 20:28. He was ordained the next evening. Details in our next issue.

—IN Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, Sept. 23, Rev. R. T. Vann, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church, lectured on "College Ethics," and proved himself to be no less at home on the platform than in the pulpit.

—THE Faculty have enacted that all those of Euzelian persuasion shall room in the south end of the building, and that all those of the Philomathesian persuasion shall room in the north end. This new regulation seems to be satisfactory to all.

—DR. GEORGE W. MANLY, Professor of Latin, arrived Aug. 27. He preached for Rev. Mr. Vann on the evening of Aug. 29; also for Rev. J. L. White at the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, Sept. 12, morning and night, Sept. 19, and Sept. 26.

—ON September 10, the Sophomore class met and elected the following officers: President, D. A. Davis, Booneville, N. C.; Recording Secretary, W. J. Sholar, Raleigh, N. C.; Treasurer, E. L. Woodard, Edenton, N. C.; Corresponding Secretary, O. T. Smith, Durham, N. C.

—HAS not the time come for some spiteful fling at Wake Forest College? But the other day, we heard a trustee of Richmond College ask whether, with the three recent appointments, Wake Forest has not the best faculty of any Baptist college in the South.—*Religious Herald*.

—SINCE Sept. 25 President Taylor has been absent from the College to secure the funds for the erection of the laboratory. Prof. W. B. Royall is acting as Chairman of the Faculty; Dr. Duggan is teaching the Psychology class, and Dr. Simmons the Political Economy.

—MESSRS. Heck, Durham, Bailey, Pace and Purefoy, of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met here, Sept. 10, to locate the new chemical laboratory and take measures for its immediate erection. They agreed that its site should be in the north side of the campus and not nearer the Library Building than 100 feet. The brick for it are on the ground.

—UP to date of writing 178 students have registered. Seven States are represented: North Carolina, 167; Georgia, 3; Virginia, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania each, 2; New Jersey and Tennessee each, 1. With this beginning, our next catalogue will probably show over 200 names.

—THE Juniors have organized also. They met Thursday afternoon, Sept. 17, and elected the following officers: President, J. W. Lynch, Leaksville, N. C.; Recording Secretary, G. C. Thompson, Wake Forest, N. C.; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Josey, Scotland Neck, N. C. They decided to wear a class hat.

—IN a criticism of THE STUDENT for May, an exchange suggests between the lines that our articles are too long to be read. If the critic had had control of the copy which went into the issue in which this suggestion occurs, he would doubtless have rejected most of it; for he would have found the first article 8 pages, the second 9, the third 18, the fourth 20, the fifth 4, the sixth a short poem,—an average of 10 pages. In the magazine criticized the average length of the articles was 5 pages.

—WE notice in the Library some cases provided with double glass doors. They are for the safe keeping of the publications and manuscripts belonging to the North Carolina Baptist Historical Society. We notice another thing: these cases are well nigh empty. If you desire to present to that Society any work or document bearing upon Baptist history, send it to Prof. Poteat.

—THE Directors of the Students' Aid Association held a meeting here on the afternoon of Sept. 17. It was agreed that a meeting of the Association be held during the coming session of the Baptist State Convention, at Wilmington. Rev. C. S. Farriss of the *Biblical Recorder*, was elected Agent in the room of Mr. N. B. Broughton, resigned.

—THE number of registered students Sept. 1st, 1885, was 75; Sept. 2d, 96; Sept. 3rd, 123. For the corresponding days of the opening this fall the numbers are respectively 100, 110, 126. On the 6th of September there were 154, and on the 7th, 170. For the first few days quite a number of students who have reached the Hill fail to register.

—VACATION RECORD.—July 4, the Sunday-schools of Louisburg picnicked in the campus.—Rev. N. A. Purefoy died July 6.—Mrs. Bettie Powers died July 7.—July 11, Rev. C. H. Martin preached in the morning, and Rev. M. L. Rickman in the evening.—July 12, Dr. Royall left for Green Brier Springs, Va.—July 13, Mr. John Dunn's infant died.—July 25, Mr. Moses Allen died at Falls; he was buried here the next day.—Prof. Mills taught in the Normal school at Elizabeth City.—Prof. Poteat visited Washington, D. C., the Luray Caverns, Va., and Piedmont Springs, N. C.—Prof. W. B. Royall visited Black Mountain and other points in Western North Carolina.—Prof. Simmons spent a large part of the vacation at Monroe, N. C., and Camden, S. C.—President Taylor took a week's rest at Virginia Beach.

—DURING the past few years, our village has become quite a resort during the dull months of July and August for those in the cities who would seek the quiet happiness that is peculiar to our community, rather than running off to the seashore or mountains, and wearing themselves out in the festivities which are common to all such resorts. Among those who spent a part of the summer on the Hill, we noticed Col. F. H. Cameron and Prof. Hugh T. Morson and families, of Raleigh, Mr. Saunders and family, with Misses Saunders and Robbins, of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Gastonia.

—THE earthquake has been lately the all-absorbing topic of conversation on the Hill. The shock was quite severe. Strong men grew pale, and women shrieked. Quite a number of amusing incidents occurred. One youth, of some twenty summers perhaps, while passing along the street, was seized by two young ladies, who clung to him for dear life. He declares that he did all in his power to reassure them; but like Rachel of old, they would not be comforted, because the earth did shake exceedingly. When the shock came, the writer, in company with two others, one of whom, by the way, was very superstitious, was standing near the north corner of Memorial Building. The superstitious youth had just been telling us of the death of one of the boys, remarking at the same time that whenever he entered the college building at night, he seemed to see him walking along the passage; when, without a moment's warn-

ing, the windows on the north side of Memorial Building began to shake, gently at first, as if moved by unseen hands. The superstitious youth thought that the spirit of his dead schoolmate had wandered back from the spirit land, and was visiting again the scenes of his school days. Then the windows began to shake more violently, and a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind was heard; the earth began to tremble violently beneath our feet, and we knew it was an earthquake.

—The following resolutions were passed by the Euzelian Society in session Saturday, September 4th:

WHEREAS, it has pleased an All-wise Providence to sadden our hearts by calling from our midst one of our members, Mr. J. F. Blount, therefore be it *resolved*,

1. That while we deeply feel our loss, we humbly, though sadly, submit to His will, knowing that all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord.

2. That we extend to the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased our profound sympathy.

3. That as a token of our respect for the deceased we wear our usual badge of mourning.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT and in the *Biblical Recorder*.

W. J. MATTHEWS,

E. J. JUSTICE,

H. A. FOUSHEE,

Committee.

—W. B. WINGATE & CO. have leased one of the commodious and eligible stores built by Dr. W. H. Edwards, and have moved their stock into it.

—During the last weeks of September thirty roomy and comfortable seats were built along the campus

walks. They add to the park-like look of the grounds.

—A TWO-HORSE lawn mower is not to be despised as a piece of college apparatus. It was used on the campus twice during the vacation, and its effective clatter is again heard (Oct. 2). It works wonders of improvement.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—The published catalogue of the Wake Forest Alumni Association for this year contains 285 names. Of these 277 are graduates of the College. One—Rev. A. G. McManaway, of Charlotte, N. C.,—is an honorary member. Before 52 of those names the asterisk stands, indicating that they are dead. The list, therefore, shows 232 living Alumni.

—'54. Mr. J. H. Mills, General Manager of the Baptist Orphanage, Thomasville, has accepted the invitation to make the Alumni oration at the next commencement.

—'55. Mr. Phillip W. Johnson has sold his interest in the firm of Johnson & Purefoy at Wake Forest. It is hoped that this does not mean Mr. Johnson's removal from our community.

—'72. Rev. Charles H. Martin was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry, Aug. 28, 1886, at Rolesville. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. R. T. Vann, Prof. W. B. Royall led the prayer and delivered the charge, and Rev. James S.

Purefoy expressed the welcome. Rev. Mr. Martin will attend this session of the S. B. Theological Seminary.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church of North Orange, N. J., the past summer.

—'75. J. Y. Phillips, Esq., of Dalton, N. C., has been again nominated for the House by the Democrats of Stokes county. He was considered one of the most efficient and reliable members of the last Legislature.

'77. Rev. J. R. Jones, of Smithfield, has been called to the church at Clayton.

—~~80~~ Rev. C. S. Farriss, Associate Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, lives now at Wake Forest, running out to Raleigh on the early freight for his work, and returning at night. It is mentioned elsewhere that he has been asked to take the agency for the Student's Aid Association.

—'82. Mr. E. G. Beckwith is greatly pleased with his school at Clayton, N. C.

—'62. That genial, scholarly, and witty gentleman, Mr. Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Lenoir county, spent several days on the Hill at the opening of the session. To see him and to hear him talk will expel the blues from the bluest. He is expected to give us a lecture some time this session.

—'81. During his short pastorate of fifteen months Rev. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., has added 150 members to his church.

—'81. Mr. L. N. Chappell, late tutor in Wake Forest College, left Sept. 27 for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville.

—'81. David L. Ward, Esq., of Wilson, has gone to Washington Ty. This step, which will doubtless be turned to good account by Mr. Ward, is nevertheless regretted by some of his friends, particularly because his business in Wilson was so fine and his prospects so fair.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, ex-Assistant Professor of Languages here, spent the week beginning Sept. 18 on the Hill. For the greater part of the summer he rested at his father's at Yanceyville, N. C. He left on the 28th of September to prosecute the study of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. •

—'83. The decision of Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., to leave a large and growing legal practice in Shelby, N. C., and to devote his talents to the preaching of the Gospel is remarkable and, to a large circle of his warmest friends, very gratifying. His first regular preaching was done in a meeting in the Second Baptist Church, Ral-

leigh, which lasted three weeks, closing Sept. 17. Mr. Dixon did all the preaching. More than 90 persons made profession of religion. He accepted the call of the Baptist church at Goldsboro, and preached his first sermon there Sept. 19.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Henderson, N. C., and accepted the unanimous call of the Remsen Avenue Baptist Church, New Brunswick, N. J. New Brunswick is a city of some 20,000 inhabitants, and within about an hour of New York City. The following is the account of Mr. McDuffie's work reported by a Henderson correspondent of the *News and Observer*:

Mr. McDuffie entered the pastorate of the Baptist church here (his first pastorate) January 1, 1881, while a student at Wake Forest College, where he graduated in June of that year. His pastorate here has been an active one. A new brick church, now occupied, has been nearly completed, at a cost of \$5,300, and of the present members of this church sixty-eight have been added during his administration. In the line of missionary work he has organized a church at Middleburg and led in the erection of a new and comfortable house of worship, and also organized a new church near Littleton, which is now preparing to build. He has been pronounced in his views upon every question which concerned the moral interests of the town, and was the indomitable leader in the late successful prohibition movement here. He is one of the ablest of the young men of this State, and hosts of friends will regret his departure.

—'83. Mr. W. F. Marshall, who has been principal of the Fair Bluff Academy for about two years, succeeds Mr. J. A. Smith as principal of the Academy at Globe, N. C. His school opened with 65 pupils.

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith, Cor. Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, returns to Johns Hopkins University.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White proved so acceptable to the First Baptist church, Raleigh, as a supply during the summer, that before it was over the church

called him to be its permanent pastor. He has accepted;—and Miss Dovie Poston, of Cleveland Springs, accepted him Sept. 22. So he brings his bride to Raleigh.

—'86. Rev. T. C. Britton has gone to Louisville to pursue his theological studies at the S. B. T. Seminary.

—'86. Mr. H. A. Chappell is principal of the academy at Youngsville, N. C.

—'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson is principal of the academy at Forest City, N. C.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN THE HAMMOCKS

AND ON THE LAKES OF FLORIDA, THE ITALY OF AMERICA.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in May, such as would make an Italian himself think he was in his own land of sunshine and azure, when the younger son of an old planter, mine host, entered my room and suggested that we spend the day in fishing and hunting. I was too eager for a stroll to let this opportunity pass unimproved; besides, I never have lost my fondness for sport, and of course was delighted at the idea of trying my new breech-loader at the numerous birds and animals so common in these parts. My friend shouldered an old flint-lock musket, the only fowling-piece in the family, while I prepared my rod and rifle for our ramble.

"Be careful, John, with Old Betsy," said the father to the son, referring to

the old weapon of colonial times, "for you know she has been a good friend to us."

John, politely bowing in respect to the venerable speaker, gazing once more at "Betsy," and dashing out of the door turned to me and said: "This old shooting-iron has been the means of killing more Indians, deer, bear, wild-cats, and panthers than you and I shall ever see. It has a history as interesting as a romance. Father won Mother with this old gun, and that is why he prizes it so highly. Long years ago, when the 'Red Man' and the Spaniards lived around here, and Mother was a young girl of sixteen summers, she was captured by the Seminoles and carried over to the hammocks along the St. Johns river. Father was a young man of eighteen

winters, brave, daring, and a dexterous marksman, full of courage, and determined to rescue his love from the savages. One dark and dreary night, while the Indians were silent in sleep, he crept slowly and quietly into their camp. The fires had well-nigh gone out; no noise was there, except the snoring of a weary squaw; and not a soul suspected the designs of the intruder, save the object of his love, whose heart swelled with joy as she was borne away by Father. In making his escape he observed a man in pursuit, whom he immediately shot with this gun, and thus captured Mother. I guess I ought to think a great deal of 'Old Betsy,' too, for, if she had failed to fire that night, I would possibly have had a different mother from the one I now have. Indeed, I was about to forget the fact that a panther was nearly ready to make his breakfast on me one day, when Father stopped his trembling tail by sending a bullet whizzing into his brain, and thus saved me from a terrible death."

All this, and more, my friend related concerning the family relic, as we pursued our journey. I had become so absorbed in my companion's conversation that I had lost sight of my surroundings; so, when he concluded, we were in a fine pine-apple garden. After partaking liberally of this, the prince of all fruits, we hastened to try our skill in shooting at a very large bird flying over us. I was pleased to see, at the crack of my gun, the heron fall, but soon had ample cause for regret. I had only wounded the blue heron, and it sought to take

revenge on us with its sword-like bill. The bird chased John and me across the field, sparing neither fury nor breeches, and occasionally taking a little flesh along with the dry goods. The loss of these things and the goading of the bird seemed to have given us the fleetness of a deer. I thought that old bird could make more darts of the head, do it better, and continue longer than any one I ever had seen. My friend stumbled and fell into a ditch just as the heron reached up for a lock of his hair, but took his hat instead. I jumped behind a bush in time to escape a similar treatment. John peeped over the banks and let the heroic feathered monster have a full charge of buckshot from "Old Betsy," which stopped its wild career and saved us from being *pecked* to death. The *hen-pecked husband* has my tenderest sympathy, if he has to experience anything like this pecking. We plucked a few of its most beautiful feathers as our trophy and left its flesh for the wild animals to devour. Before going very far we came to a banana grove full of ripe fruit. To enjoy this delicious fruit in the highest degree, you must visit its native land and take it fresh from the plant.

Soon we are winding our way through the dense forest in quest of game. "It will not do for us to separate, else we may never see each other again in this jungle," said my comrade; and I consented without a murmur, for the vines and vegetation were so thickly knitted together that it was with much difficulty we could make our passage. The palmetto, orange, and magnolia, intertwined

with jessamine, bramble, scuppernong, and other climbing plants, overshadowed by mammoth oaks, pines, gums, hickories, as well as other tropical trees, grow near the streams and form the rich hammocks of Florida. In these vegetable heaps and dens live wild-cats, deer, bear, and smaller animals, besides turkeys, quail, and eagles, and reptiles great and small. We were only in search of the little grey squirrel, so common on the larger trees, where they can easily hide in the long moss, which they resemble very much in color. It is no trouble to find a shot if you remain quiet, as they are fond of running up and down the limbs of the trees. In a very short time we had bagged as many squirrels as we cared to carry with us.

A fluttering in front directs our attention to a covey of turkeys not many yards distant. "Old Betsy" was not loaded, so I fired my Never-fail, and down fell what seemed to me to be the father of the flock—an old gobbler. Not having any dogs with us, as this is a dangerous country for them to hunt, we have no desire to chase the fierce game of these woods; so we scrambled through the brush to the edge of a lake, where we find a boat in waiting for us.

The water is calm, and there is every evidence of its being a fine day for fishing. We launch our craft and bounce in, hoping to prove as successful with the rod as we had been with the rifle. A startling noise is borne by a gentle breeze across the water, and I seize my gun to be prepared for the monster, I know not what. It had a coarser voice than the frog, and

somewhat like old *taurus*, but not exactly resembling any musical instrument I had ever heard. John threw himself back on the oars and laughed as though his sides would split, when he saw how unmistakably frightened I was. I lowered my rifle, and he, thinking, no doubt, I was going to shoot him, said, "Those are nothing but alligators bellowing! They come out every morning about this time and stretch themselves on the tussocks in the sun and salute each other with a bellow." By this time we were in plain view of one, but too far for our guns. In another moment he was out of sight again in the water. Nearing the place where the alligator dived, my companion told me to be ready for a shot, as he would soon have an alligator for my target. He whined a few times like a dog, and to my astonishment several serrated backs and monstrous mouths came up all around our boat. I caught the eye of a furious looking old fellow. A bang, a splash, then all but one were again out of sight. A ten-foot crocodile lay on his back a few feet from us, as dead as dead could be. We knock out a number of his pearly-white teeth to use as jewelry, in token of our victory, and leave the king of reptiles to be buried by his companions.

We have not forgotten some small hooks and worms with which to catch minnows to use as bait for the trout and other large fish. I cruelly hook the little roach in the back and toss it overboard. Zip! and there goes my cork down into the transparent water. My line is strong, and I seize the pole in time to draw a big fish

fluttering out of the wet. To my delight a five-pounder lies in our boat. I throw my large hook out again, and soon the feat is repeated. I am of the opinion that a fishing excursion on the lochs of the "Peninsula State," in early spring will make the most indolent long to cast his net upon the silvery lake.

Our appetite reminds us that it is near noon. We row around and land on a beautiful island of several acres, all clad in rich and luxuriant verdure. Curiosity led us to discover a very fine native orange grove, surrounded by a dense hedge of evergreen and loaded down with the choicest fruit. Being just thirsty enough to sharpen our taste, we enjoyed the ripe oranges with increased relish. But this does not satisfy our hunger; so we prepare our game, and dress an ordinary sized trout for dinner. After partaking of this fry to our hearts' content, we seek further to amuse ourselves with our guns. The water fowls seemed to be having quite an important gathering on the other side of the island, judging from their number and their noise. My friend tells me this is one of their favorite places for breeding. There were the water-turkeys, the herons, the coots, the gannets, and ducks, not to mention the smaller birds, bathing, swimming, and flapping the lake. The pearly water-drops dazzled in the sunshine on their gaudy plumage as the birds would dart and dash in the clear water. When I shot, the air was filled with their cries of fright and struggles of flight. The object of my aim lay

breathless on the wave. It was a large white gannet, a species of the flamingo. On the back of this fowl grows a beautiful downy plume, rich in color, and a little less valuable than an ostrich feather, which it resembles very much, and it is used for the same purpose. It is needless to say that I prized it very highly when I thought how pretty it would look on the raven locks of a certain bonny lass I knew.

On returning to our boat we found another one there with some lady's apparel in it. A merry laugh, a little way off, revealed to us two young lady friends, who had promised to meet us on the lake this afternoon. Of course, their presence added much to our pleasure, and for hours a fair maiden and I sat in the shade of an old live-oak, almost hid from the rest, in the long hanging moss, making a fit dwelling place for Cupid and the nymphs. How charming life would be if it were always thus!

At length the shadows of evening come creeping over us, and we must desert this lovely isle to let the owls and whippoorwills take possession of it. Seating myself in our Florida gondola, with the damsel of my choice beside me, we glide swiftly over the limpid, placid waters homeward bound. The sun is shedding his last rays of golden light over the still lake, before sinking behind a cloud with a silvery lining. The reflection of the setting sun on the crystal water would delight more than an artist. A rich, yet delicate perfume comes from the magnolia grove hard by. Indeed, all is rife with beauty when a lovely

girl breaks the silence with strains of sweet music on the guitar, accompanied by a sweet voice, to the tune "Annie Laurie."

A further attempt to describe the scene would be but mockery, so I shall leave you to experience a similar ride, if you would know its exquisite beauty and loveliness.

Shouldering our musket and rifle, together with our fish and game, we plod our weary way to the home of my comrade, whence we came. Before reaching the house we hear an unusual lowing and bellowing, such as I have never heard in all my life. John

says that his father is herding his cattle for the purpose of branding the young ones. The old farmer claimed not less than twelve hundred in his drove, all of which roam at large in the flat-woods and pine ridges, as the hammocks are too thickly set in timber for them. I am told that some men own twenty and thirty thousand cattle in these swamps and marshes.

The young ladies kindly invite us in the parlor, the servant takes our game, and our *Day's Ramble* is numbered among the pleasures of the past.

PHIL.

E. W. White

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

We exercise our bodies because the well-being of our physical system demands it. And is not equal importance to be attached to the exercise of the mind, and for the same reason? No sane man can doubt this. Indeed, it appears to me that if either is to be neglected, it should be the former. The Creator has endowed us with various organs and faculties, and each of these he made for a purpose. He saw that man, in order to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to go from place to place, needed eyes, and therefore gave him the power of sight; so with hearing and the other senses. As he had given men ideas, too, and those ideas needed to be exchanged, he therefore endowed them with the power of speech. He also gave to man reason and the power of thought, to which all the other faculties mentioned must be subservient. Without the power

of thought man is nothing more than a brute. He is of no value to himself or to his fellowmen.

If now we admit that the mind holds the first rank in man's make-up, must we not admit that, in order to the proper discharge of all the duties incumbent upon it, it ought to be well trained and equipped? Yes, the majority of us do confess this; and then, after making the confession, we are forced to confess again that we neglect no part of our constitution so sadly as the mind—the seat of the thinking power.

And the necessary consequence of a neglected mind is *thoughtlessness*, and the end of thoughtlessness, sorrow and trouble. The truth of this assertion is generally realized too late. The man who has forfeited his life for crime is fully aware of the fact that there was a time in his life when, if

he had only been thoughtful, his lot would be now quite a different one. He remembers full well that at the time when he first began to visit the bar-room he did not for a moment think of the danger of taking the first drink, and of the perils that await the drunkard. Although he had often heard the voice of his mother saying in tones of love and sympathy, "My boy, beware of the first drink; beware of evil companions," yet he never for a moment stopped to *think* of the meaning of her advice.

So many people, both old and young, bring disgrace and sorrow upon themselves, upon their families, by thoughtlessness! The thoughtless person jumps to conclusions without looking at both sides of a question. He takes for granted that everything is gold that glitters. Instead of thinking before speaking, as is the rule, he inverts the order and speaks before he thinks.

The thoughtless man has no future. He lives for present gratification, or, according to the old saying, he "lives

to eat, and does not eat to live." He often buys that for which he has no earthly use. He neglects the improvement of the minds of his children, keeping them at home to pick out cotton, or do other work which he could afford well to have done by hired help, not thinking of the consequences to his children's education and training. The same thoughtlessness which resulted in his case from defective mental discipline when young, he permits in his offspring, and thus the reign of the monster is perpetuated.

Should not those who are wise enough to discern the evil and to trace it up to its source in ignorance, or which is the same thing, in failure to cultivate the thinking power, be forward in season, out of season, in urging everywhere the claims of education? And who is doing a better work than he who teaches, whether in school-room, by the fireside, or in the pulpit?

FRANK T. WOOTEN.

A BROKEN REVERIE.

It was a bitter evening. The wind blew in fitful gusts and shook the windows with a menacing rattle as if demanding admission to the cheerful fire in the room. Ever and anon the blinds creaked forth a dismal noise as they swung backward and forward at the mercy of the blast, and it seemed as if old Boreas had determined to wreak his vengeance on them espe-

cially; for, with an angry howl, he would slam them against the sides of the house, and then die away with a low murmur of discontent, only to renew the attack in a few minutes. The snow that had begun in the gloaming lay like a death shroud over the earth, and the trees stood out in the sombre twilight like grim spectres from another world, waving their skeleton

branches up and down and moaning dolefully.

I closed the book that I had been reading nearly all day and, after punching the fire woman-like, settled back in my chair for a little communion with self. It was an excellent time for dreaming without sleeping, or, as we call it, "building castles in the air,"—those fairy structures that need but a breath from even an infant's mouth to lay them prostrate in the dust. And to me, such dreams are far more pleasant than those that oft attend our slumbers; for in the one, we are aware that these fancies are unreal and, perhaps, may never be realized; but in the other, not only is our sleep disturbed sometimes by frightful fantasies, but even if the dream be pleasant we awake with discontent to find it only a dream.

The room was very comfortable and gave no indication of the cold without, for the bright fire glowed with renewed energy since my recent encouragement with the poker. The radiant coals beneath the wood seemed to exert a seductive charm over my thoughts and ere long bright panoramas appeared and disappeared in quick succession. The past came stealing up in mute surprise to find itself so near the present. There were my childhood days drawn out in dim and lengthened shadows—running into years that seemed never to end. From Christmas time to Christmas time seemed an endless age; for then my thoughts would seldom turn to that festive day after the candy had been eaten and the toys destroyed, until reminded of its proximity by the shop

windows alive with all manner of gaudy animals and attractive playthings, and the mysterious whisperings and frequent visits to the stores engaged in by the older inmates of the house.

The years grew shorter then, as they came on with quickened pace. And, as independent thought and action took their proper places in my mind and being, the days were hardly long enough to perform the work allotted. School days flitted by me in disjointed companies, bringing with them vague recollections of the multiplication tables with all their dreaded punishment for not reciting them correctly; and, hand in hand with those intricate horrors, came a much-abused dog-eared blue-back spelling-book.

And there in very truth, it seemed, smiled a dark-haired, brown-eyed little lassie,—she whom I had shyly dared to call sweetheart. How well I remembered our many little confidences exchanged and plans made for mutual happiness and enjoyment when we should become grown, and be made man and wife, and how we used to meet each other at the fence that separated our homes and pour into each other's sympathizing ears our common griefs and woes, and part, perhaps, with a loving kiss. And I could but wonder if she were single yet, and whether she at all resembled the lovely little maid of by-gone days.

The future intruded its uncertain presence then, and brighter figures danced on the coals and beckoned me on to new joys and pleasures. A long vista lay open wide extending far in the distance, hedged in by trees

laden with choicest blessings; and somewhere on that path, I could not tell how far off it was, stood one who seemed to be the centre around which clustered all the charms and graces of young womanhood. Her face all radiant with smiles and her eyes refulgent with love seemed to bid me hasten on my way. Fantastic figures clothed in beautiful garments whirled in and out of the flames as they flickered only a moment and went out leaving me in darkness, with only the living embers for light and company.

But hark! I seemed to have some other company; for that was surely the sound of a step in the passage down stairs. And as if to confirm my fears, again the sound of foot-falls fell with an ominous foreboding on my ear, and this time they appeared to be slowly coming up the stairs. They sounded out with a dull thud as they came nearer and nearer. My limbs began to grow cold and damp as if the chill of the spirit-world were sweeping over them. Vivid pictures of the midnight murderer and the horrors of being cut off thus without any aid flashed through my distorted brain. And, while I sat limp and palsied, nearer and still nearer came the strange foot-falls, until they stopped just in front of my door. Every nerve was stretched to its utmost tension when the door flew open as if by an invisible agency, and there, horror of horrors! stood a being clothed in garments of purest white and having the face of a skeleton. His large eyes shone like orbs of fire and his grinning teeth glistened in the

darkness like savage tusks. The left hand, lank and bony, was held aloft in the attitude of commanding silence, and in his right he carried a long gleaming dagger.

With slow and silent step he advanced into the room toward me. My hair began to rise and stand on end, cold clammy beads of perspiration rolled from off my forehead, and I seemed to be bound by some magical spell that held me as if in fetters of steel. I could move neither hand nor foot, and my parched lips refused to utter a sound. Having reached the side of my chair, the being raised his right hand aloft and with a grin of fiendish joy, looked down upon my helplessness. Oh for the power to escape the dagger that glittered in the air! It was an age to me, that he held his arm aloft preparing to strike the deadly blow that would send me into the land of shades. Faster than I could relate them came thronging up the deeds of my life; faster than they had come and gone on the coals of the fire, the days that I had lived flew by, and, wretched me! it was the evil that I had done that burned into my very soul, and none of the pleasures or good could overbalance it. At length the dreaded moment came—the arm began slowly to descend and the steel had almost touched my breast when, with a mighty and superhuman effort I jumped from the chair upon the floor, for I had been dreaming while asleep. Or as some folks say, I had the nightmare.

W. J. SHOLAR.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S SECOND NAP—A PREDICTION.

Perhaps I should say "Rip Van Winkle's Second Waking," for it is what old Rip Van will see when he wakes a second time that I wish to speak of. Wonderful changes did he behold on opening his eyes from his first nap. And assuming that he is again refreshing himself with a second withdrawal from the ever-changing scenes of life, his amazement will be none the less when, at his second waking, he looks about himself upon new manners, new customs, new laws,—"nothing *old* under the sun,"—himself a fossil of a day which he alone remembers. It is the purpose of this paper to give some reasons for our looking forward to certain events herein predicted, and to suggest changes we would most probably see if the curtain that veils the future were drawn aside and we were permitted to peer through down the long procession of the happenings of the next score or two of years.

Nor are we attempting to infringe upon the sacred prerogatives of the prophet of inspiration, but are only pointing out a probable result of the regular workings of the laws of cause and effect, and are not trying to announce the coming of any event that "casts no shadow before." But, since history is constantly repeating itself, and as "straws show in what direction the wind blows," it is often possible, by a retrospect of recorded history, of the sentiments and theories that have been born and have struggled finally into living institutions, and by study-

ing the import and tendency of the "shadows" which have already been thrown far to us-ward, to foretell very accurately some things that are still behind the wall that limits our vision to present and current events. And with much more certainty when they seem so nearly ready to overleap that boundary and become a part of to-day's living issues and facts.

With such a process of retrospection, and by paying an attentive regard to the topics that most engross the popular mind, I believe we are justified in directing our expectant attention to a time when the Constitution of the United States will grant the right of suffrage and the enjoyment of all political privileges, equally with men, to every woman in each State of this great government. In justification of this prophecy—if indeed an event so imminent can be called a prophecy—let us review the birth and growth of a few questions that have been subjects of much discussion and agitation in the past, and which have developed from beginnings equally as small and against seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

I will make but a mere allusion to a like instance in ancient history, when the despised plebs of the Roman state sought equal political and social rights with the haughty patricians, who held every stronghold of government and society. The clamors and struggles of the common people availed them much. They made acquisition after acquisition of positions

of power and influence; and these once gained, they were never dislodged from them, till, securing the abrogation of the laws against their intermarriage with the patricians, they bore down the last barrier to their admission to every advantage of state and society on an equal footing with their competitors. But I would cite a marked contrast between my illustration and the point I wish to make. The women of America are not of a lower and despised stratum of society. They are not ignorant and the objects of a spiteful prejudice. But they are the honored objects of men's admiration and worshipful respect. They are his equals mentally, and, when they have enjoyed equal educational advantages, never fall behind men in intellectual attainments. And as to moral sense, they are perhaps better qualified for the discharge of high political responsibilities.

To come to the present day, let us study the usual line of development by which theories have become institutions. Take the history of the agitation that finally resulted in the complete abolition of slavery. Slavery, we know, was once an institution recognized and tolerated in every government. In some it was upheld as divinely appointed. There was a time in the history of the United States when no voice was raised against its existence, and the question of profit or loss was the only consideration which determined its establishment or rejection in any particular locality. Then there came twinges of conscience to a few as to

the exact justice and morality of the existence of such an element in our body politic. Ever and anon some of the more bold would venture to whisper their doubts and fears to the boiling, rushing world of men, who laughed at the squeamish sentimentality of the fanatics who dared give utterance to the veriest folly, as such men and their belief were then denounced. But time fled on apace, and the fanatics' fanaticism found listeners. Upon the muffled whisperings of conscientious scruples followed the reading of lectures and the publication of able papers in the leading magazines of the day. Great conventions were held for the expression of the doctrines of the advocates of the new political faith; influential journals espoused the cause of the now strong and growing sentiment; it soon became an important element in politics, and was made an issue between the leading political parties. National legislation was brought to bear upon the question; a long and bloody war was fought on the issues made, and the abolition theory became an established institution. The kidnapper of the barbarous, hardly human inhabitants of Africa, had hardly dreamed that his article of commerce would in two centuries, or less, become a ruling element in our government.

The history of the growth of the question of Woman's Rights bears a strong analogy to the example I have cited. The "risibles" of men everywhere were highly excited when a few unwomanly women, as they were then thought to be, began to clamor for the privilege of exercising their

"inherent" right to vote, and to hold office by the side of men. But the advocates of the novel measure soon showed their sincerity and devotion, and that they were not helping to act a farce merely for the amusement of the remainder of the world. Men soon began to straighten their faces and wonder if these people were in earnest. And many, so far from turning a deaf ear to the loud demands of the opposite sex, are lending their voices and influence in support of the new doctrine, and have written and spoken ably in its defence. Judge Rice, a prominent jurist of Massachusetts, strongly supports the cause in a paper prepared for the *North American Review* of a few months ago. In the October (1886) number of the same magazine appears an article from Mary A. Livermore, advocating "Woman Suffrage." It is one of the most forcible articles we have seen in support of this doctrine. She cites several instances of the triumphs of the faith,—Wyoming Territory, for one, which "gave full suffrage to women in 1869." Then she introduces the Hon. J. W. King-

man, a Judge of the Supreme Court of that Territory, as a witness of four years' experience, to testify to the excellency of the workings of the system there. Twelve States of the American Union have already given to women the right to vote on matters pertaining to public schools.

Those who advocate and believe in Woman Suffrage are daily growing numerically stronger, and are becoming more and more aggressive in their demands. Only a few weeks ago a prominent supporter of the principle advanced the opinion that the term "people" in the Constitution of the United States, means not only men, but women as well, who are also a part of the American People. In this opinion he is endorsed by an eminent official at our national capital. Such a construction, of course, removes all restrictions of the ballot against women.

Surely, the issue waxeth strong, and ere long we may escort our fair friends to the polls as well as to picnics, and solicit their votes as well as their hands and hearts.

F. H. MANNING.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

Man possesses a body susceptible of being taught an immense number of valuable arts, and a mind to the capabilities of which no boundary has yet been ascertained. It is necessary that the physical powers of man should be educated, to enable him to execute with skill the works in which the mind has but little share; and the

same is true of the mind with respect to its peculiar work. Before a man becomes educated, he must possess a love of mental activity and a desire for knowledge.

The man who is taught by himself receives the best instruction, and what he accomplishes will be stamped on his mind so indelibly that it will

never be forgotten. Witness Benjamin Franklin, who was one of the most distinguished philosophers of his time; he was a self-made man.

Every one should strive with all his strength to obtain an education, for if it adds nothing to him it will certainly detract nothing. But no one will dare say that there is no benefit to be derived from an education. Knowledge is tenacious. It adheres to a man like a twig to a tree.

The way to enlarge knowledge is, first fix into our minds clear and distinct ideas of those things we would consider and know; then find out the intermediate ideas which may show us the relation of the other ideas. We must adapt our methods of inquiry to the nature of the ideas we examine and the truth we search after. One of the results of our system of instruction is that it only fits the people for impression, instead of producing well-trained thinking men. They can pursue the thought of well educated men, appreciate what is done, and can easily conceive relations when properly expressed and explained; but to take a subject, explore, study, and explain it independently, does not come within their limits. Such people are used by the thinking men as instruments in their hands.

We see men in their different vocations, such as law or medicine, and perhaps they are succeeding well; but if they had continued their course at college, and received a thorough education, how much better would they have succeeded! An illiterate man may think himself to be in the midst of

lasting pleasures, while at the same time, speaking comparatively, there is not a spark of pleasure existing in his present or future life.

A person is taught by education to conduct himself in his station in society with dignity and propriety; he is enabled to perceive his duties, and the proper method of fulfilling them; and he ascertains how to avoid errors. So every one who desires to enter first-class society should acquire the profoundest knowledge and culture.

Every advancement made towards rendering the people more intelligent, is an advancement towards ransoming them from vice, and rendering them more virtuous, more useful, and more happy. Although without knowledge they *may* be happy and virtuous, but with it how much more happy and more virtuous must they be!

The very end and aim of study is to expand and improve the faculties of the mind, in order that it may dive deep into subjects and bring out the obscure contents and render them plain to every one. The man that is blessed with an excellent education feels strong in the performance of his duties; but an ignorant man must necessarily feel weak. The man without physical energy ascertains that it is impossible for him to summon that force of will which would enable him to sink deep into a subject that requires labor and pains to master. We have a direct proof of the truth of this statement at any of our college commencements. Observe the graduating class

at any college of respectable reputation on commencement day. They are nothing less than a band of physical shadows. Their bodily energies have been exhausted by great struggles to obtain collegiate honors, and then all the world is before them in which to obtain physical development, whereas they ought to have it as they thus enter upon life's duties.

Notice England, the birth-place of Bacon and a host of other most profound thinkers. By what principles were such men trained? What is the present system? Is the child at the present day taken up from his toys and pleasures at the age of six years and placed under a strain until he reaches the age of nineteen or twenty and then sent out into the world as an educated man? On the other hand, they scarcely ever enter college at so early an age as the students of this country leave it. In England if a student graduates at the age of twenty-five, he is considered to be quite a young graduate, and thirty is a very reasonable age. The man who completes his curriculum ere he has reached that age at which he can appreciate learning and knows how to

study, lacks a good deal of being as well educated as he might otherwise have been.

How great is the pleasure of knowing facts! But if we have only the facts without their relations, we lose half the enjoyment; so we should always in ascertaining facts, try also to ascertain their relations.

Whoever possesses a mental training so that he may, if he chooses, take any subject, however difficult or profound it may be, eliminate its non-essential matter, consider it thoroughly in all its bearings, and can look through and through it, must be nothing less than an educated man. He who has the power, and will utilize it, to bring about this desirable end, will entitle himself to the lasting gratitude of the generations which are yet to come.

The youth who says,

"An education I now crave,
An education I will have!"

will obtain it, if he perform his part. Any man who possesses any intelligence at all, can, if he tries, see the great advantage of an education.

T. L. SPENCE.

OUR REPUBLIC.

The Old World, dismembered, lay bleeding and wrecked,
Downtrodden by despot, o'erridden by sect,
Her kingdoms in ruins with fast ebbing life,
Her empires dismantled, enveloped in strife:
Her rivers, her mountains, yea, each smiling wood
Oft blushed at beholding scenes reeking in blood.

From Alpine snow summits to Russias' iced shore,
From Ural's bright verdure to Biscay's deep roar,
From ocean to ocean, from mountain to sea,
From life teeming city, from flowery lea,
From time honored villa, from shadowy dale,—
There came without ceasing a piteous wail
From men held in bondage, while wretched unrest,
With deep venom'd arrow assailing each breast,
But doubled the anguish and deepened the gloom
That shadowed all Europe and painted its doom.
The Goddess of Liberty, pensive and pale,
With tears of deep pity for each rising wail,
Her mandates unheeded, her praises unsung,
One pitying gaze on her votaries flung ;
And then though unwilling to leave the old world,
With face veiled in sadness and banner close furled,
The Goddess of Liberty, glorious and true,
Was ready to utter her final adieu.
Then pluming her pinions for permanent flight
The Goddess, enveloped in radiant light,
Resigned the Old World to its pitiful due
And crossed the great deep in search of the New.
Far, far to the westward she speeded her way
To regions unfettered by Tyranny's sway,
Where all her true subjects her sceptre might own
And weave for her forehead a garland-made crown.
And as the fair Goddess thus spanned the blue deep
The rocks and the caverns awoke from their sleep ;
The monsters below restrained their fierce will ;
The tempests were hushed, the billows were still ;
And soon from the ocean's unmusical throng
There rose as by magic a wonderful song.
Quick echo repeated the soul-stirring strain
And bore it far off o'er the billowy main,
Till anthems resounded from ocean to heaven
In praise to the Goddess of Liberty given.

But now in the distance the New World appears,
And from its wide portals the fair Goddess hears
A welcome that silences ocean's wild cry
And pierces the vaults of the listening sky.
The mountains and gorges, the valleys and hills,
The cañons and rivers, the lakelets and rills,

The wide-spreading forests and sweet-scented vales,
The verdure-clad prairies and picturesque dales,—
All joined in the welcome that rang o'er the sea
To Liberty's Goddess—the hope of the free.
The tidings so joyous were heralded forth
From flowery Southland to ice-girded North,
And soon the brave heroes of Liberty came
To worship their Goddess and sing of her fame.
By Washington marshalled they circled her car
With shouts of defiance that echoed afar,
And challenged the minions in Tyranny's train
To meet them in battle on Mar's bloody plain.
Then swift o'er the country resounded the cry
“For *freedom*, for *freedom*, we'll conquer or die.”
And like the great tempest that sweeps from the sea
And strews all the forest with brushwood and tree,
This motto swept onward with gathering force
Overcoming obstructions and widening its course,
Till over America's far stretching plains
The tocsin of war with its ominous strains
Had sounded. The heroes of liberty rushed,
By valor inspired, with confidence flushed,
Determined to shatter old England's proud reign
And banish the tyrant from freedom's domain.
Soon on to the conflict came Tyranny's slaves
Like ocean's far-reaching and orderly waves,
Each willing to battle to tighten the bands
That shackled his own irresolute hands.
The conflict began and for seven long years
Through rivers of blood and rivers of tears,
The cohorts of Liberty fearlessly went
Till Tyranny's fetters, all shattered and rent,
Fell crushed to the earth beneath Liberty's tread.
The Goddess of Liberty high lifted her head
And far to the nations resounded the blast
That tyrant and despot were conquered at last ;
That freedom's brave sons, all true to their trust,
Had levelled the tyrant's proud crest in the dust ;
Had scattered his forces and broken his rod
To make room for Liberty's blessed abode.
The servants of Liberty, faithful and true,
Surrounded their Goddess her bidding to do.
There Washington's cool, philosophical mind

With Jefferson's far-seeing prudence combined ;
While Hamilton's wisdom and Madison's zeal
All helped in ensuring the general weal.
Together they'd banded at Liberty's call
And offered their fortunes, their lives, and their all.
Together now banded, their homage they bear
To Liberty's Goddess, the lovely and fair.
A temple resplendent, to freedom they reared
Where Tyranny's soul-crushing rule had appeared.
Thirteen marble columns supported its base
Each having its mission and holding its place,
Each equally free in its own proper sphere,
Each equally bound certain burdens to bear.
On this they erected the structure above,
Inspecting each portion its value to prove,
And carefully guarding the measures of space
In order to give it both beauty and grace.
No stones that were naughty, no timbers unsound,
In this mighty structure were anywhere found ;
But, rounded in beauty and stately in height,
Its pillars all polished, its columns all bright,
This temple from basement to bright shining dome
Was admirably fitted for Liberty's home.
Within it they builded from pattern of old
A throne overlaid with a lining of gold
And near this an altar, and o'er it a shrine
To Liberty's Goddess, the Goddess divine.
When all had been finished, and finished with care,
They sang a sweet carol that, filling the air
With melody deepened by patriot love,
Soon spread to the heavens and circling above
Awoke the glad strains of the cherubic throng,
And heaven's bright myriads all joined in the song
That ushered in freedom and told to the earth
Our glorious Republic's joy-bringing birth.
The Goddess of Liberty, sceptred and crowned,
Throughout the whole universe known and renowned
Then issued her mandates and offered to all
A respite from Tyranny's soul-crushing thrall.
Her votaries come, and with loyalty true
Their promised allegiance to freedom renew.
And thus our American Republic was planned,
Transcendently great, transcendently grand ;

With ensigns of glory, with banner unfurled,
The light of the nations, the hope of the world.

Republic, yes, this was the name that they chose,
As fitting the country where liberty's rose
Was destined to spring and flourish and bloom
And scatter the terrors of tyranny's gloom;
And well did it suit her, for to her rich soil
Were welcomed the victims of misery and toil,
And Europe's poor millions soon hastened to come
To find in America a joyful home,
Where, freed from the rod of the despot and lord,
Were scattered all blessings that earth can afford.
Yes, here an asylum, a haven of rest
Was offered to all who were poor and oppressed;
Here freedom could breathe, here conscience and soul,
Unfettered by tyrant or despot control,
Could soar unrestrained up to liberty's God
In liberty's free and blessed abode;
Here mind, all unshackled, could tame and subdue
The forces of nature and skilfully hew
Wide tunnelings into the caverns below,
Where earth's hidden jewels uncared for grow.
Here freedom of conscience and freedom of mind
With nature's rich favors in union combined
To broaden the limits of man's mighty soul
And lead him still on to his infinite goal.
Yes, grand old Republic! 'twas hers to unroll
The mysteries of nature's inscrutable scroll,
To snatch from the clouds the inimical fire
And circle the globe with the thought-breathing wire,
To dig from the mountains their treasures of gold,
And the uppermost place 'mid the nations to hold.
All this in their wisdom her framers conceived,
All this and still more her zeal has achieved;
And now she is greater than ever before,
A far-shining lighthouse on time's rugged shore—
A lighthouse to beckon the wreck from the wave
To havens of safety, to point the poor slave,
Fast shackled and groaning in tyranny's car,
To regions illumined by liberty's star.
Oh! grand old Republic, long, *long* be thy day
And wider and still more triumphant thy sway;

Till earth's farthest nations thy praise shall repeat
 And bring willing garlands to lay at thy feet!
 Columbia! Columbia! thou hope of the world,
 Shine on and still on with thy banners unfurled;
 Go upward and onward till heaven and earth
 Shall herald with joy and gladness the birth
 Of an era when freedom all nations shall crown,
 And hurl the last vestige of tyranny down.

C. B. J.

Early's senior

DIXIE'S HEROINES.

When our minds revert to the late civil strife between the States, we naturally think of some great battlefield or of some great general who took an important part in the conflict. Our minds love to dwell on those chivalrous men who sprung to arms in defence of their native land. It is natural for us when we think of a father, a brother, or some dear relative who fell in the deadly conflict, to laud Southern chivalry and Southern heroism; and not a word too much can be said in praise of those devoted men who left all the endearments of a happy home for the hardships and privations of the tented field; and when the time comes when I shall speak one word in detraction of those devoted heroes, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! But while we laud Southern heroes, let us remember the many deeds of self-denial and patriotic devotion of Dixie's devoted heroines.

We forget that we owe such men as Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and our other great leaders who

snatched eternal laurels from the canon's mouth, to the careful training and Christian precepts of Dixie's consecrated mothers. Let us remember that those immortal heroes who waved the "Bonny blue flag" in the breezes of liberty, and who stood for four long years on the threshold of their country and hurled the crashing thunderbolts of war into the ranks of their enemies, had the patriotic instinct instilled into their youthful bosoms at the maternal knee.

In the hospitals of the Southern armies she appeared as a ministering angel to the wounded warriors. She who had before turned faint at the sight of blood, bravely stood amid

"Whitewashed halls

Where the dead and dying lay."

When conflicting armies met on the ensanguined field with the most deadly enginery of war, when the baptism of fire and blood made a pandemonium on earth, she there appeared to stop the crimson tide of death, to comfort the dying, and to pay the last sad rites to the fallen brave. She could with-

out a quiver face the cannon's blazing mouth to rescue Dixie's brave defenders from the hand of death.

Those, however, who followed in the wake of battle were few compared with those who remained at home and endured sufferings which will only be known when the last dread clarion shall summon trembling mortality to the bar of God. Tender hands which had never known a harder task than to wake the slumbering chords into tuneful melody, willingly burdened themselves with the domestic cares of home that their kinsmen might remain in the field and defend the land they loved.

These physical burdens, however, are not to be compared with the mental agony they endured. When away in the dim distance they heard the thunder of cannon and the awful rattle of musketry, their anxiety for loved ones whom they knew to be exposed to all the fury of the storm of death can better be imagined than described. Then when a messenger from the fatal field announced that these had fallen where the brave love to die, their agony was enough to cause the angels to shed tears of blood even in Paradise.

When the war was over and when the cannon's roar had died away in the distance, when invading armies like a mighty wave went crashing onward to the sea, none bore their misfortunes with a fortitude equal to Dixie's devoted heroines. Those hardy veterans who had withstood the shock of a hundred battles, who felt that they were now left without a country and without a home, were

cheered up by their wives and mothers, who were endowed with a spirit invincible. They bore their misfortunes as they had born their triumphs, and their heroism will be heralded down the ages.

So when we look for heroic deeds we need not look to the musty archives of the past, but look around us on every hand and we shall find heroines who are as much to be admired as those patriotic Athenians who made the plain of Marathon reverberate with the shouts of triumph; mothers whose loyalty to their country's cause is as great as was that of the Grecians in the shadowy ages of the past.

Dare we say that the maidens of our own generation are less patriotic than their mothers? No, if our sunny Southland were in danger of invasion from a foreign foe, he who would not shoulder a musket in her defence would be branded as a coward and the finger of scorn would find him wherever he went. He would in all probability have to beat a precipitous retreat before the mighty array of broomsticks which would assail him.

Dixie to-day can boast of a womanhood as pure as the morning zephyr which murmurs the song of the mountain pine, as grand as the eagle which soars amid the clouds and bathes its bright pinions in the sun's first radiance, and as beautiful as the roses which bedeck Sharon's ancient plain. Let us then remember how she stood by our fair land in the days of trial, and cheered us on to great achievements when hope was almost gone. Then let us cherish and protect and above all—love her. EDWIN HOLT. *See*

Sister's Heart

FREE TRADE.

"The whole course of nature is a great *exchange*, in which one good turn is, and ought to be, the stated price of another."

The elevation of a country depends upon the spirit, habits, and pursuits of the people, and on a proper division of employment in accordance with these wants and with the resources of the country. At this stage of the world's history, American manufacturing interests would do better without the restrictions which the tariff system imposes upon them. All that America needs is the doors of other nations thrown open to her, and with her natural resources she will compete with any nation of the world. Manufacturers in this country are playing conspicuous parts among those of other countries, and can hold a strong competition with the old world.

Free-trade is what the producers want, and what they must have, if they sell all over what they consume without restraint and freedom. If there is a want of life and energy among the people, give them free-trade for what they produce, and every intelligent man is at work. Never has wisdom led any company of men to co-operate in the establishment of an enterprise of any character, in which there were no indications of exchange. If a man expend money and time for the production of an article, he is unfortunate if he cannot sell that article.

Free-trade favors the commercial interests of the whole world. Do-

mestic commerce should exceed foreign; and unless the people are allowed to sell freely what they make, they cannot succeed in producing more than they consume. Hence, there is no growth.

Markets can be too limited for the rapid elevation of a country. Yet the question is not so much as to the market, but rather what a nation can get for what it produces. When anything is produced, it ought to be sold and the money kept here. Where a nation pays a high price for what it really demands for support, it is suffering because the money is exported. When the country abounds in natural resources, and the people are able to engage in any enterprise, it seems hard that the fostering care of the law will not provide for the keeping of the coin where it is earned by laboring men. It is clear that there is no need whatever, at present, for any furnaces or factories to supply any domestic demands. All industrial depression and business stagnation are due largely to the existing tariff and to the national commercial policy, which restrict the opportunities to sell or exchange what the people have the capacity and desire to produce. The practical business of the world is in the interchanging of products and services; and there can be no "buying without selling, or selling without buying."

Free-trade, again, favors the poor man, as well as other classes. It seems that a large portion of the law is

against the improvement of the poor man. Why is he bound down to-day? Is it not evident that the taxes forced by the tariff are not upon the money a man may save, but upon the money he spends? The poor man saves not. All the money he is compelled to spend is very often all he has. Every tariff taxes the people in proportion to what they spend and not in proportion to what they may save. The laboring classes, among whom are the poor, are greatly benefited when the *restraint* is removed from manufacturing industry. The employees can afford to pay more for labor when they have a ready market than they can when they cannot sell. This are they able to do without the loss of profit. How can improvement and energy rise among the commonality, when the income or surplus is consumed in paying high prices enforced by the tariff law? The actual effect of the law is to increase the cost of production, to restrict its amount, to increase the cost of living, and to reduce the demand for workmen, consequently reducing their wages.

Free-trade excites competition. If England, France, and other Euro-

pean countries have won prominence as manufacturing powers, surely no legislation ought to do anything that would have a tendency to dwarf the young manufactories of our country. It is nothing but justice and common fairness for any country which abounds in natural resources to have a chance to develop its powers. The fact that iron exists largely in Great Britain is no reason that Pennsylvania should cease to produce iron to her utmost ability. Put a country as a whole upon its own resources, and it will rise in almost all industrial pursuits and social development. The question comes right down to this: Should legislation stand in the way of that free and wholesome competition that gives a nation energy, and puts before its people every incentive to action? The producer has a new idea of improvement, and it causes him to resort to more economical and better methods. Free competition gives wisdom, ability, and wealth. America, with her natural resources and present facilities, is abundantly able to compete nobly and grandly with other portions of the world.

L. R. PRUETT.

EDITORIAL.

THE encroachment of the college course upon that of the academy is made the subject of frequent remark. It has been discussed in this magazine, and of it we shall not speak now. Our object is rather to suggest the question whether there are not two sides to this matter, one of which is habitually ignored. Does not the academy sometimes encroach upon the legitimate and peculiar work of the college? The academy says to the college, "You must begin your course just where mine leaves off, not lower down." May not the college reply, "Very good; but, that boundary between us being fixed, you must leave off your course just where mine begins, not higher up"? A few academies make a more serious encroachment upon the work of colleges in that they confer diplomas. Even a graded school in North Carolina has given "diplomas." The obvious tendency of this custom is to lead the happy recipient to despise a college course, for "he already has his diploma," and to obscure and destroy the proper meaning of that evidence of collegiate training and scholarship.

IN THE current *Harper Col. Higginson* gives some "Hints on speech-making" which the undergraduates of the college world would do well to observe. His first rule for public speaking is, "Have something that you desire very much to say." Second,

"Always speak in a natural key and in a conversational way." Here he remarks that the days of pompous and stilted eloquence are gone by, and that Wendell Phillips perhaps more than any body else put an end to it and substituted the conversational manner. "In the third place, never carry a scrap of paper before an audience. If you read your address altogether, that is very different. It is the combination that injures." As to the preparation of your speech, the fourth rule is, "Plan out a series of few points, as simple and orderly as possible." But points alone will not satisfy the demand of the audience for variety. So the fifth rule is, "Plan beforehand for one good fact and one good illustration under each head of your speech." The sixth and last rule is, "Do not torment yourself up to the last moment about your speech, but give your mind a rest before it."

EXERCISE AT COLLEGE.

It does not require a metaphysician to prove that mind and matter are related. A man's every-day experience tells him that the vigor of his mind depends largely upon his physical condition. He eats too much and finds that he is not capable of close and consecutive thought; he sits at his study table too long and finds that his mind will not be closely applied to the work in hand. Bodily vigor

depends largely upon exercise, and therefore mental strength depends largely upon the proper exercise of the physical system.

Many evils arise from not taking proper exercise while at college. And these evils are the greater because they affect the best minds more than they do the more inferior. A boy who has talent and ambition comes to college and finds that to be distinguished he must apply himself closely; hence he neglects the exercise necessary to keep up his physical strength. In this way many bright lights have gone suddenly out just as they were beginning to shine.

Frequently boys who possess fine talents and are susceptible of great mental development come from country homes where they have been accustomed to the exhilarating sports of the chase or to the severe exercise of field-work, and bury themselves in a close room over their studies, get up only to eat and return, take no exercise; and what is the result? Soon the bright eye and buoyant step of vigorous health are gone, and these have either to give up their course at college altogether, or to drag through their school days encumbered with a feeble constitution only to enter at last upon the duties of active life with the fires of their vital energies nearly exhausted.

Intemperance is another result of too much mental work and too little exercise. The boy of high nervous temperament and ambitious spirit enters the race for college honors, and neglects his body while bending all the energies of his being upon the ac-

complishment of his purpose. Soon his nervous system is unstrung. He feels weak and depressed. Then the temptation to support his yielding frame and invigorate his flagging energies by taking spirits overcomes him; he drinks and finds relief, again goes to his task only to be weakened again, and then drink for relief. Thus it continues until the boy becomes a drunkard.

One may accustom himself to do without exercise. But beware! A man once taught his horse to eat shavings by putting green spectacles on him. The horse finally learned to eat them without the spectacles, but soon died. You may train your body to do without exercise, but look out that it do not fail you when you least expect it.

J. J. L.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

"Magna est veritas, et prevelebit."

"To the victor belong the spoils," is the watch-word of the Democratic party; and when it gets control of affairs, "Turn the rascals out," is the cry, meaning by rascals all Republicans. The watch-word of the Republican party is the same, and it cries just as loudly as the other, "Turn the rascals out," meaning by rascals all Democrats.

A large majority of both parties is opposed to civil service reform; indeed, it would appear, to all reform. Both pledge themselves to reform, it is true, and many promises of reform are made in party platforms; but, judging from the past, reform in party

platforms means simply nothing. In the convention which nominated Cleveland, the Democratic party pledged itself to reform. Has it kept its promise? It would seem from its actions that the idea it has of reform is removing Republicans from office and putting Democrats in their places—as if the sole duty of a party was to fill all government offices with its own members. Thus acted also the Republican party during its long continuance in power.

The President, with a few others, appears to be the only men with moral stamina enough to fulfil the promises which the party have made. Immediately upon taking his seat, he vigorously enforced the existing civil service reform law. Whereupon Democratic editors and prominent members of the party commenced to abuse him; but he had the courage of his convictions, and yielded not an inch; nor has he to the present day. He believes that the principle of civil service is right,—and it *is* right.

The principle underlying civil service may be stated briefly thus: The government offices should be filled by the men best qualified for the work of the several offices, irrespective of party. A principle so evidently right as this must in the end prevail, spoilsmen, ward politicians, demagogues, and even members of the Democratic party to the contrary notwithstanding. Let it be clearly understood, however, that there may be a wide difference between the underlying principle of civil service reform and any existing law on the subject. The one may be right while the other is defective.

This distinction is often lost sight of, especially by many editors and writers in their thoughtless and disgraceful abuse of civil service reformers in general and the President in particular.

The mighty force which opposes this measure arises from the spoils system, and some of the arguments used against it, are worthy only of their source—the dark ages; and instance the saying quoted above, “To the victor belong the spoils,” a sentiment a savage would hardly entertain. Then we hear this argument: The Republicans, when they had control, turned the Democrats out; therefore, the Democrats, seeing that they now have control, ought to turn the Republicans out. Would that the mantle of Jefferson would fall on the Democratic party, so that it should rise up in its majesty and strength and show to the people that it could get above petty spite and favoritism, and act upon principle! What a glorious opportunity the party has, in the agitation of this question, of vindicating its claims upon the support of the people.

“The existence of the republic depends upon the existence of political parties,” is another argument used against the reform measure—as if it had aught to do with the existence of political parties. Suppose we admit the truth of this argument, does it necessarily follow that civil service reform threatens the existence of political parties? By no means. On the other hand, a well administered civil service law would purge the parties of some of their worst features, namely, favor-

itism, demagogues, carpet-bagism and the like; for wherein consists the power of demagogues and carpet-baggers, if it be not in the hope of office or emolument they inspire in the bosoms of their constituents? Moreover, look at England. She has civil service laws vigorously executed; and yet she has political parties as separate and distinct as ever America's were. Where, then, is the force of the argument?

The gist of the matter is simply this. Party affiliation should have nothing to do with the selection of men to fill government offices. Applicants for office should be known, not as Democrats, nor yet as Republicans, but simply as citizens; for the offices are supported by taxes collected, not from the Democrats alone, nor from Republicans alone, but from the people. Every tax-payer in the country, to what party soever he may belong, has an interest in the government's offices, and should be eligible to office, provided always he be capable and worthy of filling it.

May the day soon come when the government offices shall pass from out the control of politicians. And it will come. *Magna est veritas, et prevelebit!* W. P. S.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Vanderbilt University invited Paul Hamilton Hayne to deliver next winter a series of lectures on literature or poetry. But another invitation, the which no mortal e'er refused, came before the other reached him. And now the sweet singer of the Southland is singing the praises of God in the

New Jerusalem. His last production seemed prophetic of his approaching end.

In his death, which occurred at his home, Copse Hill, Grovetown, Ga., July 6th, the South lost her most distinguished man of letters. He was born Jan. 1st, 1831, in Charleston, S. C., and graduated with great distinction from the college of that city in 1850. He was admitted to the bar, but having an ample fortune, he devoted himself exclusively to literature. He contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, was an editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was connected with the *Charleston Evening News*, and principal editor of *Russell's Magazine*. Volumes of his poems appeared in 1854, 1857, 1859 and 1873. The war brought him, as it did thousands of others, financial disaster, but from his poverty and comparative seclusion he sent forth ever and anon a poem to delight the world.

Except a few illiterate but kind-hearted people, he had no neighbors at Copse Hill and cared for none, though when one passed the humble home "hunting for a bee-tree," Mr. Hayne was sure to stop him for a friendly chat. He is said to have known actually nothing of the value of money and to have been, therefore, the most improvident of mortals. And his lack of what is called practical common-sense often led him into egregious and ridiculous blunders. Mr. Stedman, in his *Poets of America*, says: "Hayne's vitality, courage, and native lyrical impulse have kept him in voice, and his people regard him with a tenderness which, if a commen-

surate largesse were added, should make him feel less solitary among his pines."

Hayne's was a bright genius, a gentle spirit, a spotless life; and so long as these are revered his memory will be cherished and his poems be read.

A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.

"It is our advice to every student who is worthy of the name and who has any desire for self-improvement, to connect himself with one or the other of the Societies before one half of the first term has expired."

The above is clipped from one of our valued exchanges, and while we think it is excellent advice, and deem it most praise-worthy in our contemporary to take a position at the beginning of the term looking to such beneficial results, still we shall be pardoned if we are reminded by it of another advantage we enjoy at Wake Forest, and feel constrained to offer our hand around in congratulations to all concerned. To our two Societies themselves for their perfect or-

ganization and excellent plan of work; and especially for the devotion manifested by their respective members,—a devotion so ardent and beautiful that it takes hold of every new-comer and infuses into him a desire to become one of such a brotherhood. New students need no urging to become Society members. We also congratulate the new men who come among us, on the unsurpassed advantages open to them at the beginning of their Society life, which, when applied, help quite as much as any other one branch of their college work to make them full, well-rounded men. Lastly we congratulate those who have our College in trust, and all who love it, on the presence at Wake Forest of a factor so potent for good as that of Society work and influence. We verily believe that this factor has contributed more to the success of Wake Forest men than any other one department here, at the same time being aware of the efficiency and continual improvement of them all.

F. H. M.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The solution of the Bulgarian problem still remains uncertain. Russia is as indefatigable as ever in her efforts to extend her territorial possessions, and is endeavoring to secure the occupation of Bulgaria. She has gone so far as to send a special military envoy to look after her interests. This envoy by his arrogant assumption of

right to interfere in the affairs of the principality, has rendered himself an object of special aversion to those who regard their freedom as a matter of prime importance. After Alexander's resignation and departure, it was determined to elect delegates to the great Sobranje and in spite of decided opposition on Russia's part, the elections are completed and result

by an overwhelming majority in the selection of delegates holding views antagonistic to Russian interests.

Alexander has signified his intention to accept, if re-elected to the Bulgarian throne. But the powers concur with Russia in her opposition to his re-installment. The recent elections are denounced by Russia as illegal. What will be the outcome of this extremely complex state of affairs is unknown, but the supposition is that, alive to their own interests, and prompted by desire of self-preservation, the great powers of Europe will check Russia, in her ambitious and avaricious course.

PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS.—Perhaps no living man has won a celebrity equal to that enjoyed by the French scientist, Louis Pasteur. For a number of years his experiments have not only excited the interest of scientists, but the facts developed by his rigid investigations have overthrown more than one generally accepted theory, and have caused many improvements in the useful arts. Many people, however, have become imbued with the idea that Pasteur is a half-crazy Frenchman who is vainly trying to find a remedy for hydrophobia. Ever ready to hoot at anything which conflicts with the usually accepted ideas of things, they condemn him without giving him a hearing or examining the steps that have led him up to the experiments which he is now making.

Pasteur is not a mere theorizer striving to maintain himself by cunningly devised arguments in a position too hastily assumed. Let us

rapidly glance at some of the steps which led him to enter the branch of study in which he is now engaged. When a student, he began investigations in crystallographic chemistry, and in conducting them he had to perform some experiments involving fermentation. From this he gradually came to study the causes of fermentation and the microscopic organisms which are always present during the process.

By performing many experiments he deduced facts which led him greatly to improve the process of making vinegar. He next applied himself to the work of investigating vinous fermentation. As a result of his labors the manufacturers of wine were enabled to secure their wines from after fermentation. Pasteur, urged by his friends and loudly importuned by those suffering from the loss inflicted by the ravages of a disease among silkworms, left this field of labor and turned his attention to the investigation of the causes of an epidemic which bade fair to destroy one of the most important industries of France. He was successful in staying the progress of the epidemic and pointing out an infallible means of preventing its recurrence.

But perhaps his most important labors have been performed in the study of virulent diseases. Having satisfied himself upon the correctness of the Germ theory, he began to seek means of rendering animals free from virulent diseases by inoculating them with the cultivated germs of the disease. After long and carefully conducted experi-

ments he succeeded in producing an attenuated virus of splenic fever and chicken cholera that would not kill the animal which had been inoculated with it, while it would prevent the subject thus inoculated from being affected by an uncultivated virus. This was proved by many experiments. In one instance fifty animals were used, twenty-five having been treated by Pasteur and twenty-five not. Of the number treated by Pasteur none died; but of those which received no treatment all died. Within six months after this experiment 33,946 animals had been vaccinated and it was found that the mortality among the vaccinated was ten times less than among the unvaccinated.

But the efforts of Pasteur to find a remedy for hydrophobia have given him more celebrity than all of his other labors. Whether he has succeeded or not still remains in doubt. Some laugh at the idea of preventing hydrophobia by inoculation, while others declare that Pasteur has already solved the problem, and that he has actually cured persons bitten by mad-dogs. Remembering the former successes of Pasteur in similar diseases, we should not be too ready to condemn him. We must not forget that his success in preventing the diseases of silk-worms and live-stock has already saved many thousands of dollars to the people of France. If by cultivating the virus of splenic fever he has produced a vaccine which will prevent it, why could he not do the same in hydrophobia? Wait till it has been shown that Pasteur has failed; then it will be time to laugh.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR AT RICHMOND.—For a number of days the public have been watching with interest the proceedings of the Knights of Labor convention, held at Richmond, Va. Anything which promised to promote better relations between American laborers and American capitalists was looked forward to with hope by everybody. Much was expected of this labor organization. But after introducing many petty schemes to remedy the evils under which the working classes labor, the assembly adjourned without deciding upon any definite plan of action, unless we understand that it is the plan of the General Assembly directly to assail capital by openly aiding all strikes. By their action in reference to strikes now in progress this seems to be the only interpretation that can be put upon their action. Among many other things that the Knights did in Richmond, they demanded that the general government own and control all telegraph lines; recommended that there be a meeting of a laboring man's congress in Washington during the meetings of Congress, and begged mercy for the Chicago Anarchists. But perhaps the most interesting feature of the convention is the social question. The black Knights seemed to desire to make themselves the social equals of their white brethren, and tried to obtain seats among the white people in a theatre. But they soon found that this would not do in the South. So strong and determined was the resistance of the whites to anything which savored of social equality that

it was feared that there would be a riot. Immediately the convention passed a resolution declaring, that, while they recognized the civil and political equality of all men and in the broad field of labor recognized no distinction on account of color, they have no desire to interfere with the social relations existing between different races in any part of the country. The Knights of Labor as an organization may pass as many resolutions as they please declaring their intentions ; but, if they, as individuals,

insist upon having negroes in their street processions, a negro to introduce their Grand Master Workman, to an audience largely made up of Southerners, and continue to ask seats for their colored Knights at places of amusement among white ladies, they will find themselves interfering with social relations. No, sir Knights; if you wish to succeed in the South, establish a separate organization for the blacks and do not ask the Southern white laborers to sit in the same convention with the negroes.

EDUCATIONAL.

—At last accounts Trinity College had enrolled 108 students.

—Mr. A. Poindexter Taylor, an old student of Wake Forest, has a good school near Monroe, N. C. Since leaving Wake Forest he has been a student at Washington and Lee University.

—Mr. Elisha B. Lewis, for a few months a student here, has a school of about forty pupils at Jerusalem, Davie county.

—Mr. Charles T. Grandy, a member of the class of '86 at Chapel Hill, is assisting Mr. S. L. Sheep, Principal of the Elizabeth Academy, N. C.

—Mr. Collier Cobb, late principal of Wilson Graded School, is pursuing a special course in Natural History at Harvard. He is also giving some private lessons.

—The *Collegiate* (Franklin College, Indiana,) is rejoicing over the largest senior class ever present at that institution.

—Since our last issue, the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, Murfreesboro, has begun its fall term. There were seventy-five boarders in attendance at last accounts.

—Misses Julia Creech and Rosa Harris are Principals of the Louisburg Female High School, which has recently begun a very prosperous session. There have been several applications for entrance that could not be met.

—The Female School at Franklin, N. C., is presided over by Miss Florence Bandy, a graduate of the Female College at Nashville, Tenn., and a daughter of Prof. Bandy, of Trinity College. Miss Bandy since her graduation has taught in Georgia.

—The Alabama Baptists are making strenuous efforts to endow Howard College. Prof. Giles has been lately added to its teaching force, and is actively canvassing for new students for the coming session.

—Owing to the largely increased attendance at the Centennial Graded School, steps have been taken for the establishment of another graded school in Raleigh. It will be located in the northern part of the city, to the greater convenience of a large number of pupils.

—James Russell Lowell will probably be the orator on the occasion of Harvard's 250th anniversary, Nov. 6.

—Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, introduced a bill in Congress providing for the establishment of a National University at Washington.

—At Forest City, Rutherford county, N. C., is a very flourishing school under the efficient management of our old friend Mr. O. F. Thompson. "Jumbo" has seventy pupils in his school and is assisted by Miss Lillian Yarborough.

—The Sioux Falls University is the Baptist school for Dakota Territory. It has been in successful operation for three years, and last year enrolled 127 students, six or seven of whom are studying for the ministry.—*The Examiner*.

—The opening at Richmond College was larger this year than usual, 120 students on the grounds the first day. The session begins with Rev. Dr. John Pollard as the new

Professor of English, who began work in his department with an address on "The relations of English to a liberal education."

—Mississippi College begins the present session with one hundred and thirty-three students, the largest opening in its history, 150 at the end of the first week; 250 or 275 are expected during the session, it being the rule with them that the number of students for the whole year more than doubles the number present on the first day.

—At Lincoln University there are two hundred students. Among them are two natives of Corea, one a prince and a ministerial student. There are also six young men from Liberia.

—Rev Thos. E. Skinner, D. D., (University, N. C.) has accepted the Professorship of Theology in Shaw University, Raleigh. He will hear three classes a day and preach twice a month. In noting his acceptance, Dr. Bailey, of the *Biblical Recorder*, says: "He possesses all the qualifications for the position, having received a thorough literary and theological education himself and been pastor of our largest and most influential churches for thirty years. He is in vigorous health and enters upon his new work with enthusiasm. We wish him and the institution great success."

—*North Carolina Teacher*.

—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, counts on an increase of 50 each year. It was not disappointed at its opening in October. On the first day 320 were present. The cosmopolitan character of the attendance

may be guessed from this incident in one of the lecture rooms: A gentleman from Japan was introduced to a gentleman from India. One feature of the opening exercises was a rather informal meeting of students and professors, in which after private greetings different professors were called on to give some account of their experiments, studies, or travels during the vacation. The session was formally opened with an address on "The College in the University and Classical Philology in the College" by Prof. Wright, Professor of Classical Philology and Dean of the University. In it a high compliment was paid the University of Virginia, which was placed by the side of Harvard and called one of the two most noted institutions in the country.

—On the 10th of October, J. A. Freeze, a student of the State University, was shot by a negro and almost instantly killed. Another student was wounded. This terrible tragedy occurred at the house of the

negro in Chapel Hill, about one o'clock at night.

—Much effort, especially in European countries, is expended upon means by which the health and vigor of the youth may be increased. A law has recently been enacted in Germany and Switzerland which requires principals of all schools to dismiss their pupils at noon of every day on which the thermometer registers, at 10 a. m., 77°F.

—And the Board of Education, of New York city, is also interested in technical and manual instruction in the public schools. The contagion spreads. We favor it, provided it keep its place in the educational scheme. There is danger of its becoming in the popular conception the all-sufficient and only education. If it comes to be so regarded, then it will prove to be a calamity. But we will not anticipate an interesting discussion of the question which will appear in the next issue of THE STUDENT.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of *A History of our own Times*, *Maid of Athens*, etc., is visiting this country.

MRS. GRANT has received from her publishers the second instalment, consisting of \$150,000. She will receive altogether between \$600,000 and \$700,000.

OUR distinguished historian Bancroft has celebrated his 86th birthday.

GEO. W. CABLE will soon publish in the *Century* an article which will continue in two numbers.

THE law partner of Lincoln will deliver a series of lectures during the winter on the life and character of this distinguished man.

PROF. HUXLEY is now in better health than for several years.

Confessions and Criticisms, by Julian Hawthorne, will shortly be issued from the press.

MRS. BURNETT has contributed to *St. Nicholas* another serial called *Prince Fairy Foot*.

VICTOR HUGO'S *Les Miserables* was a favorite in some circles of the Confederate States Army; but the ill-fed, ill-clad, and hard-worked soldiers called it, with piquant humor, Lee's *Miserables*.

THE "After School Series" by Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, comprises now courses in Greek, Latin, and French literature. He is now at work on a course in German literature. Since the first issue of the series 154,000 copies have been sold.

THAT popular selection for public readings, "Curfew shall not ring to-night" was written nineteen years ago by Rose Hartwick, a Michigan girl of sixteen years of age. She is now Mrs. Thorp, of Grand Rapids. The "Curfew," is the only thing of note she has written, though she derives considerable income from children's stories furnished various publications.

THE discussion of Sir John Lubbock's list of the best hundred books has suggested a list of a hundred books for boys which has appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In the whole list we recognize but two or three American authors. A large majority of the books are in the department of fiction.

AS to the success of cheap literature from the publisher's point of view, a writer in the *St. James Gazette* says: "A few years ago there was a

great reduction in the prices of books. The public almost looked as if it would begin to buy books. Then it thought there might be a further reduction, and it waited. It was next offered standard literature at sixpence and new novels at a shilling. It bought them a little, and then it left off. Now it is being offered standard literature at threepence. Except in a few instances, however, it would not buy. Would it like its literature at a penny a volume? No; it would wait for the penny to be taken off."

AN irate critic puts it strongly—we are not prepared to say how justly—when he says that Mr. Mallock's "novels are rotten eggs thrown in the face of literature."

I AM told by editors that you may almost count on the fingers of one hand the women in America to whom you can assign a subject for a magazine paper, requiring scholarly effort and labor, and have the work well done.—Col. Higginson, in *Harper's Bazaar*. Now that is a hard saying, but the Colonel, who is said to be a gallant man, seems to lay the blame of this state of things at the door of the colleges for the education of women.

WENDELL PHILLIPS once said of a famous advocate that thieves before stealing inquired of his health.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND'S *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is popular in England as well as in America. There it is selling in its fiftieth thousand.

PROF. SCHERER, of Berlin, author of the valuable work on *German Literature*, is dead.

THE man is but half grown who thinks a book is of no use unless it is read through and would confine his acquaintance to the few score or hundreds of volumes that he can conscientiously read from beginning to end in a life-time. There is nothing so broadening as an acquaintance with many books, and nothing so improving as the art of tasting a book. Let your few bosom books qualify your intellectual nature, and then give yourself the food you will grow upon by the widest discursiveness.—*Prof. Justin Winsor.*

A WRITER in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks that good biographies form the best reading for girls, for "fiction should lend relief to girl-life, biography should impart high principle, and poetry grace."

THE first work which fully sets forth the arguments for protection—if there be any—is the work entitled *Protection versus Free Trade*, by Henry M. Hoyt, Ex-Gov. of Penn.

The Youth's Companion was established by Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, the poet.

FRANK MOORE has edited a book which will be of interest to all who love the Southland. Its name is *Songs and Ballads of the Southern People*, and it contains about three hundred selections, in whose strains "every chord of local patriotism, of martial ire and pathos, is touched."

Aliette, a new novel translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, published by D. Appleton & Co., is attracting much attention in literary circles. It tells the story of a Chris-

tian wife wedded to an infidel husband. "Perhaps the most subtle thing in the book," says the *New York Tribune*, "is the exposition, in the contrasted character of Dr. Tallevaut and Sabine, of the two ways in which the modern scientific investigation may operate, and of the radical difference in the effect of such teaching upon one whose mind has been formed under religious influences and one whose growing intellect has been carefully guarded against all spiritual beliefs and doctrines."

A BEAUTIFUL saying of Sir Wm. Jones, the noted oriental scholar: Little child, thou wast born weeping, while all around thee smiled; so live that thou mayest die smiling while all around thee weep.

THE *Louisville Courier Journal* will publish a serial story of Revolutionary times by E. P. Roe, called *The Young Hornets of Horner's Nest*.

E. P. WHIPPLE, the noted critic and author, died in Boston June 17th. He commenced his long literary life at the age of sixteen by writing an essay on Macaulay.

DR. RICHARD T. ELY, Professor of Political Science in Johns Hopkins University, is now contributing a series of "Social Studies" to *Harper's Monthly*. The first two are devoted to railroads. The last one that has appeared, second in the series, is "The Economic Evils in American Railway Methods."

MESSRS. CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS announce that they will soon commence the publication of a new monthly to be called *Scribner's Magazine*. This is not meant to be a revival of *Scribner's Monthly*, but is an entirely new enterprise.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

LONGEVITY OF TURTLES.—A correspondent of the *American Naturalist* writing from Mt. Carmel, Ill., gives the following interesting history: In 1824 Mr. J. W. Warrington, one of the pioneer pedagogues of this vicinity, found a small *Testudo Carolina*, a land tortoise, on the plastron of which he engraved with his pen-knife "J. W., 1824," and set it free near Albion, Ill. Some time during 1865 Mr. W. Hodson found it in the same vicinity. He engraved the letter "W" on the carapace and again set it free. Nothing more was seen of it until August, 1885, when it was found by Mr. Herbert Hodson (brother to W.) about one-half a mile from the spot where it had been set free twenty years before. He put it into his cellar, where it remained until this summer (1886), when by accident it was poisoned by "Rough on Rats," and died from the effect. The engravings are all apparently as clear as when first made. The tortoise was below the medium size and appears to have grown very little since the first engraving was done sixty two years ago. The shell is darker and smoother than usual.

DREAMS OF THE BLIND.—About 200 blind persons of both sexes were questioned not long since by Dr. Joseph Jastrow at the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was ascertained that the blind dream quite as frequently as

those who are not blind. Those who became blind before their fifth year never dream of seeing; of those whose sight was lost between their fifth and seventh year some do and some do not see in their dreams; while all those who lost their sight after their seventh year had quite as distinct vision in their dreams as seeing people. The explanation of this is, that during the years in which they saw, a certain part of the brain became educated to receive and interpret all the messages which the eye sent it, and that when this part of the brain acts spontaneously in sleep the person dreams of seeing. According to the above observations, therefore, this part of the brain, called the "sight centre," requires from five to seven years to develop. Authorities assign this period from the fifth to the seventh year as the limit at which a child becoming deaf will also become dumb, and as the age of one's earliest continuous memory of oneself. With those who do not see in their dreams, hearing plays the principal part. If they dream of home, for instance, they hear the familiar voices of home and perhaps feel the familiar objects; whereas those not blind would see the persons and objects.

DISEASES OF INSECTS.—Many insects of course reach the natural limit of their lives and die of old age, but many others are cut off prematurely

by their carnivorous relatives or by disease. Little is known of the aches and pains insect flesh is heir to, but they are believed to be for the most part due to the attacks of parasitic plants and animals. An interesting case of destructive parasitism was described in these columns of Oct., 1885. On the 14th of last month I found a large "woolly-bear" caterpillar covered between his tufts of hairs with a fine, dense fur, as it appeared to be, of an ashy gray color. When this "fur" was examined with the microscope it was found to be a thick forest of a fungous plant. The caterpillar lay on the table over night, and next morning, for some distance around, the table was covered with a fine powder, which upon examination proved to be the spores [seed] of the fungus. The body of the caterpillar had been penetrated through and through by the tissue of the growing plant and was finally reduced to a brittle mass which was easily rubbed into a powder. This is but an ex-

ample of a history quite common. In autumn the house-fly is subject to attacks of a mouldy fungus. A similar mould has been observed on some members of the wasp family. Several species of beetles are known to be infested at times by fungi, as also spiders, ants, and butterflies. A group of fungi are so frequently found growing in the bodies of caterpillars as to be named "caterpillar fungi." The larvæ of various insects are specially subject to fungoid disease. The grub of the May-beetle may be cited as an example. It is sometimes found with a whitish fungus growing out at the sides of the head. The sprouts sometimes attain the length of three or four inches when the poor grub looks as if he had developed an extra pair of legs of enormous size. These parasitic fungi grow in the body of the insect they infest at the expense of its nutritive fluids, and the insect finds at length—shall we say a welcome deliverance in death?

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

"THE melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

FAREWELL to white dresses.

REV. G. L. F. secured five new subscribers for THE STUDENT at the Tar River Association. Thanks. "Go and do likewise," boys.

DR. MANLY delivered a lecture to the Yates Theological Society, Sunday afternoon, October 17.

In our December issue, the first of a series of articles by several of the professors will appear, to be written by Dr. Simmons on the study of Physical Science. For the January number, Prof. W. L. Poteat will write on the study of Natural History; for the February number, Dr. Duggan, on the study of Chemistry; for the March number, Dr. Manly, on the study of Latin; for the April number,

Dr. Taylor, on the study of Moral Philosophy; for the May number, Prof. W. B. Royall, on the study of Greek, and for the June number, Dr. Wm. Royall, on the study of Modern Languages. Subscribe at once, so as to get the benefit of these articles, which will of themselves be worth the price of the magazine.

MESSRS. PRICE, COTTINGHAM, and FINCH, attended the session of the Tar River Association. Dr. Taylor was also present and spoke on education.

MR. A. C. LIVERMON visited the Hill (?) during the second week in October and spent two days. He lacked only about five months of completing the B. S. degree, but was compelled to leave college last year by the death of his father. He is now attending the Dental College at Baltimore.

MR. SAMUEL GREGORY, student of last year, is attending the Dental College at Baltimore.

LET the prep. be treated with *Justice*! A certain senior, "nameless here forever more" was endeavoring to explain the derivation of the word *Philomathesia* to a new student, and did it somewhat thus: "It comes from two Latin (?) words, *philos*, a son, and *mathesia*, mother; so the whole word means, 'son of his mother.'" "Lovers of learning" (*Philomathesians*), what think ye of this?

THE Sunday School music has improved very much since the organization of a regular choir. There are seventeen members, Miss Neda Purefoy organist, and Mr. E. F. Tatum, leader.

REV. THOS. DIXON, pastor of the Goldsboro Baptist church, was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry in Memorial Hall, Wednesday night, October 6. Rev. R. T. Vann preached the sermon; Dr. Taylor led the prayer; Dr. Royall delivered the charge, and Dr. Manly made the address of welcome, after which Mr. Dixon pronounced the benediction.

WE desire to call the special attention of students to our advertisements. Trade with those who advertise in THE STUDENT. If you don't want to go to Raleigh, call on F. M. Purefoy for clothing and furnishing goods. When in Raleigh, you have the choice of three clothing houses, Andrews & Co., Waitt, and Berwanger. (Berwanger Bros. gave an ad. for the October number, but it failed accidentally to appear.) If you want your picture taken, go to see Watson; for jewelry, call on Mahler, and for school books and school supplies, on Denmark & Co.

SEVERAL churches in Wake and adjoining counties are supplied by ministerial students of the College. Rev. J. W. Lynch has charge of New Hope church in Wake, Perry's in Franklin, and Middleburg in Vance. Rev. W. F. Watson preaches to four churches: Manly and Jonesboro' in Moore, Mt. Vernon and Gulf in Chatham. Rev. J. L. Cottingham preaches to two churches: Social Plain in Franklin, and Samaria in Nash. Rev. W. S. Olive supplies Green Level in Wake, and Yates' in Durham. Rev. J. R. Pace is pastor at Oak Grove in Wake,

and Rev. M. L. Rickman at Brassfield's in Granville. Rev. F. H. Poston has charge of Mary's Chapel in Granville, and Flat Rock in Franklin.

THE chairs in the Eu. Society hall have been lately re-covered, and the appearance of the hall is very much improved. Mr. Bowden, student, did the work.

WE copy the following from the *Greensboro College Message*. (By the way, an excellent magazine.) All will do well to read it:

"A final word to those who have 'no time to read.' If there is a girl in college who cannot devote one hour a day to reading, that girl has too many 'extras', and is neglecting a branch of education as important, if not more so, than Mathematics or the Sciences. Make the time for it, then, if it be only a half hour. Beecher tells us how he read Froude's history in twelve volumes while waiting for dinner; and Southey has an astonishing calculation of how much may be accomplished in ten minutes' study a day. The point is to have a fixed time for reading and devote it to that purpose regularly. Try it, girls, and you will find that

Books

Are a substantial world both pure and good,
Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Your pastime and your happiness will grow."

PROF. POTEAT took the zoology class with him to the circus, in order to see the animals. They doubtless enjoyed it—the sight of the animals, we mean.

THE campus rustics have been painted pea-green. Wonder if there's anything significant in that color?

DR. DUGGAN went to Baltimore, October 15, on business connected with the building of the new chemical Laboratory.

IN our issue for July, 1886, in the poem "Edith," first line of last stanza on page 416 read *lip* instead of *life*.

THE rush of cotton to Mr. Henry Holding's gin makes it necessary for him to run it sometimes night and day.

WE were pleased to see at Senior Speaking Rev. J. L. White, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., accompanied by his charming bride and his cousin, Miss White.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR left for some of the Northern cities in the interest of the new chemical laboratory, Nov. 2. On the 3rd of October, he preached at Henderson, N. C.

MIKE a bright little son of Mr. Riggan's died here of diphtheria, October 12.

BY the enterprise of Dr. Simmons we have now the Washington weather reports daily. The first signal flag was displayed on the 19th of October.

DR. DUGGAN by invitation met with the Agricultural Society at Raleigh, October 28, and made an address. It was funny to see the naïve ignorance of the *News-Observer's* reporter who put our professor down as from the State of Georgia.

EARTHQUAKE shocks have been felt here several times in the past few weeks. That of October 22nd, at 2:45 p. m., deserves special mention, it having been noticed by many. A slighter

one occurred the day before. One, however, which approached in violence the first of the series on the 31st of August, occurred at 12:24½—26½ p. m. on the 5th of November. It was a little preceded and accompanied by a roaring sound as of a passing train of cars. A distinct vibration was observed, windows rattled, and furniture waved perceptibly to and fro.

ON the evening of November 4th, Dr. Eugene Grissom, Supt. of the Insane Asylum at Raleigh, delivered a lecture in Memorial Hall on "A Prince of Men." The "Prince" was King David. The lecture was a striking one. It showed familiarity with the times of the hero king, was clear in the analysis of his character, warm with illustrative imagery, picturesque, and at times dramatic as it dealt lightly or elaborately with the crowding events of his unparalleled history. Considering its unusual length of an hour and a half and the fact that it was closely read, it was listened to with flattering attention.

THE following letter has been sent to every old student of the College whose address could be had:

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE,

October 19, 1886.

My Dear Sir:—The time has come for Wake Forest College to enlarge greatly its facilities for scientific instruction. Two things are indispensable:—first a new Laboratory building; second, more and better apparatus.

For the erection of the former, a number of friends of the College have recently made liberal subscriptions.

It is hoped that funds will be secured to ensure its completion before next Commencement.

For the apparatus, the College appeals to her scattered sons. At least \$3,000 are needed to purchase it. A movement to secure this amount was inaugurated at the Alumni Banquet last June, and \$600 were pledged. On the following day formal endorsement was given by the Society of Alumni. The Board of Trustees at its meeting in July requested the undersigned to solicit the co-operation of all old students of the College.

The College now has four professors who are giving instruction exclusively in its scientific schools. A much larger portion of the students than formerly are pursuing scientific studies. Meantime the College has for several years added but little to its physical, chemical, and mathematical apparatus.

Will you not unite with the other gentlemen who have been students of Wake Forest College and contribute toward the better equipment of the scientific department? If you cannot send a check at once, will you not authorize the committee to draw on you for some amount before December 31st, 1886?

A general response to this appeal will at once greatly increase the efficiency of the institution.

All receipts will be acknowledged in the *Biblical Recorder* and the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

C. E. TAYLOR,

W. H. PACE,

F. P. HOBGOOD.

WE return thanks to Mr. M. L. Kesler for the following report of an interesting occasion :

SENIOR SPEAKING.—On the evening of Oct. 22nd, the students and a goodly number of the citizens of the Hill assembled in Memorial Hall to hear the first Senior Speaking of the session. In the absence of Dr. Taylor, Prof. W. B. Royall introduced the six young men, members of the Senior class, who delivered carefully prepared speeches.

The first speaker, Mr. J. J. Lane, of Marlboro county, S. C., does not speak of easy things. His theme was, "Opposition Solidifies Character."

Boys at college dread the studies by some carelessly called difficult, regretting that the college does not offer an A. M. course made up of easy studies ; while men seek pursuits beset by the fewest difficulties. Men frequently spend more labor in avoiding opposition than would be required to overcome it. The hardy Swiss are invigorated by contending with a bitter climate and barren soil ; this has infused into them the spirit of freedom which has stood against all oppression. So it is with individuals. Col. Washington received the training in an Indian warfare which made Gen. Washington of the Revolution. Meeting Calhoun in debate made Webster the "Lion of the North." The Mexican war made Lee and Jackson—prepared them for a mightier struggle. We must go on by successive steps—overcoming what is at hand. It has been said that to avoid opposition is to sit still, but to sit still is to die.

We reach the goal of success by sailing up stream. Mr. Lane is not a boisterous speaker, but he is a clear thinker.

The second speaker, Mr. E. H. Bowling, of Durham county, N. C., put in a well delivered plea for "Dixie's Heroines." The address appears in this issue of *THE STUDENT*.

The third speaker, Mr. D. O. McCullers, of Clayton, N. C., selected for his subject, "Patriotism." He compared our country with Greece and Rome. Can it be that, holding so high a place among the nations, it will ever meet a fate like theirs ? He made mention of the heroes of Greece who met the Persian hordes, and the achievements of Hannibal, Cæsar and Pompey, and compared them with those heroes of Lexington, Quebec, and Bunker Hill, who suffered every hardship for their country's cause. The brave Arnold who led the American armies to victory at Saratoga turned traitor, but to reveal a nobler three who could not be bought with all Andre's gold. It was this spirit of patriotism which caused Patrick Henry to utter those liberty-awakening words ; and which brought Lafayette to the relief of a sinking land ; which nerved Washington and his compatriots to strike the saving blow. The late civil war brought out men who displayed patriotism as great as has been shown by any people. All the great battle-fields are associated with the most thrilling heroism. The scenes of such times looming up will furnish the generations yet unborn with bright examples. Although it is sometimes said that patriots are as

hard to find as ten righteous in the olden time, yet if danger should approach, thousands would rise up to obey their country's call. Our country will never go down in shame and dishonor.

The fourth speaker was Mr. D. A. Pittard, of Granville county, N. C. He had for his subject, "Utilize the Powers you Have." A young man starting out in life loves to stop and suppose himself in the position of some one else—a leader of men, a Shakespeare among dramatists. Young men of this age who would be leaders of society should learn a lesson from the great men of the past; learn that the great are not born with silver coins between their teeth,—away with such dreams! If we would be felt on this stirring planet, if we would strike the world with a lasting force we must be men of one aim. How much we might accomplish if we would only spend the time in actual work that is given to planning. To make a name that will live beyond the hour, you must do something or say something that has not been said or done. He who helps himself will see thousands of hands stretched out to help him. This gentleman speaks with energy. He will hardly be annoyed by sleepy audiences.

The fifth speaker, Mr. W. P. Stradley, of Oxford, N. C., selected a question of the times, "The Industrial Craze." Without activity there can be no happiness, no life. There is in it, whether of mind or body, a mysterious charm; and well for us that it is so. Our form of government is eminently conducive to conflict of individual with individual, system against

system. Hence this contending of pet theory against pet theory and sect clashing against sect. During the past one hundred years many theories have been advanced claiming to be the panacea of all human ills. Once it was thought that Democratic government was the goal of human happiness. Democratic government we have, but the millenium is not yet. Others regarded universal suffrage the remedy for the ills incident to a new government; and universal suffrage we have, but the golden age has not come yet. This failing, there arose the cry, "Let us have free education by taxation." But alas for human hopes! into the cradle in which this system was rocked in its infancy have crept the very evils which it was to banish forever. And clean across the system may be written in blazing capitals, "*Failure.*"

Some have withdrawn from this idol and are now troubled with the Industrial Craze. What does an Industrial school mean? What does it propose doing? Its object seems to be the fitting of men for manual labor, for doing more work and commanding higher wages. An education of this kind alone cannot be what is needed; the tastes are left unrefined. This education leads to materialism. Indeed, this craze is nothing but another phase of the mighty wave of materialism that is lashing the shores of the nineteenth century. "To be or not to be," is not the question; but to have or not to have,—that's the question. The measure of the man is not what *is* he, but what *has* he. We need a system of education which will

counteract this materialistic tendency and cool the gold fever. Industrial education cannot do this. What is wanted now is brain and soul,—men, not machines. Our help comes not from any State agency, nor from public schools, nor yet from industrial schools. The hope of North Carolina and of America is not the teaching of the three r's by public taxation, but the teaching of the three e. h's; education of hand and head and heart, but the greatest is the education of the heart. This speaker possesses a great deal of magnetism—carries his audience with him.

The sixth speaker, Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county, N. C. His sub-

ject was, "Our Republic," a poem and a novelty in the way of a senior speech. We are glad it is unnecessary to attempt a report of it; it may be found on another page of this issue. This gentleman seems to be a favorite of the muses.

The speaking over, all repaired to the Literary Halls for a few hours of social enjoyment. The ladies of course were present, for without them what social enjoyment can there be? Our new professors entered fully into the spirit of the evening, and accommodated themselves with admirable grace to the social requirements of the occasion.

Reported by Mr. E. Aydlett.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

'54. Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D. D., of Wilmington, was among the gentlemen appointed by Gov. Scales to represent North Carolina in the National Prison Congress in Atlanta.

'58. His Alma mater was recently favored with a visit from Mr. B. F. Hester. Hr. Hester since his graduation, has been a successful farmer of Granville county.

'62. Rev. G. W. Sanderlin delivered the opening address at the State Fair in Raleigh, also the address of welcome to the visiting gentlemen from the North, which he was asked to do by the Governor who was ill.

The *State Chronicle* speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Sanderlin's address.

'69. Hon. J. C. Scarborough, late Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State, is principal of the Old Academy in Selma, N. C.

'72. Rev. C. H. Martin decided not to attend the present session of the Seminary at Louisville, but desires to settle as pastor.

'79. E. F. Aydlett, Esq., is practising law in Elizabeth City, at which place he has earned an enviable reputation.

'81. D. L. Ward, Esq., formerly a lawyer of Wilson, has moved west and is at present located at San Francisco.

'80. Mr. J. T. Alderman, of Fork Church, N. C., is one of the Vice-Presidents of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly.

'81. It is pleasant to read of the warm welcome of Rev. M. V. McDuffie at the Remsen Avenue Baptist church, New Brunswick, N. J. He preached his first sermon Oct. 3rd. Of it the daily *Home News* of that city says: "It was an able and instructive production, replete with gospel truths and uttered with a dignity and earnestness that commanded attention." A few days after his arrival a very flattering reception was tendered him in which many of the prominent citizens of New Brunswick were present. The church has a membership of 322 and pays a salary of \$1,500.

'83. Mr. W. H. Osborne, of Shelby, has determined to abandon his present occupation as a journalist and resume his original intention to be a minister of the Gospel.

'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins is engaged in teaching in the Gastonia High School.

'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon has accepted the call to the Baptist church at Goldsboro and is preaching to crowded houses. He was appointed among others by the Governor to represent North Carolina in the National Prison Congress in Atlanta,

'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchen is engaged in teaching in a very prosperous school in Dallas, Texas.

'84. Mr. W. H. Kornegay has a good school at Richlands, Onslow county.—*North Carolina Teacher*.

'85. Mr. J. J. Hendren has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for Alexander county.

'86. Mr. B. D. Barker married not long after graduation and is now teaching at Cana, Davie county.

'86. Rev. J. W. Watson induced Miss Parham, of Granville, to say *yes* during the summer and entered upon the happiness of the married state. He is in charge of the classical department in Mt. Vernon Springs Academy, Chatham county.

'86. Mr. R. W. Whitehead is studying medicine at the University of Va. He is likely to graduate there this year.

'86. Mr. John W. Tayloe begins life as a school-master in Windsor, Bertie county.

'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall is principal of the High School at Palmerville, Stanly county.

'86. Mr. C. E. Brewer is studying Chemistry under Dr. Duggan this year, instead of going to Johns Hopkins.

'89. Mr. Jacob Stewart is a student of law, at the Dick & Dillard Law School in Greensboro.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

THE INDUSTRIAL CRAZE.

The poet who sung that repose was the central feeling of all happiness, looked at the matter only with poetic eye; he could not have meant it. Without activity there can be no happiness. It is the spice of life. There is in it, whether it be of mind or body, a mysterious charm; and well for us it is so; for through it comes all growth, all perfection. A life without activity—without conflict—is a life without development.

Our form of government is eminently conducive to conflict—conflict of individual with individual, system with system. Here is found the greatest possible individual freedom—freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of action; from which arise innumerable conflicts and clashings.

Hence it is not strange that we see pet theory contending with pet theory, sect clashing with sect, and party arrayed against party.

During the past one hundred years, theory after theory has been advanced, each vehemently proclaimed to be the sole panacea of human ills. Once it was thought by some that democratic government was the goal of human happiness. Democratic government we have, built above the grave of hereditary privilege; but the millennium is not yet. Others regarded universal suffrage as the remedy for all the evils incident to a new government, and indeed to all governments; and universal suffrage we have, so that every man, be he great or small, be he rich or poor, be he

wise or ignorant, wears upon his brow a glittering badge of royalty, the diadem of a sovereign voter. But men do not vote as they ought to vote, so the remedy is worse than the evil; and the golden age came not with universal suffrage.

The failure of universal suffrage to accomplish what was claimed for it, was attributed to want of knowledge how to vote on the part of voters. "Let us have free education by taxation," was the cry. "If voters only know how to vote, they will vote as they ought, and all will be well." The cry was caught up and sounded and re-sounded, echoed and re-echoed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and there was a mighty boom for free education. No system was ever started in our country under so favorable circumstances. For enthusiasm, ever a necessary element of success, backed it. The horoscope which shone so resplendently o'er its birth, gave token of a bright and glorious future. But alas, alas for human hopes! none ever met with a more ignominious failure; for, into the very cradle in which it was rocked in infancy, have crept evils dire and numerous—evils which it was to banish forever; and they have increased with the spread of the system. New England gave it birth; and yet there, according to the census reports, pauperism and illegitimacy and insanity and suicide and vagrancy and divorce and crimes of all kinds have increased *pari passu* with the spread of free education. Clean across the system is written in blazing capitals "FAILURE." How much, think you, does it

cost to maintain this gigantic failure? We pay annually \$100,000,000 for teachers, and the school property has already cost us \$200,000,000.

Strange to say, there are still found many who humbly worship at the shrine of this broken idol. But others have detached a fragment, the industrial feature of it, and bow the knee to that. The key to the solution of all our difficulties, they say, is industrial education. These are troubled with a malady which I have called the Industrial Craze.

It is specially fitting in view of the fact that we are about to have established at the capital of our State an industrial school, to inquire into the nature and workings of such a system, and to ask the question if it be the remedy for the manifold evils existing in the State.

The implicit confidence reposed by many in public education has changed to complete distrust. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme; and now some of them think, if what they have written be an exponent of their thoughts, that, industrial schools secured, we are at the very gate of Paradise itself, and have only to knock to be admitted into its blissful realities. Vain dreamers! Little reckon they that the seat of the trouble lies deeper than industrial training can ever reach.

What is it? What is its purpose? It has to do, I take it, with fitting men for manual labor. Its purpose is to train men to turn out the largest possible amount of work, of the best possible quality, in the shortest possible time. Maximum amount, opti-

mum quality, minimum time. No mean end in itself; but wherefore are they to be thus trained? Ostensibly to command the highest wages for their work. Then the pertinent question arises: Having fitted themselves to earn large wages, what next? The whole time of their education has been spent in making the hands skilful. The taste must necessarily remain, to a large extent, unrefined. For them there is no satisfaction in aught that does not minister to their sensual natures. The spiritual in them is dwarfed. They have no capacity for intellectual enjoyment. For them night's trembling stars have no beauty, and nature's voices no harmony.

Thus far industrial education is intensely materialistic in its tendency. Indeed, I believe that this craze is nothing but a phase of the mighty wave of materialism which is lashing with headlong fury against the shores of the nineteenth century. "To be, or not to be," that is not the question; but to have, or not to have, that's the question. The measure of a man is not what *is* he, but what *has* he; not what sort of character has he, but how much is he worth. There is a wild rush and scramble for the almighty dollar. I cannot better illustrate this mighty struggle for wealth than by an anecdote. A party went out on a river in a sail-boat one morning to take a pleasure trip. When the boat had got some distance from the bank, a gale struck and capsized it. The catastrophe was seen from the bank, and a rescue-party immediately set out in a boat to save the drowning men. Just at this moment

a man came rushing wildly down to the river's bank, out of breath, exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Save that red-headed man! Save that red-headed man!" And he stood on the bank, gesticulating wildly and crying out, "O save that red-headed man!" When the boat reached the bank, he rushed up to the men and said, "Did-you-save-that-red-headed man?" The men were puzzled to know why he was so anxious to have the red-headed man saved, and so one of them asked him, "See here, friend, is that red-headed man your brother?" "No, he's not my brother." "Is he your son?" "No, he's not my son, either." "Well, may-be he's your cousin, then?" "What in the world are you talking about? the man's not kin to me at all." "Well, man, why in the world were you so anxious to have him saved?" "Because he owed me a dollar and a half."

The men of this age are striving after the dollar and a half. For it they will sacrifice honor, character, friendship, sentiment, principle—all. Politicians intrigue for office in order to get their hands deep down in the nation's treasury, and steal the people's money. Then, to escape disgrace, they leave the country and build beautiful mansions on the banks of the Rhine. Bank cashiers keep false accounts, pocket fifty or an hundred thousand dollars, and abscond to Canada to escape justice. And, sad to say, treasurers of religious societies are not proof against this terrible gold fever. Everybody is after *gold*. Sentiment is for women and weak-minded men. There is no

eloquence save the clink of gold dollars. Gold is god. "O accursed greed for gold, what wilt thou not compel mortal man to do!" sang the heathen poet in his time; and with tenfold more force we may repeat it to-day.

We need a system of education which will counteract this materialistic tendency and cool this gold fever. Industrial education cannot do this, since, as we have seen, its aim is to fit men to earn large wages; and this done, it has accomplished all that can be expected of it. Moreover, it allures many young men, by holding out to them the hope of gain, from obtaining a college education, and thus, perhaps, prevents them from becoming useful, intelligent citizens.

The test of any system of education is what sort of men it will produce; and I submit that the crying need of the day is men—men on the farm, men behind the counter, men at the bar, men in the medical profession, men in the pulpit, men in every department of labor. The demand for labor-saving machinery is not imperative. We have it—enough for all our present needs. What we want now is brain and soul—men, and not machines.

"What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,—

But men, high-minded men,

Men who their duty know;

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,

Prevent the long aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain—

These constitute a State."

Industrial training, excluding, as it does, other and better training, is well

calculated to make machines and not men.

Nor does it make men more mindful of the rights of others. Look at the labor riots which occurred several months ago, when, as if moved by some unseen spring, laborers in factories dropped the shuttle, and laborers on railroads threw down the hammer and the spade and refused to work any more. Nor did they stop at this, else there would be nothing to say against them. All this they had a right to do. But they did not stop here, but went about destroying the property of their employers, and even in some cases committing murder. Moreover they sometimes resorted to that shameless mode of revenge known as the boycott. Not satisfied with refusing to work themselves, they went so far as to say that others should not work; using threats and deadly weapons, even, to prevent them from doing so. Now, many of these men were skilled workmen—as much so as any who have been trained in industrial schools—indeed many of them were trained there. And yet we do not discover among these men more regard for human rights than among the most unskilled day-laborers to be found. This shows conclusively that there is nothing in this kind of training to make men better citizens.

The condition of things in New England shows the same thing. She is noted the world over for her manufacturing, and for the skill of her workmen; but New England still is far from being a Paradise. The ratio of the increase of crime and vice to

the increase of population, is much larger there than in the Southern States, which do not claim to have skilled workmen. We are forced to the conclusion, therefore, that the remedy for our troubles is not to be found in industrial schools.

Nor yet is it to be found in any government agency. We are too prone, in these later days, to put all our heavy burdens on the shoulders of the general government. The tendency toward this has been increasing for many years. In the late Congress, Blair, a New Englander, introduced a bill to convert the Federal Government into a great school-master, to teach the youth of the nation the three R's. Politicians, eager to catch the favor of the masses, who are ever ready to support any measure which will bring money into their community, caring not at what price it is obtained, were wildly enthusiastic about the bill. Happily, it was defeated; and yet the earnest support given it by many so called democrats, both North and South, indicates the growing tendency toward seeking government aid. Nor is this all. Many are found to-day who advocate government control of all railroad and telegraph lines. Whither are we drifting? It is time for the people to rise up in their might and

say to the general government, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!" or else, upon the grave of States' Rights, buried deep in 1865 beneath the wreck and ruin of the Southern Confederacy, and enshrouded in the torn and tattered folds of the "bonny blue flag," will be erected a Cæsar's temple. Let us draw the lines!

Know then, in conclusion, that our help cometh not from any State agency, nor from public schools, nor yet from industrial schools. It is my honest conviction—take it for what it is worth—that the hope of North Carolina, nay, the hope of the Southland, nay more, the hope of America, lies not in the teaching of the three R's by public taxation, but in the teaching of the three *e. h's.* by consecrated, private Christian enterprise,—the three *e. h's.*—education of hand and head and heart. Education of hand, that it may be deft and skilful; education of head, that the deft and skilful hand may be intelligently directed; education of heart, that the deft and skilful hand may be intelligently directed by the head unto good and honest and pure and noble work. Education of hand, education of head, education of heart: these three, but the greatest of these is education of heart.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

[Read before the Wake Forest Missionary Society, October 3rd, 1886.]

There is a beautiful and historical group of islands away down in the sunny southern seas. Not a few in number, singular, yet handsome in form, abundant in productions, luxuriant in vegetation, picturesque in scenery, and charming in climate, they challenge the world for their superiors. Nature seems to have smiled when these garden spots of the old ocean were being laid out by the Great Horticulturist of the universe, and the finishing touch was given to all that adorns and beautifies them by the Divine artist.

The "Father of waters" pours his turbid flood into the arm of the sea which belches forth the heated Gulf-stream and sends it gushing among and around them on its way across the broad Atlantic which embraces them on the east. The Caribbean sea separates them from the Pearl coast on the south. Lying as they do between the great valleys of the Mississippi and the Amazon, they may appropriately be termed in a commercial point of view, the *heart of the New World*.

Nearly four centuries have unfolded the noble deeds of man since Columbus, the renowned navigator, discovered and gave them the name of West Indies. What a joy it must have been to those disappointed and disheartened sailors on board the Santa Maria to behold for the first time

those unknown, yet beautiful and populous isles of the unexplored western waters. The civilized world owes a debt of gratitude to those manly mariners, but especially to their wise and courageous captain for thus opening the gates of the New World to the distressed and oppressed inhabitants of the Old.

The history of the West India Islands is one of unusual interest and of the first importance to every American citizen who loves the glory of his own native land, and desires the progress of mankind. The coming of the white man across the mighty deep, making known the existence of another continent with a new race of peculiar people, marks an era unparalleled in the annals of time. It was the dawn of a brighter day for civilization; but the death knell of barbarism in the land of the setting sun. Like the morning dew, disappearing at the rising sun, did the aborigines of America vanish at the coming of the Caucasian.

The history of the poor Indians may be summed up in these few words: they *were*, but *are* no more. This is pre-eminently the case in the West Indies. The simple, yellow colored, well-made, handsome-featured, painted people with horse-like hair who lived in tented villages four hundred years ago, are not the same who fill the high-ways, throng the avenues of

large cities, crowd the cars, and till the fertile fields of to-day. There is scarcely to be found in all these islands a full-blooded native Indian. They have returned to the dust whence they were created, and their spirits have gone to the eternal hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. We know not of their origin, but, alas! how many of us know of the declining days of the Red man! Their unmerciful destruction darkens and stains the glowing pages of American history, than which there is none other grander and more glorious. There is no marble slab, no iron shaft, no bronze statue, no wooden monument, no! not even a rough stone to mark the resting-place of these faithful friends and fearful foes, who now sleep in the moss-covered mounds and beneath the cultivated fields of these valuable isles in the south sea. Every wave that beats upon the rugged strands of the Antilles sounds a requiem to the departed and almost forgotten children of the Great Spirit! A medley of races now pluck the delicious tropical fruits from the "garden of beautiful trees" which once fed and nourished the wanderers of the woods. The whites and blacks predominate, the one for enlightening, the other for darkening the possibilities of mankind. Until only a few years ago, some of these people had been subjected to the galling influences of human slavery, while others have ruled and lived in opulence. Kings and palaces have taken the places of chiefs and palmetto wigwams. The sugar planter and his slaves are a more recent class, who have later still given way to liberty and humanity.

It is not my purpose, however, to treat these islands in general, but rather to cite you to *one* of them and draw our conclusions suitable to the whole. Let us take the one most centrally located. What is true of this may be truthfully said of the others. The largest and most beautiful in the group is Cuba, which has been very fittingly called "the earthly Eden of Columbus." It was here that he spent the most of his time on his first voyage in studying the habits and manners of the natives, in making further discoveries and in gathering plants, curiosities, and such things as would delight the people of Europe and portray the real characteristics of the new country. It is interesting to observe, right here, the way in which a new product was introduced to the notice of the Old World—a product that has become, not only an unfailing source of pleasure to a large section of mankind, from the lowest to the highest, and has also distinguished itself as one of those commodities for revenue which are the delight of statesmen, the great financial resource of modern nations, and which afford a means of direct and indirect taxation that has perhaps nourished many a war and prevented many a revolution. It has always seemed strange to me why civilized men and women should ever have practised the barbarous habit of growing and using tobacco, after they had reproved the Indians for the same thing as a vice. The Cubans are said to have believed that it took away fatigue, and, when the habit was once acquired, that it was not in their power to leave it off. However injurious or beneficial it

may be, there can be no doubt of the importance, financially and commercially speaking, of this discovery of tobacco—a discovery which has proved more productive to the Spanish crown than that of the gold mines of the Indies. Nor is the transportation of this article confined alone to the Spanish flag, but the ships of other nations dot the seas laden with their costly cargo. The Havana cigar is without a peer among the smokers; and the manufacture of it gives employment to many poor people, while the income of the same adds greatly to the treasury of the country.

Cuba, the finest and most important of the West India Islands, is about 760 miles in length by 52 in mean breadth, and has a superficial area of 43,500 square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other islands taken together. It is traversed throughout its whole extent by chains of mountains, whose loftiest peaks, Potrillo and Cobre, attain an elevation of 9,000 feet; and the plains beneath are copiously watered and rendered fit for producing in the highest perfection the objects of tropical culture. The rich productions of the luxuriant forests of Cuba are noted alike for their valuable qualities and the beauty they impart to the scenery. I mention a few of the most useful and valuable woods taken from the great variety of trees which are indigenous to this tropical isle: the well-known *lignum-vitæ*, the cocoa-wood, the lance-wood, the mahogany, the celebrated Havana cedar; and we might, from appearance, believe that the entire island was originally a for-

est of palms and wild lime and orange trees.

The fertility of the soil is universal and its actual yield has long been highly remunerative; and yet it appears, according to recent returns, that not half the area has ever been under cultivation. Within the last few years, various circumstances have concurred in improving the condition of this island, and from being one of the poorest, it has become, in proportion to its extent, perhaps the richest European colony in the world. The chief products are the sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, cotton, fruits, and vegetables. The lands of Cuba are recognized as superior to those of the other Antilles for the production of the sugar-cane. Sugar estates, called *ingenios*, are the largest agricultural establishments on the island. Their formation requires great outlay, and their management is very expensive; but their yield is correspondingly great, and the foreign demand for this crop is steady, so that their owners become immensely wealthy. Rare and rich fruits and flowers are found on all parts of the mainland, thus satisfying the desires and beautifying the homes of those who appreciate the abundant provisions of an all-wise God.

Commercially speaking, Cuba is the "Gibraltar to the Gulf of Mexico," being placed between the Atlantic and the Mexican seas, at the crossing point of all the great lines of an immense coasting trade, to serve as the centre of exchange for a domestic commerce as extensive as the territory of the Union, and as free as its

institutions. It is only after a careful study of the incredible extent and variety of the productions of thirty-eight States, with all their grades of climate, and in the whole circumference of their natural and manufactured wealth, and then only with the map of North America distinctly before the eye, that the importance of Cuba as a point of reception and distribution can be fairly understood. Her foreign commerce in proportion to her population probably exceeds that of any other country on the globe.

Lying just within the torrid zone, this queen of the Indies enjoys throughout the year a warm and salubrious climate, but this is tempered in the summer months by the cool northeast trade-winds, which blow indeed almost every day in the year from early in the forenoon to sunset, and also by the rains which prevail from May to November. It is pre-eminently the land of perpetual spring and summer. The chilly blasts of winter are seldom felt there; while snow and ice have never been known but once or twice. Numberless flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance and myriads of birds with gaudy plumage, delight the eye and cheer the languishing spirits of man, the year round.

The Cubans are a peculiar people, abundantly blessed in nature's gifts, yet surprisingly ignorant of their capabilities. Nearly the whole of the native whites are descendants of the peninsular Spanish races, who are divided primarily into old Spaniards, or the peninsulars, and Creoles; and

these classes are widely separated by a reciprocal aversion amounting to hostility and even hatred. The former hold all the offices, and look down upon the Creoles with contempt. They transact most of the commerce, and monopolize the most profitable traffic. The Catalans, industrious, shrewd, hard-headed, and very loyal, faithful to the motto, "Five years of privation and a fortune," are to be found in every town and hamlet, and in every stage of social development. The opulent Creole planters and merchants are distinguished for intelligence, enterprise, courteous manners, and genial hospitality; while the country curates may, in general, as a class, be set down as an example of all that is disgusting in low and brutal vice. These priests are in the habit of cheating and swindling the people; and frequently charge the exorbitant price of two to five hundred dollars for an ordinary funeral service; and receive six hundred dollars for performing a usual marriage ceremony.

Hardly less painful than this picture is that of public education and the frauds and abuses by which it is retarded or prevented by these same workers of iniquity. It is sad indeed to behold the general degradation of the clergy and the church, and the deep demoralization of the country where such a revolting and hideous monster as Catholicism is not at once visited with punishment. For centuries, Cuba has been groping and groaning under the terrible yoke of popery. She is weighted down and tired of the burden and curse of the Roman

Catholic religion. Like the fatal canker-worm clinging to her growing plants, Catholicism with its baneful influences has been constantly gnawing at the very vitals of this lovely queen. Her teeming millions of weary souls are hungering and thirsting after a better form of government. Slavery, ignorance, vice, superstition, and an obnoxious religion are some of the fetters that have bound her people within the prison walls of the Pope.

Cuba, the queen of the American islands, endowed as she is with a great population; with a rich revenue; with an increasing outward and inward trade; with a large and beautiful territory; with a delightful climate; with a soil overflowing with the choicest productions; with forests of the most precious woods; with magnificent and commanding harbors; with an unmatched position as the warder of the Mexican Gulf, and the guardian of the communication with the Pacific,—will not consent always to remain a manacled slave; and when the chains are to break the United States can no more say “Cuba is naught to us,” than Cuba can detach herself from her anchorage in the portals of the American sea, or her sentinelship over against the entrance of the thousand-armed Mississippi. Roll thou away the stone and strike hard the links, that a down-trodden

and oppressed people may be released from bondage and sin.

In my humble opinion, the day has arrived when we should stretch forth our strong arm of help and rescue this distressed island from the grim monster that so materially retards her progress in civilization. Stay not the messenger of peace, but send without delay, the glad tidings of great joy,—the greatest civilizer of men,—and the only Savior of lost humanity—the blessed Gospel of Christ. Let the glorious and wonderful work begun by Alberto J. Diaz, the native physician and preacher who has been proclaiming the unsearchable riches of the Son of Righteousness to his own people with such marvellous results, go on until every one shall have the Word of God and see the beauties of Him “who is altogether lovely.” May every breeze that is wafted from the American shore to her sandy beach, fan the little spark of truth now faintly blazing against fiercer winds beneath the rays of a tropical sun. Let the beautiful *Queen of the Antilles* be clothed in the spotless robe of Christianity, her wedding garment; then, when the Bridegroom shall come and all the holy angels with him, he will claim her as his bride! Will you not aid in preparing the marriage supper by sending her the *Bread of Life*?

E. C. ROBERTSON.

THE FAMILY AS AN ELEMENT OF NATIONALITY.

A story is told of a back-woodsman who was a confirmed skeptic with reference to all the modern theories about the solar system. He became very indignant upon hearing that the district school teacher had been teaching that the earth moves around the sun once a year. In his anger, he gave vent to a volley of invective against the unfortunate (?) school teacher. "Upon what does the earth rest, then," inquired one of his neighbors, "if it does not move." "Upon a rock," was the ready answer. "Well, then," said the questioner, "upon what does that rock rest?" "Upon another rock," replied the irritated back-woodsman, who walked rapidly away evidently anxious to avoid answering any further questions.

Now every nation has a primary foundation which supports it, like that "other rock" which in the mind of the back-woodsman supports this terrestrial sphere. This consists of elements the union of which forms the basis of all nationality. It is not any part of government which has been mapped out by laws. Governments consist of three departments, the legislative or law-making department, which brings into play the inventive genius of statesmen, the executive department, which requires the highest moral courage and sagacity, and the judicial department, which depends upon wisdom and good judgment for its efficiency. But these

departments are not elementary in their nature; for they are susceptible of many sub-divisions. These do not become elementary even when they are combined in the regal power of an absolute monarch. The royal wand has been lowered to a plane with the peasant's sword. But there are elements of nations as sacred and essential to human happiness as government itself. Their origin is divine; and while they may be changed and distorted, they are as indestructible as the eternal hills; for they are nourished and supported by the horde of the household gods of nations.

Families are the elements of nations. Families are the idols of genuine manhood, the source of all prosperity, and the safety of nations. They incite youth to the noblest achievements. They spread out their festal blessings to lure ardent lovers on to the culmination of their courtship, and even entice flirts from their wild career. The family ties are peculiar, but natural. They have originated certain customs which develop the noblest and purest traits of character. Those traits, too, cannot be successfully inculcated in any other set of relations than those of the family. What human intellect can devise a system of rules which could answer the purpose of the family and at the same time meet with universal acceptance? What rule of action can even approximate the influence of a mother's love? What

patience! What endurance! What unparalleled suffering a mother can endure for her own offspring! This accounts for her untiring efforts to keep her children in the path of rectitude, and her yearning for their success. Not only are this care and patience indispensable, but the father's care and ingenuity are essential in addition to the mother's loving efforts to develop the crude youth into the true man, or it would have been better to say, to bring those influences to bear upon him which will draw out the manly qualities that may have been implanted in him by his Creator. In addition to these, the affection of the brother and sister is an important force in bringing about that consummation for which the family is designed.

The family is unique in its design and general character. It is unique in its effect upon society. It unites its members more closely together than any other ties on earth, and this union furnishes an opportunity for a kind of development to be found nowhere else. Morality is nowhere so successfully taught as in the family. Human sympathy here reaches its maximum. Each individual strives to raise the name, influence, and general character of every other member of his family, as he will of no one else. The efforts which members of the same family put forth in each other's behalf are akin to self-preservation. A true mother would lay down her life for her children though they be undeserving and reckless. The wayward son who has fallen so deep into disgrace that he finds him-

self turned away from every door, is greeted with a loving embrace when he returns to his mother. She has sympathy, she has comforting words and noble advice. She it is who turns his mind again to higher and nobler things. Noble and intelligent sons and daughters are the greatest reward of parental life-time toil.

This undying devotion of parents to their children carries with it infinitely greater educational influence and moral force than all the laws, courts, and all other institutions combined. How many youths are there who will not be checked in their wild course when reminded by a yearning father and loving mother that such a course will bring shame and disgrace upon their heads? And how many more have been kept out of a downward course by the same cause? Few, very few, are unnatural enough to disregard such appeals. One thought of mother has often stayed the hand of an enraged youth. The remembrance of a father's anxious care inspires the youth to the noblest and purest purposes of life.

Thus nations are indebted to the family influence for their statesmen, their clergy, their laws, and their life. Indeed, nations are composed of families, and the character of the nation is best determined by the character of the families which compose it. A great reformer is successful in proportion as he induces the heads of families to adopt his principles. But this task is the most difficult mentionable; because the heads of families are slow to swerve from the customs and doctrines handed down to them by their

parents. And they are equally careful what they infuse into the education of their children. It is for this reason that great revolutions almost always move slowly. It is this that gives permanency to character and consequently stability to governments.

Another valuable outgrowth of the family relations is the development of a noble stock of people. Families in their zeal for fame and nobility very readily give cognizance to the laws of intermarriage and will not tolerate marriages into families of a lower rank than themselves. Thus a noble stock of people is developed. This would be impossible if the family relations were disregarded and dishonored. And who is so unwise as to deny the value of high blood? Our most distinguished men spring from a noble stock of people. True some cases may be cited where noble men have sprung from the lower circles of society, but their lineage when traced will generally reveal the secret of the possibility of their greatness in the fact that some of their ancestors whose memory has been lost in the oblivion of past generations, were of a noble stock. Human experience teaches no plainer truth than that the

off-spring of distinguished men is naturally of a higher type than that of a mean stock. This does not at all contradict what was said above about an occasional man rising from the lower ranks. It must be remembered that blood may be corrupted as well as improved. To be of high blood does not insure greatness, but it does insure a possibility of it which does not belong to the low.

History teaches the importance of the family relations in maintaining national character. Virtue and chastity can exist only where the family is held in high regard; and these two qualities are fundamental requisities to a high state of civilization. Rome fell when the family interests were no longer made paramount. The unstable equilibrium which distracts the government of France is doubtless owing to the low esteem in which the family is held. It may, therefore, be stated as a universal truth that, whenever the pleasure and blessings of home are supplanted by high luxurious living, the destruction of the nation is sure. And it is a lamentable fact that such is the tendency in America to-day, especially the Northern States.

RAY BROWNING.

TUNKERS.

About five years ago the writer had the pleasure of attending services at a country Tunker church. Little of this peculiar people is known except by those thoroughly conversant with general church history, or by those who have lived or sojourned among them. I had lived all my life within fifty miles of one of their churches, and so far as I know, the only one in North Carolina, and yet I knew nothing of their peculiar customs and unique way of worshipping God and showing their brotherly love one toward another.

They seem to have had their origin in Germany in the beginning of the last century. About the year 1725, while their numbers were yet small, they emigrated to America and settled for the most part in Pennsylvania. They soon found their way into nearly all the southern and western States, in most of which they now have regularly organized churches. They have 500 congregations in this country, with probably 100,000 members. They call themselves "Brethren" and sometimes "German Baptists." They are generally opposed to Sunday-schools, to general education, and resist innovations of all kinds. They refuse to take interest on money loaned and cannot be induced to resort to litigation among themselves. They are simple in their dress and artless in their manners. They avoid religious controversy. They wish to

exercise and practise their own faith in peace and never question the right of all the rest of the world to do the same thing.

Having thus briefly outlined their general history and creed, I will ask the reader to go with me on a pleasant evening in early autumn, to attend their annual Love Feast. Our journey of seven or eight miles will, for the most part, be along the rugged and precipitous banks of the north fork of New river. This river, having its source high up among the Great Smoky mountains of the west and winding its meandering course among the mountains and cliffs and bluffs one hundred and fifty miles to its junction with the Kanawha, has its bosom continuously hovered over by scenes of the wildest grandeur and most imposing sublimity. It is nearly sunset when we start, and ere we reach the church, night steals in upon us from the deep mountain forests. The ever-changing scenery amidst which our way lies is now enshrouded in the pall of black night; no sound is to be heard save the striking of our horses' hoofs against the rocks and the desolate roar of the waters below us. Presently we emerge from the darkness of the dense forest into an open meadow, and thence cross a little ridge, when we hear, borne on the stillness of the night air, the notes of that good old song "Amazing Grace," and at once conclude that we are in

the vicinity of the Tunker church. We enter the house to find it densely crowded. Many persons had been drawn hither through no better motive than that which actuated me—simple curiosity. I could hardly imagine myself surrounded by the sanctity of the church. I felt, in spite of myself, more as if I were in some rude primeval theatre where some play of the olden times was to be reproduced. How many outside of the little band of worshippers felt otherwise I shall not dare to guess.

I succeeded in elbowing my way near to the scene of action. I desired to secure a position where I might both preserve a respectful demeanor and minutely observe the details of their service. The church-membership occupied seats especially reserved for them behind two long tables which stood just in front of the pulpit. I cannot forbear to describe the dress of these people. The men—the brethren—wear suits of home-spun and of quaint cut. They wear frock-coats cut straight in front and well supplied with buttons, but they have no buttons behind, claiming that there is no use for buttons where there are no button-holes. They wear long hair parted in the middle. They wear a full beard except a moustache, which is a “useless superfluity” to a Tunker. He does not wear a collar or cravat. He regards only decency and comfort in his dress. The women dress with equal simplicity. Their dresses are usually calico severely plain. Not a flounce nor a ruffle is to be seen. They wear during services a kind of head-dress much resembling

an old woman’s night-cap. The old and young women dress exactly alike, and all look exactly alike. I was told that some in the congregation were under twenty and some over sixty, but I should have taken them all alike to be over seventy.

The preacher, a grave, puritanical-looking man, having read his hymn and led the congregation in prayer, announced his text, saying if God should give him anything to say, he would say something; if not, then he could say nothing. He got something to say from some source, and enough to keep him talking two hours.

When he had concluded his sermon he announced the Agape or Love Feast. There were two long tables placed in open spaces in front of the pulpit—one for the brethren, the other for the sisters. Bowls of lamb-soup (without salt, as I was told) were placed on these tables; also a copious supply of light-bread and a glass of water for each member. They now seated themselves around the tables, the preacher at the head of that around which the male members had gathered. So far as I was able to judge, there was nothing superfluous on these tables. There were just enough bowls that all might conveniently reach, and several dipped from the same bowl. They did not eat mincingly as from a sense of duty, but with a gusto worthy of a hired man.

Supper being over, communion was announced. Their mode of communion, I believe, does not differ essentially from that of other denominations, and need not here be described.

Feet-washing is an ordinance of

their church and is vigorously observed by them. A Tunker having girded himself with a kind of long linen or cotton towel and provided himself with a basin of water, approaches his brother and says, "My brother, may I wash your feet?" whereupon he consents, and then, in his turn, performs the same humble office for some one else.

They part with the holy kiss. If I were charged with levity while this part of the service was being enacted, I suspect I should have to plead guilt. While these austere old brethren were awkwardly kissing each other, the conviction was forced upon my mind that they had not kissed their

wives or children for forty years. The sisters succeeded somewhat better in this part of the service. While a brother was kissing the preacher a sister would have kissed a half-dozen of the sisters. This practice of kissing each other is not confined to church service, but it must be observed at all times. For instance, if a Tunker meets one of his brethren at the store or the mill, he is expected to kiss him.

I did not witness a baptism among them. They practise triune immersion, baptizing the candidate face-foremost.

F. B. HENDREN.

TEACHING.

Self-control is the first requisite for success in teaching. The work of governing the youngest children requires government of oneself. A man must have his powers under command, if others are to have the full benefit of his guidance. This rule holds in all spheres. It is essential for a high degree of success in any profession. Only in this way can the physician give his patient the full benefit of his knowledge and skill. On this condition alone can a man sway an audience with any share of that power which belongs to the orator. On no other condition can a teacher in reality become master of

his scholars. Self-command is essential even for teaching a single child, much more when, in order to teach, one must govern large numbers of children.

Another phase of this rule is seen when things are looked at from the children's point of view. The youngest children are quick in observation. They readily discover what degree of control is maintained by those over them. Guided by their own observations, they quietly submit to be governed only so far as they recognize the elements of governing power in their superiors. Fond of liberty, disposed to catch at a passing opportu-

nity for diversion, children are quick in taking advantage of any deficiency in the power of command, any laxity in exercise of control, or want of observation. These characteristics are so uniform that they cannot be overlooked. He who would succeed as a teacher must recognize them, must enjoy their comical side and not merely be disturbed by the test to which they subject him, but must utilize them so as to make them contribute towards government.

From self-control we pass naturally to the management of the scholars, which I wish to illustrate more fully. With the teacher, self-command is a means to a recognized end. He governs himself in order that he may the better govern others. For successful government there must be harmony with the nature of the children. Regard must be had to their intelligence and also to the motive forces which both quicken their intellectual life and sway their conduct. Bad motives will be found playing their pernicious part, and suitable methods must be adopted to check their play. All this is involved in the maintenance of a healthy school discipline. The task is not an easy one any more than the work of self-control. But the performance of it is an essential condition for successful teaching. The patience and discrimination requisite must be cultivated by all who aim at an honorable place in the profession. "Teaching does not exist for the sake of discipline, but discipline for the sake of teaching."

It may be unnecessary to suggest here that the teacher needs to guard

himself against the tendency to expect the impossible. He aims at the most complete order and quiet compatible with work, but he does not expect absolute stillness. Children are by nature restless, and that restlessness is to be allowed for. It is natural, and it cannot be regarded as a breach of order without injustice, which must result in cruelty to the children and must imperil discipline itself. The natural restlessness of youth must be considered, and school arrangements adapted to it.

A variety of methods for swaying the action of his scholars lies open to the teacher. He must decide, on clear grounds, to what degree he may employ any of these, and to which preference should be given. Order must be maintained, and to this end obedience must, if needful, be enforced. The pressing question is, how best to secure the desired result. By looks, by words of encouragement, or by words of warning and reproof, and by appropriate punishment for breach of order, he may act upon the minds of the scholars. The teacher who would establish discipline on a sure basis must decide what is the most potent form of influence and which ought, therefore, to be the prevailing form in use from day to day. I am inclined to think this may be decided clearly and finally. The use of the eye is the basis of power; only after that in point of influence comes the use of the voice, or of recognized signs which may save the need for utterance; and only as a last resort, by all means to be avoided until dire necessity has arisen, punishment.

The power of the eye is the primary source of the teacher's influence. Only let the pupil feel that the eye of the teacher runs more swiftly to the mark than words fly to the ear, and his power will be felt. The conduct which is to be regulated must be observed. To the extent to which this is possible, everything done in the school must be under the eye of the teacher. To forget this, or to become indifferent to the need for it, is a serious mistake. The eye is much more the expression of all that the teacher is than the best chosen words can be; and there is nothing for which the eye is more available than the expression of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with what is seen. The eye is hardly misinterpreted by one who observes its play. A warning conveyed by a look gives the pupil all the advantages of profiting by it without injury to self-respect. Encouragement thus conveyed gives a great additional impulse, carrying a consciousness of a certain advance in the good opinion of the teacher, without the fact giving rise to pride, as it might otherwise do.

Next in order of influence is the teacher's voice. For mere purpose of discipline it cannot be so frequently in use as the eye. It must be more commonly appropriated to the work of general instruction. When used to promote discipline, the voice should convey the same lesson to all the scholars. In this way the teacher's voice should be a training power for the whole school. But words to be wisely used in this way must be sparingly used. There is not a greater mistake in this relation than to sup-

pose that abundance of speaking is the measure of its power. Needless speaking is an offence against good government, as in the scholar it would be a breach of discipline. In every case it should be generally felt that there was real occasion for speaking. Warnings lose their force if they are incessantly reiterated, and this unfortunate result is more rapid if they are invariably shouted at the pitch of the voice. As has been well said, "Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill." Incessant fault-finding involves a rapid evaporation of moral influence. None of us like to be continually lectured, and children as naturally and reasonably dislike it as their seniors do. A very little observation will suffice to convince any teacher that similar warnings closely repeated become a positive disturbance to the whole school.

Last in order of consideration—last and least to be resorted to in practice—is punishment of offences. I do not exclude punishment from consideration, nor do I see how it is to be excluded from practice while the teacher fulfils the functions of his office. All government must be supported by the sanction of punishment for wilful violation of its authority. While, however, this is to be admitted, it is to be hoped that the schools of our country are forever freed from the reproach of an irrational and cruel resort to corporal punishment for the most trivial offences. I do not deny that the old regime could point in

self-vindication to good results secured by its rough appliances. I do not deny that there are many—I myself among the number—who look back on the share of suffering experienced under well directed use of “the tawse,” with acknowledgment of its value. But the records which can be given of school punishment in years not far past are undoubtedly anything but honorable to our educational skill and study of human nature. When the instruments for chastising the scholars were in constant use, their very commonness made them inefficient, and tempted the teacher to a baneful inventiveness of new and more humiliating forms of punishment. Frequency of chastisement has a tendency to harden, not to elevate the scholars. What I venture to plead is, that punishment should not be a common element in school government. It should be a last and painful resort, when an offence of unusual gravity has been committed.

It must stand out as the public testimony that neither falsehood, nor dishonesty, nor cruelty, nor any form of immorality, can be allowed to break in upon the order which has been established for the good of all, and which must be maintained at all hazards. It must be remembered that children often incur displeasure by being allowed to step across the boundaries of reserve and self-restraint. All the surroundings encourage them to take the step, and then by necessity, though unjustly nevertheless, the teacher is forced to drive them back to the ground beyond which they should not have been allowed to trespass. Kindle enthusi-

asm and keep it alive. Under these conditions the pupils do not so easily yield to temptation.

It must be kept in view by the teacher that quietness in governing is most naturally allied with good discipline. A loud voice, reiterating commands in an authoritative tone, is often considered favorable to submission among the scholars. It is not really so. A quiet way of issuing orders is favorable to quietness of disposition among the scholars. It conveys a double impression, that obedience is expected, and that there is a large reserve force at command, if the teacher should have occasion to put it to use. The demand for silence shouted out at the pitch of the voice, is out of harmony with the thing desired. A sudden shout may check the noise for half a minute, as a gust of wind sweeps the falling water from the direct line of descent; but when the gust is over the water falls as before. Quietness in ruling is the sure sign of conscious and acknowledged power. This suggestion may be taken from experience in all departments. Use carefully the natural desire of the scholars to stand well in the opinion of their teacher. With this view, make them feel as often as possible the encouraging influence of a favorable judgment of their efforts. “Encouragement in well-doing is one of the most powerful checks on evil-doing.” Experiencing the pleasure of approval, they will strive more earnestly to excel, and will shun public reproach, as they would bitter disappointment or heavy loss.

B. F. HASSELL, JR.

BEAUTY.

One beautiful sunshiny day in mid autumn, I leisurely took an evening stroll with a friend through one of our lovely little eastern villages. He was a young man who seldom ever meets with anything in the world of realities that will bear comparison with the ideal of his fancy, which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides ceaselessly before him, always near him, but yet never overtaken. We met that day on our walk some fair specimens of humanity, beautifully behaved people with pleasant faces and beautiful forms. We also met some hard-looking beings with crooked backs, humps on their shoulders, and ill-formed in nearly all possible ways, it seemed. He complained to me seriously about the lack of beauty in the faces and forms of all who met us that day on the crowded side-walk. He mentioned some defect in every single one, male and female. He said some walked too lubberly, some too much like a dude; some were too straight and stiff, while others were too crooked; some had noses too short and large, and others had noses too long and slender; some had mouths too wide, and others had mouths too narrow; some had eyes and feet too large, and others had eyes and feet too small. A very few, however, suited him exactly save that they had red hair, which he did not consider very becoming. So in one way or another all fell below his impossible standard of beauty.

The beauty that my friend seemed to be in pursuit of was that of proportion, coloring, and mechanical exactness. Such a human being, for anything I can see, can love a graven image more than a fair damsel. One thing is certain, he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection by searching for it among flesh and blood realities. Nature does not work with an iron square and compass or bestow her colors by the rules of royal artists. She seems to hate regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. No two things in nature have ever been found to be exactly alike. No two leaves on all the trees are precisely alike. No two pebbles on the ocean's edge are in all respects alike. Not a single one of all Eve's numerous offspring in every respect resembles her who first culled the flowers in the garden of Eden. To this boundless variety and picturesque dissimilarity of Nature we owe the greatest charm of her beauty. Look at her beautiful forests with every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion. Look at them scattered here and there without order or method. Do not these present a magnificent spectacle of beauty? Who would exchange them for the artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine or eternal rain? Who wants to see

the sun always rising or always setting? Who would hang over him an eternal moonshine? If the beautiful stream had no motion, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who dares to ask the God of Nature to remove from our sight one of his beautiful colors?

There are too many people in this world, just like this friend of mine, who really do not know what beauty is; and who go all the way "from Dan to Beersheba finding all barren." This class invariably has some fault to find with Nature and Providence because all things are not created to suit their tastes and narrow whimsical notions. Coleridge has well expressed a truth in one of his poems. The idea is this: that the mind gives all things their coloring, their gloom, or their gladness; that the pleasure we get from external nature is primarily from ourselves. I verily believe that the difficulty of the life-long hunter after beauty is in his own soul. He sets up certain models of perfection in his foolish imagination, and then goes wandering over the wide world to and fro to find them, thinking that Nature is going to suspend her everlasting laws merely to create an object for his own personal gratification. The beauty we obtain from outer objects is generally nothing anyway but the reflection of our own minds. What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover who kneels in reverence to one who has no attraction at all for others. The cold spectator wonders that he can call

that unclassical combination of features and that awkward form beautiful. Yet it is so. How is this? A light from within him shines clear through her uncomeliness, softens it, irradiates it, and glorifies it.

What is beauty in its truest sense? Beauty does not as some think consist in great show or luxuriant ostentation. High-heeled boots and sharp-toed gaiters don't make men beautiful. Long sweeping broad-cloth coats don't make men beautiful, neither do gold-headed canes and tall beehive-shaped beavers. A man can be poverty-stricken, in rags, dirty and dingy, and still be beautiful. Shapely limbs and features don't make men beautiful. A man can be beautiful with deformed, scarred, or broken limbs. He can be beautiful with what some are pleased to style ugly features.

What then makes beautiful men? It is their conduct that makes men beautiful. The ugliest human being I ever saw was a young man whom two-thirds of the fair sex (not reflecting on them at all) called exceedingly beautiful. Why was this young man not beautiful? He was not beautiful simply because he did not conduct himself beautifully. Oh! how frail and foolish are some in judging beauty. The ornament and apparel of a young lady don't make her beautiful. Silk and satin don't make one beautiful who is not beautiful. Some women may adorn themselves in the finest raiment Paris can fashion, and still be ugly. They can bedeck themselves in the costliest jems and jewels of earth, and still be ugly. They can make themselves a hundred bangs

apiece and still be ugly. What makes a beautiful woman? Beautiful conduct makes a beautiful woman.

"It is the stainless soul within
That out-shines dress or the fairest skin."

One of the ugliest faces I ever beheld was that of a young lady whom the masses pronounced to be equal almost to an angel in beauty. But she was not beautiful, if the world did say so. Through the "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful.

What is beauty? Beauty is as beauty does. This is beauty. Would that all the women in the world would take this as beauty, and put an end to sorrowing and sighing because they are not like the statue of Venus, which enchants the world.

Let them be good, let them be gentle, let them be womanly, let them be generous and heedful of the happiness and well-being of all around them; and I tell you that they will never lack kind words of admiration from all who are worthy to admire them. Loving and pleasant associations will gather and cling around them. Never mind the miserable and ugly reflection which your looking-glass gives you. The glass has no heart, nor has it any tongue. But quite a different picture will be yours in the eyes of humanity. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which excels all show," rests, softening and mellowing the features just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. Every mortal beneath the canopy of Heaven can be beautiful or has seen the time that he could have been beautiful. He

can envelop himself in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty through which his face, although pronounced uncomely by some, will look forth with the radiance of an angel. Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, thought that the small, dirty smoke-stained women of Lapland were beautiful, because they wrapped him in their furs and administered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Beautiful, indeed, to the home-sick heart of Park, seemed the dark maids of Sego as they sang their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed and sought to comfort him because he was away from home destitute of mother and friends. "Everything that glitters is not gold." Some things that do not glitter are more precious than gold. Some people who are pronounced homely are exceedingly beautiful. Some of them are ridiculed by a class who say that "Nature fashioned them by the gross," while I recognize some of them with a warm heart thrill. Not for all this world would I have a single feature changed. They please me just as they are. They are hallowed by pleasant thoughts and kind memories.

We all are deformed. Sin is our only deformity. Remove it forever out of our nature, and we all would be beautiful. Goodness always hallows, sanctifies, and beautifies its dwelling-place. When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires of all humanity are in harmony with the law of God, we can read beauty in every countenance; for beauty is as beauty does.

BOGIE.

JOHN BROWN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

There seem to exist certain classes North (though I am glad to say they are continually and now rapidly growing less) who take great delight in finding fault with and condemning everything that is truly Southern, and in praising and flattering in a corresponding degree all who malign or misrepresent the South. While English men of letters are testifying to the beauty and excellence of Poe's weird and mystic lines, Northern writers are criticising and disparaging them to the utmost of their ability. Cable, on the other hand, a man who has written misleading sensational stories about the people of his native city, is held up as a model writer worthy of imitation. Jeff Davis cannot even leave his quiet fireside to address his former fellow-citizens, but what they herald it aloud that the South is contemplating another secession.

To this class of writers, John Brown is a never-failing subject. They cannot bear to think that the old man is lying in the cold and silent grave unnoticed and unhonored, but they must needs bring him forth as an example of all that was good and noble in the years immediately preceding the war. But what I wish to have more especial reference to is the oration that won the first prize at the inter-collegiate oratorical contest of Illinois, the first of last month, entitled "John Brown."

Does this orator draw his conclusions from the facts in the case, or does he begin by trying to prejudice his audience? Hear his opening paragraph: "The summits of the Blue Ridge appear in the distance. The Shenandoah winds dreamily through its fertile valleys. To the northward the heights along the Potomac are seen, and near the village of Charlestown. And see! Not far from the village spires a gibbet rises against the blue sky, and from the gloomy prison an old man, with flowing beard and hoary head like a prophet of old, is led out to die,—John Brown, the traitor or the patriot, the murderer or the martyr—which?"

Yes, truth and justice to the South both say Which? Twenty years have passed since the great civil war was ended, and surely we can now decide with unbiassed minds. And now to determine the answer, let us take a rapid glance at his life and career.

John Brown first saw the light in the little town of Torrington, Connecticut, in the year 1800. His parents, however, moved to Ohio when he was quite young, and it was here that he spent his youth and early manhood. There was nothing remarkable about the first fifty years of his restless, shiftless life, except his devotion to the Puritan principles of his fore-fathers, and a propensity for brooding over civil and religious affairs. Being unsuccessful in Ohio,

he moved to New York and thence back to Ohio, where he was still living when the "Kansas war" broke out.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 gave the settlers the power to choose the nature of their government. As both sections of the Union were anxious to capture this territory, emigration poured in from both North and South. The rivalry between these opposing factions soon became so great that they occasionally came to hostile encounters. At this juncture of affairs, Brown's sons who had emigrated thither shortly before, wrote for their father, who came at once with arms. He urged a vigorous prosecution of hostilities, but was overruled by more moderate counsel. Angered by this interruption, he secretly plotted and with seven men, four of whom were his own sons, fell upon the Pro-slavery settlers on Pottawatomie creek in the dead hours of the night, dragged five of them unarmed from their homes and deliberately murdered them in cold blood. Can any one conceive of a more brutal and cowardly murder than this? Yet our orator calls him a patriot and a hero.

After this terrible tragedy the Free-state men recoiled with horror from such a desperate and reckless man, and John Brown the "patriot" with a price upon his head was forced to take refuge in the wilds of Canada. Here burning with fanaticism bordering on insanity and impelled by hate kindled to frenzy, he matured that gigantic plot to liberate the slaves and slaughter their masters.

For this purpose he presented him-

self with thirty-two men before Harper's Ferry in 1859. Killing the guards, he took possession of the national arsenal, imprisoned the prominent men of the place, and forced all the slaves he found to join him, even killing one who refused to do so. But his triumph over law and order was short. The slaves he had expected to join him did not come, and he was left alone with his men to battle with the now thoroughly aroused inhabitants. In a few hours after a most desperate resistance, he with four of his men was captured—the others having been killed—and in due time was hanged upon the gallows.

Such in brief was the life and career of John Brown. By "ordinary mortals" a man is judged by his deeds whether they be good or evil. "For by their fruit ye shall know them." According to this standard, John Brown is rightly judged a traitor and an insurrectionist, and justly paid the penalty with his life.

But our orator holds that slavery was an evil that ought to have been destroyed at any cost, and therefore John Brown was justifiable in committing that dastardly murder on Pottawatomie creek and in his efforts for widespread revolution at Harper's Ferry, because he had in view the abolition of slavery and thought this the best way to bring it about. Strange logic! On this principle we might justify the excesses of the Parisian mobs of the French Revolution, because they held that a free government is essential to every nation and they intended by these

means to reach that goal. Again, on the same ground we ought to pardon the bloody deeds of the Anarchists, for they hold that government is contrary to natural laws and by their deeds of violence they are only trying to abolish it.

Our orator is not content with representing John Brown as a "prophet of old," a "patriot" and a "martyr," but even places him above Lafayette and the Father of his country: "Lafayette bleeding at Brandywine, aye, shall I say, Washington at Valley Forge, showed not such disinterested bravery, such generous devotion." Well might we exclaim, O times! O morals! when an intelligent writer is so carried away by prejudice

that he ranks above the Revolutionary heroes that vile traitor and insurrectionist who was hanged for endeavoring to destroy the Union for which that writer's kinsmen fought and bled.

Though the South has renounced slavery forever and would not have it back if she could; yet she will never stand idly by and see a man who did all in his power to injure and destroy her lauded to the skies, without raising her voice for truth and justice. And when the mists of war have fully cleared away from the minds of men, the verdict of the Virginia jury in 1859 will be the verdict of the whole nation—but not until then.

H. A. FOUSHEE.

EDITORIAL.

The College in the Wilmington Convention.

One of the most interesting occasions of the late session of the Baptist State Convention at Wilmington was the mass-meeting on Wake Forest College held Friday night, Nov. 20th. President Taylor conducted it. In lieu of the usual report of the Board of Trustees to the Convention,—which report was not prepared on account of the illness of the president of the Board,—he made an address setting forth in the beginning the following facts: The College is now in its 103rd term. The next term (spring) will probably see more than 200 students in attendance. There have recently been added to the Faculty three new professors, young, vigorous, and learned. The endowment amounts to more than \$113,000, not one dollar of which has been lost since the war. Hon. J. J. Davis, of Franklin county, has expressed his opinion in writing that the fund could not be more safely invested.

Dr. Taylor then spoke to three points: 1. Wake Forest College is the property of the Baptists of North Carolina. 2. There are all over the State boys who ought to receive higher education. Let these be sought out. 3. The College is growing rapidly and therefore has growing needs. Christian institutions should be fore-

most in the teaching of science. There is immediate need for a new building for the more efficient teaching of chemistry.

At the conclusion of his address he introduced Prof. J. W. Gore, of the University of North Carolina, who spoke of the moral effects of a proper study of science. The next address was by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of Goldsboro. The thought of this bright address was that the scientific skepticism now so common in the centres of influence could only be met by devout, learned teachers such as might be obtained from Wake Forest, teachers well trained in the sciences. After announcing that the corner-stone of the chemical laboratory would be laid in a few days, Dr. Taylor asked the congregation to raise \$5,000 for the building, whereupon \$2,410 were subscribed.

The College is organically connected with the Convention. The second section of the constitution of the latter begins thus: "The primary objects of the Convention shall be to encourage and support Wake Forest College," etc. The denomination is proud of its institution and undivided in its support. A speaker on another occasion felicitously called it "the solitaire diamond of the Baptists of North Carolina."

W. L. P.

John Esten Cooke.

Slowly but surely death, the reaper, is reaping the gifted authors of the "Old South." Early in the present year Father Abram Ryan, "an eminent divine and one of America's best poets," author of "The Sword of Lee," and "The Conquered Banner," poems which will live forever in the memory of all who love the Southland, passed away. Later Paul Hamilton Hayne, the tender, sweet-spirited poet, died; and now John Esten Cooke, Virginia's gifted writer, has fallen asleep. This has, indeed, been a sad year to the South's literature; and long will she wait ere another trio appears as illustrious as that just passed away.

John Esten Cooke was a true Old Virginia gentleman, connected with some of the best families in the State. He was born in Winchester, Clarke county, in the year 1830, and died at his home, The Briars, near Boyce, Sept. 26th, 1886, aged fifty-six years.

For four years he studied law in his father's office, but at the age of twenty he abandoned this profession, and devoted his time wholly to literature. When the war trumpet sounded in Virginia, throwing down the pen, he grasped the sword, and bravely fought for the land of his birth on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stewart, holding at the close of the war the rank of Inspector-General of Horse Artillery. After the war was over, he resumed the literary profession and continued in it till his death.

He produced in all some thirty books, being the most prolific of Southern authors after William Gil-

more Sims. His writings, almost without exception, have to do with Virginia incidents and history, and Virginia owes him a debt of gratitude for the excellence with which he has performed his work. "To some extent," says *The Morning Star*, of Wilmington, N. C., "he essayed to do for Virginia what the immortal Scott has so grandly done for Scotland—to people the past with living beings whose prejudices and humors, whose wit and heroism, whose pride and foibles he so well understood." "Local color," says the *New York Times*, "was the feature of his stories, and his war books are written with a candor and fairness which is generally admitted."

Notable among his works are *The Virginia Bohemians*, a romance of the ante-bellum days of Virginia; *Mohun, Surry of the Eagle's Nest*, *The Life of Stonewall Jackson*, *The Life of Robert E. Lee*, *My Lady Pocahontas*, and *A History of Virginia*, which has been adopted as a text-book in the public schools of that State. *My Lady Pocahontas* deserves special notice as a work of merit. The critics declare it to be a masterpiece. With rare power he carries us back to that grand age of English literature, the Elizabethan era, and vividly portrays for us the manners and customs in the reign of the "Virgin Queen." His style is picturesque and vivid, and, if we mistake not, some of his works will endure for many a year to come among the best of English classics.

As a man he was modest and retiring, shrinking from the public gaze. But his fame is none the less on that

account, but rather the greater; for truly in his life hath come to pass the saying, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." And as he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, let the whole South unite with Virginia in doing honor to his memory. Peace to his ashes.

"Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,

And names in the graves that shall not be forgot."

W. P. S.

The Skeptic.

The nameless skeptic who gives us his "Confessions" in the November *Forum* draws a sombre portrait of himself. Even the distinctness of his personality is obscured by the depth and spread of the shadow. "The true skeptic," says he, is not made, does not even grow, but is born. Being, in this sad fatality, an exception among men, he is apt to be a social and political, as well as religious malcontent. Like the wandering ghost of the unburied dead in ancient belief, he finds sympathy in no society and satisfaction in no theory. His isolation not only costs him the solace of companionship, but condemns him to a precarious existence in literature or art; for the multitude refuse to listen to him, there is no demand for his wares. His virtues, if he has any, are negative; his intellectual attitude is negation or doubt. When he endeavors to set aside supernaturalism in his explanation of the mystery of life, he reaches a point where intellect fails him, but he is unable to rest in any other theory. He navigates a

shoreless sea without chart or compass, and while at times he sincerely envies those who have found safe moorings, his only course is to keep afloat.

It perhaps should not surprise us to find in this sad spirit evidence of bitterness. For example, note the sting in his explanation of the church's intolerance of unbelief: "The virtuous and upright unbeliever is her most dangerous enemy." Observe further the rather weak and unreasonable taunt that the "professional religious teacher" insists upon "a fee for making known what was originally proclaimed 'without money and without price'."

After reading these "Confessions" two things lie clearly in our mind, one a problem, the other a prayer. The problem: How to explain the existence of a skepticism that can make such confessions. The prayer: God pity the unhappy skeptic.

W. L. P.

Senior Vacation.

With great timidity, but with greater earnestness we rise to advocate the institution of Senior Vacation. We think it desirable that such an arrangement should be made, that the members of the graduating class of each year might be allowed to stand their regular spring term examinations earlier than the time now fixed upon for this work. Under the present plan they finish up their examination work along with the rest of the college, which brings them almost to the beginning of commencement week to

prepare themselves for the part they have to perform in the graduating exercises. It seems to us that a simple statement of the present arrangement of things bears upon its face the reasonableness of our suggestion. Is it for the best that the two most important duties of the year should be so closely crowded upon each other? For weeks before the close of the session this trying time of the student begins. Every day and half the night he pores over his books on the final work of the year, preparing himself for the rack of examination torture, and on his success or failure in this work depends the answer to the question whether he will receive his diploma. This fagging-out process takes him up to the very eve of commencement week, but if he be a member of the graduating class, he cannot think even here of rest, for then comes the crisis for which he must nerve himself like a warrior for battle. He must hurry through the tormenting examination week only to feel at its end that he has but commenced his work; for then he must *begin* to prepare himself for the closing ceremonies of the session and of his course as a college student, conscious, too, of the fact that he is expected to appear with a well prepared speech, to do credit to himself, and reflect honor on his Alma Mater before the intelligent men and women of the State. He is then to win success, or to sink crushed under the mortifying sense of disgraceful failure, and that too, on the day that, so far, is the crowning day of all his life. Is it wonderful that on this gala-day of all the college year

he looks out upon its festivities with listless, sunken eyes? that he moves among the bustling, joyous throng with languid step? that he appears on the happy, beautiful scene, sharp-faced, with blanched cheeks and emaciated frame? that he looks like a jaded dray-horse in the midst of a splendid pageantry? that instead of an animated body, he should, more than anything else, resemble that relic of a man which dangles in Prof. Poteat's lecture-room for the study of the class in Human Physiology?

A lady who has of late years been an occasional visitor at our commencements, recently said to the writer, "Do try to get some time for rest and recuperation before your senior class shall have to go upon the rostrum looking as though they had just arisen from beds of sickness." That time is what we are now trying and hope to get.

It has been said in reply to our prayers for Senior Vacation, that the Faculty would also be glad to get a rest-spell in order to be fresh for this occasion, but cannot do so. Well, we know that every member of our Faculty has plenty of hard work to do, but we do not believe they would urge as a reason for opposing our appeal, that since they *can* not rest, we *shall* not. Besides *our* work must *all* be done before receiving our diplomas, while a great deal of the work of the Faculty can be and is done after the close of the session, and by giving us our examinations earlier than has heretofore been customary, they would in a measure relieve themselves of the crowded state of their own

work at that time, as it would give more time to pass upon the papers of the graduating class, whose merits must be decided upon before they can obtain their degrees. We earnestly hope the Faculty will give this subject a sincere, thorough, and favorable consideration.

F. H. M.

"The Industrial Craze,"—A Supplement.

Since the writing of the article on the above subject which appears elsewhere in this issue of THE STUDENT, *The North American Review* for November has appeared containing an article by Edmund Kirke, entitled "How Shall the Negro be Educated?" In this article, the writer endeavors to show that the solution of the problem "which"—to use his own language—"is now puzzling the heads of the wisest statesmen, namely: What shall be done with the Southern Negro?" is simply this: "Train the negro to do skilful work, and you will make of him a good citizen." Far be it from us to criticise so eminent a writer as Edmund Kirke; and yet after carefully reading the arguments from which he draws this striking conclusion, we are compelled to say, *Non sequitur*.

Mr. Kirke deduces his conclusions from observations made at Knoxville, Tenn., in which city there are about six thousand blacks. Speaking of the blacks in general, he says—and we admit it—that "freedom has been an unalloyed blessing to every black that knows how to use it. To all others it has been anything but a blessing;

and among these others must be included nearly all of the rising generation. They are coming up idle, thriftless and with a contempt for work that is deplorable in their circumstances; and too after they fall into the dissipation and vice that are fostered by idleness." This deplorable condition of the blacks is, he thinks, "no fault of freedom," but is partly due to the mistaken ambition of the ex-slaves, who, having experienced the evils of ignorance, are passionately desirous that their children shall know, as one expressed it, 'all dar am in de books, sar'; but it is mainly to be attributed to the ill-directed philanthropy of those excellent Northern people who have founded schools at the South to give to them 'the advantages of a classical education'." This theory he supports by the results of a sixteen years "labor of love" for the blacks of Knoxville by a Northern lady who, mostly with her own means, established a large school in which the blacks might receive a classical education. After twelve years she found that her labor had been thrown away; for she saw many of the girls who had been her "brightest and best scholars going to the bad"; and she saw boys who were "unfitted for work, and actually good for nothing." "The result she saw was harm instead of good; a large population of young people whose heads were crammed with a learning that they did not understand, and who had none of the knowledge that is indispensable to their success in the world." Then she abandoned her classical, and established an industrial school; and it

is from the results of four years' work in this that Mr. Kirke draws his remarkable conclusion.

If we were sure of not being accused of heresy, we would humbly suggest that four years are a very short time in which to solve a problem so perplexing as the great Negro Problem; and especially so when the solution (?) is arrived at by observing the experience of only one woman in only one city. In vain did we look for an explanation of how industrial education was to transform the "idle, thriftless, and immoral" negro into a "good citizen." If such noble and ennobling studies as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Astronomy, the Modern Languages, etc., cannot accomplish this, how is industrial training to do it? Are we to believe that mere skill in workmanship will make a man a "good citizen," regardless of his character otherwise? On that principle we should have to call the property destroying, sometimes murdering, strikers of New England "good citizens," for they are skilled workmen.

Suppose for the moment that there were a well-equipped, well-endowed industrial training school for the blacks in every county of every State in the South; how are we to get these "idle, thriftless" blacks to avail themselves of this golden opportunity of becoming skilled workmen, house servants, cooks, etc., *ad infinitum*? Or, supposing that they have overcome this idleness and thriftlessness to a sufficient extent to avail themselves of this opportunity and have become skilled workmen,—will that make them more mindful of the fifth

and sixth commandments, or prevent them from "drinking more whiskey than is good for them"?

To sum the whole matter up, is there anything in a mere industrial education to make a black man, or, for that matter, a man of any color, a "good citizen"?

W. P. S.

The Death Penalty.

Many philanthropists and would-be reformers are now urging violent objections to capital punishment. A recent writer in a popular magazine has denominated it as inhuman, as unworthy of our age of progress; in fact, he calls it a relic of barbarism. But still the fact remains that the dread of capital punishment does dissuade men in many cases from the commission of violent crimes, and as a result there are fewer murders on account of it and our people are safer than could possibly be the case, were some milder penalty attached to the crime of murder.

It is absurd to say that we have no right to deprive a murderer of his life; for a community certainly does possess the right to take a murderer's worthless life, or the life of any one dangerous to said community, when thereby greater security can be given to the lives of its useful citizens. It cannot be denied that the death penalty does cause men to have a greater reverence for human life and in a great measure to look upon the taking of life with detestation and horror.

There is, too, another way in which

the fear of capital punishment prevents murder. Suppose a man conceives the project of robbing a house. He is aware that if caught he will surely be imprisoned; he is willing to risk imprisonment, but not death, and he will shrink from incurring that great risk in committing his crime. So, in this case, the dread of the death penalty will restrain a man from committing murder, even if by so doing the robbery could be effected with much greater facility. And if the fear of death were removed, he would have no compunction whatever about taking life, if thereby success would be more certain. Take the criminal in his cell, imprisoned for life. What would prevent his attempting and perhaps taking the life of his jailor, were there no death penalty? He would say to himself, "If I succeed in killing the jailor and escaping, I will have liberty; once more will I breathe the free air of heaven; but if I fail, what more can they do than put me in a darker dungeon?" And he would reason justly.

The fear of death prevents an incalculable number of murders and other horrid crimes. It is to be hoped that this custom of taking life for life will never be abolished.

J. M. B.

New Elements in Politics.

By examining the results of the recent election, the influence of new factors in national politics can be clearly seen. For a number of years our country has witnessed the struggle of two great parties for the supremacy. Formerly, to be a successful

candidate one had only to receive his nomination at the hands of the strongest party; but that it is different now is clearly shown by the fact that democrats have been humiliated where the party was the strongest, and republicans have suffered defeat in their own strongholds.

Factions have become so powerful that the successful candidate must meet their demands rather than those of his party. In the West the office-seeker must pander to the whims of the Knights of Labor; in New York the socialistic ideas of Henry George must be respected by him who seeks political preferment. In other sections of our country a candidate cannot drink the health of his constituents in anything save cold water, lest the Prohibition faction become disaffected and ruin his political prospects by withdrawing its support. And thus it goes, until it seems that everything is thrown into politics. Issues are no longer made of questions of national interest and party principles; but they are made to depend upon the whim of a faction or the caprice of an individual who has a number of men pledged to vote as he may direct. A candidate is no longer chosen for the purity of his party principles or the integrity of his character; but because he has an influence in some subordinate party organization. Every class has its interests and seeks to make its interests party issues; and the successful party is that which can harmonize the largest number of these interests. How long before the creatures will become the creators? Let any one

faction become strong enough to control the party of which it forms a part and our government will be in its hands. Let the "Labor Organization Party," composed as it is of Democrats and Republicans, become strong enough to hold the balance of power between the other two, and it can easily say who shall be President of the United States.

In some sections a tendency to complicate matters is manifested in the

disposition to grant woman suffrage. Well, yes, since we are going to have a compound, let us put in all the elements we can. By all means let the ladies vote, and then the dudy congressional candidate who advocates a reduction of duties upon French hats and silk dresses will doubtless have many delicately tinted and sweetly perfumed ballots cast for him.

J. J. L.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, J. J. L.

THE EUROPEAN QUESTIONS.—Europe seems to be in a state of continual ferment, each state regarding all the others with jealous eyes. France, pursuant to the plan she has always followed when England was concerned, is striving to make the affairs of Europe turn upon the Egyptian question and to eject the English from Egypt. But England through her Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, has announced her intention to remain in Egypt so long as the state of affairs renders such occupation imperative. The Sobranje of Bulgaria recently elected to the throne Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, but he through his father, King Christian, declined the honor with thanks. The powers having demanded of Russia the statement of her choice of rulers for Bulgaria, have been notified of her choice of Prince Nicholas, of Mingrelia. All the powers but

England and Austria acquiesced in Russia's decision—these two powers only waited to know how Bulgaria would like the choice. It not being acceptable, Austria and England will most likely uphold Bulgaria in its refusal of the Prince of Mingrelia as ruler. The trouble is that the people can't have a ruler that they want but one that they do not want, is to be forced upon them if Russia has her way. A new aspirant to the throne appears in the person of Prince Alexander Voyorides, nephew to Alek Pasha. It is not to be presumed that Russia will favor his candidacy. It is thought that the Sobranje will now send an embassy to the great powers, asking the nomination of a suitable person.

TARIFF REFORM IN THE RECENT ELECTION.—The Tariff question excited more interest in the last election than any other issue. Indeed, it

seems to have been about the only issue of any importance between the various candidates, and it is made to account for many of the unexpected results of the election. In the strong Democratic districts of the West, Democratic congressmen have been very unexpectedly defeated, while in New England the Democrats have won unlooked-for victories. Many claim that it was the tariff reform issue that defeated Hurd in Ohio; but Hurd himself declares that his defeat is due to local causes and personal influence, and not to any question of general interest. Mr. Morrison's defeat, however, in the eighteenth Illinois congressional district seems to be a direct repulse to the tariff reformers, as the contest between Morrison and his opponent was made wholly upon the tariff issue. However, when we look closely into the causes of his defeat, we see other influences at work—influences which are too frequently introduced into American politics. The Knights of Labor were enlisted against him by a free use of money on the part of large manufacturing firms. Men were hired at three dollars per day and all "legitimate expenses" to canvass against the Democratic leader of tariff reform. Hence his defeat is due to the influence of the almighty dollar in the hands of protectionists, and not to the weapons of logic and reason. Such a defeat augurs a future victory. In Massachusetts the contest was made entirely upon the tariff issue; and there those advocating a reduction of duties have won the victory. It is gratifying to see tariff reformers

going to the next Congress from a section which has heretofore been the stronghold of protectionists. Let New England become an advocate of revenue reform, and we may expect to see a speedy reduction of duties. Then, the advocates of revenue reform should not be discouraged because the influence of money has brought defeat to Mr. Morrison, or because the recent agitation of other questions has been productive of disaster in the west; but they have every reason to rejoice since the number of men who advocate revenue reform will be greater in the fiftieth Congress than it was in the forty-ninth.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.—It is with great regret that we have to notice the death of Mr. Cleveland's predecessor in office, Chester Allan Arthur. He had long been in a deplorably feeble condition, but death overcame him much sooner than was anticipated by his friends. While we cannot pronounce him a great man and eulogize him as some are now doing, yet we do think that the honest, candid, conservative tone of his administration calls for our admiration. His administration, too, is noticeable from the fact that he it was who signed the Revenue Reform act and appointed the first civil service commission. Up to the time of his retirement to private life, he was the leader of the Stalwart wing of the Republican party. His death leaves but one ex-president alive, or in the words of our esteemed contemporary the *Wilmington Star*, two, one true Jefferson Davis, and one "bogus" Rutherford B. Hayes.

EDUCATIONAL.

—Gen. D. H. Hill is now President of the Literary and Military College, Milledgeville, Ga.

—Ten thousand public schools receive financial support from the government of Mexico.—*Central Baptist*.

—From the recent wreck of the Chicago University its valuable library of seven thousand volumes has been saved.

—One hundred thousand dollars have lately been raised as the endowment of Granville College, Ohio, mostly through the efforts of Rev. W. E. Stevens.

—It is thought that ten thousand dollars of the Peabody Educational Fund will this year go to South Carolina, on account of the earthquake disasters at Charleston.

—The Harvard celebration, Nov. 6-9, was quite a brilliant affair. The Hon. James Russell Lowell was orator and Oliver Wendell Holmes was poet of the occasion. A great many of the most celebrated men of the nation were present, among them President Cleveland with a part of his cabinet. Princeton's temper was ruffled because she got none of the degrees that were served up on this occasion and because of some unpleasant allusions in Dr. Holmes' poem.

—We get the following item from the Report on Education before the the Indiana Baptist State Convention: "The first hundred thousand dollars

for the endowment of Franklin College have been secured, and the Woman's Professorship of twenty thousand dollars has been completed. Stone for the foundation of a new building is on the ground. This building is much needed, and \$5,056 have been subscribed for its erection. One hundred and fifty-four students are in attendance the present session, 21 of whom are studying for the ministry."

—In a late issue of *The News and Courier* appears the last annual report of the Board of Trustees of South Carolina College, made to the legislature of that State. The report covers the past session—the fifth year since the reorganization of the College—and shows it to be one of the most prosperous in the entire history of the institution. The number of students enrolled last session, 213, has been exceeded only twice before.

—The report of the Board of Trustees of Furman University before the late session of the South Carolina Baptist State Convention shows ninety-two students to be in attendance on that venerable seat of learning, and \$3,000 secured for permanent endowment during the last year, in spite of the pressure of "hard times." Rev. Mr. R. H. Griffith was re-elected as financial agent, whose past work was favorably noticed by the Board.

—The founders of Harvard College, says Mr. Lowell, had three objects: First, the teaching of the humanities

and of Hebrew as the hieratic language; second, the training of a learned as well as a godly clergy; and thirdly, the education of the Indians, that they might serve as missionaries of a higher civilization and of a purer religion as the necessary preliminary thereto. The modern Harvard is sadly secularized away from this devout ideal of its founders.

—The fame and usefulness of all institutions of learning depend on the greatness of those who teach in them, and great teachers are almost rarer than great poets. We can lay claim to none such (I must not speak of the living) unless it be Agassiz, whom we adopted.—*Lowell's Harvard Oration.*

—Montaigne has pithily expressed the chief object of education. Says he, "Men should be taught to love virtue instead of learning to decline *virtus*."

—Some of the papers of the State are insisting upon the endowment and re-organization of Trinity College. The name of Professor Wilbur F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, has been suggested for the presidency.

—If half the money that has been squandered on our useless and cumbersome machinery called the School Board had been devoted to the preservation of open spaces and the laying out of gardens, the rising generation would have been very much healthier, wealthier, and wiser than it now is.—*J. Ashby-Sterry, London Cor. of Book Buyer.*

—Rev. Galusha Anderson, D. D., formerly President of the Chicago University, has been unanimously

elected President of Denison University, the Baptist institution at Granville, Ohio. He has accepted and will begin work there in January.

—The doctrine that we should patronize home industries is sometimes carried to a mischievous extreme. A correspondent of *The Nation* says: "The State of California has even gone so far as to have prohibited the use of school-books from other sources, such as those written by some of the foremost scientists, historians, and scholars, directing the Board of Education to 'cause to be prepared,' made, and sold text-books for their own use. Presently we shall have some distant State forbidding the importation of Shakespeare, and undertaking by legislative enactment to produce him on the spot from local talent."

—Women have been for years members of the school boards of London, Edinburgh, and other foreign cities, and some school districts in this country have women among their managers; but the first representatives of their sex in the New York Board of Education were appointed by Mayor Grace Nov. 17. They are Miss Grace H. Dodge, a daughter of William E. Dodge, and Mrs. Cornelius R. Agnew, wife of the famous oculist.

—In the standard time-table for high schools for girls in Germany, prescribing the number of hours per week given in the several grades to the different subjects, it is worthy of note that two and in some grades three hours per week are given to religious instruction. Religious instruction, German, Arithmetic, Gymnastics, and Needlework are the only subjects which are prescribed in all the grades,

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. HOWELL'S story in *Harper's Monthly* will be called "April Hopes."

MR. LOWELL, in his Harvard address, remarked that "no languages are dead in which anything living has been written."

THE first number of the *New Scribner's Magazine* will contain a collection of hitherto unprinted Thackeray letters.

THE Christmas *Wide Awake* will contain contributions from Austin Dobson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Whitney, Sarah Jewett, and Susan Coolidge.

SERMONS OLD AND NEW is the title of a book by the late Archbishop Trench.

E. P. ROE is writing a novel to be called *Young Hornets of Hornets' Nest*. The scenes are to be laid at Charlotte. He is also writing a novel on the earthquakes in Charleston.

DR. WM. E. HATCHER, who delivered such a magnificent address at our last commencement is to write the life of the late Dr. Jeremiah B. Jeter.

THE collection of Helen Jackson's verse has been completed by the publication of her Sonnets and Lyrics.

BENSON J. LOSSING has written a book called *Mary and Martha*, the mother and wife of Washington.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT has written a work entitled, *In Aid of Faith*.

The History of Interpretation, by Frederick W. Farrar, has been pub-

lished. It contains eight lectures delivered by Canon Farrar at Oxford University.

The Great Masters of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century, by Ernest Dupuy, has been translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Athenæum, the *Saturday Review*, and *The Academy* are loud in their praises of Miss Isabel Hapgood's charming book, *Epic Songs of Russia*.

UPHAM & CO. have issued a book, *Harvard the first American University*. It is a historical work by Prof. Geo. Gay Bush.

Famous Plays will perhaps be received with pleasure by that class of people to whom anything approaching the drama is a delight.

TWO very recently published and valuable books of travel are *Three Thousand Miles through Brazil*, by James W. Wells, and *The Far Interior* by Walter Montague Kerr, a narrative of adventure in Africa.

PROF. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER has written a most important work entitled *Problems of Philosophy*. He shows how far Philosophy can go towards analyzing and solving some of the difficult questions of the day.

Last Days of Marie Antoinette, by Lord Roland Gower, is a valuable addition to Biography. The last acts of this remarkable and unfortunate woman are recited in this work with great care and impressiveness.

The Life of Robert Fulton and the History of Steam Navigation, by Thomas W. Knox, is intensely interesting; is full of information which is attractively presented.

ANOTHER book, recently published and intensely interesting to thoughtful readers, is the *Philosophy of Education*, by Johann Karl Friedrick Rosenkranz, Doctor of Theology and Prof. of Philosophy in the University of Strasburg.

AMBROSE TICHE, formerly a tutor at Yale, has written *The Development of the Roman Constitution*, in which he discusses the sources of early Roman history, the structure of ancient society, Rome under the kings, the earliest reforms in the Roman Constitution, also how Rome was governed during the second Punic war.

WE have from Benson J. Lossing *The Two Spies:—Nathan Hale and John Andre*. It contains a sketch in outline of the prominent events in the lives of these the two most notable spies in the Revolution.

PAUSANIAS'S *Description of Ancient Greece*, is a most important addition to Bohn's Classical Library. It is translated by the Rev. Arthur Shiletto.

Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems, by Dr. Edwin Brown, has been recently given to the public by Appleton & Co. It contains a brief history of socialism and communism, and is valuable, because it presents both the Labor and the Capital sides in the controversy.

MR. WILLIAM T. ADAMS ("Oliver Optic") since 1853 has produced 113 volumes of stories for boys and girls.

The quantity is more striking than the quality.

STUDENTS of the Greek New Testament will welcome Prof. Thayer's translation of Grimm's revised edition of Wilke's New Testament Lexicon. It is published by the Harpers and is believed to be the best accessible to the English student.

MR. J. R. LOWELL'S address and Dr. Holmes' poem at the Harvard celebration are the chief attractions of the December *Atlantic*. The address is copied by *The Critic* of Nov. 13th and 20th.

THE numerous admirers of Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law* will find a sharp criticism of it by John Burroughs in the December *Popular Science Monthly*.

MUCH has lately been said to the discredit of the science of Geology, suggested by the Charleston earthquake. In *The Forum* for December, Major J. W. Powell complains of this and goes over the whole ground, very clearly setting forth the ascertained causes of earthquakes.

THE following prayer was reproduced in the *Charleston News and Courier* of October 31st, just as it was delivered by a colored preacher at the Citadel Green on the night of the great earthquake. Considering the occasion and the peculiar notions of the colored people, it is both eloquent and reverent. He said, raising his hands towards the sky: "Do, Lawd, come down an' go 'mong yer people, for dey is terrify—dey am skerd like; dey dunno which way to tun over, 'cause dey tink you am bex wid um. Come down, please, sa, an' walk roun' wid um, tek um by de han' an' tell um you ain' bex; an' if yo' can't come, sen' you' Son. *But*, Lawd, *dis no time fo' chillun*. So come, yo'self, if you can, please, sa!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.—Being on the beach at Fort Caswell, N. C., Nov. 22nd, among the first things to arrest my attention in the line of debris cast up by the waves were a number of pitcher-shaped masses about two inches long and completely covered by a film of wet sand. "Dey's sea-blubber, sah," said the colored man standing by. Several were put into wide-mouthed bottles. In a short time they began to stretch and unfold, at the same time getting rid of the coating of sand that adhered to them, and the unsightly masses were transformed into living flowers with clean, white, semi-transparent stems or calyces surmounted by rosettes of delicate petals that waved gracefully in the water. There are many species of these animal flowers, and they are widely diffused. Among them there is a great variety of size, form, and color, so that a large collection would not be unlike an animated garden of dahlias, daisies, china-asters, carnations, and chrysanthemums. As to the variety and richness of the coloring, the body of the commonest of the British species is said to take on all imaginable hues, passing from bright scarlet to leaf-green, graduating from scarlet to crimson, from crimson to orange, from orange to yellow, and from yellow to green. In their favorite haunts among the rocks

of the coast they strongly suggest a garden of flowers. Agassiz describes a certain grotto at Nahant whose whole interior was studded with these animals of various hues, pink, brown, orange, purple, or pure white, the effect, when the sun shone through the grotto from the opposite extremity, being like that of brightly colored mosaics set in the roof and walls.

This striking flower-like aspect completely deceived observers down to 1710, when the celebrated Frenchman, Reaumur, wrote a treatise with the express purpose of proving that these "*orties de mer*," or nettles of the sea, as they were called, were not plants at all, but real animals. The old belief about them, however, is still preserved both in a scientific name of the group of animals to which they belong (*Zoöphytes*, i. e., animal-plants) and in their popular name, Sea-anemones. While they may assume many shapes, the normal shape may be represented by a cylinder with a disk at each end. One disk is modified to form the means of attachment to rocks, etc., by suction. In the other disk occur the opening which may be called a mouth and the numerous tentacles. The mouth opens into the "stomach," which allows a particle of food to drop through a hole at its lower end into the general body cavity below. The

refuse of the food passes out through the mouth. The general body cavity is divided by radiating partitions into chambers with which the cavities of the hollow tentacles communicate. The tentacles are extended or drawn in by forcing water into them from these chambers or withdrawing it from them. Some of the tentacles are provided with the formidable lasso-cells which are of great use in the capturing of their prey. There are three methods by which the sea-anemone may reproduce itself: In

the production of young in the body cavity, a single individual being capable of this function; in the process known as fission, i. e. one animal splits longitudinally into two; and lastly in the process of budding, in which a prominence appears on the outside integument, grows larger, assumes tentacles, mouth, etc., and separates from the parent a perfect individual, thus adding another feature in which this interesting animal resembles a plant.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

SNOW storm from Dec. 4th, 8 a. m., to the night of Dec. 6th. Snow about eight inches deep.

THE text-book which Prof. Poteat will use in Botany next spring is Bessey's Botany (Briefer course), published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

A NUMBER of newspapers have recently spoken with marked appreciation of the work that is being done by Wake Forest College. We note especially some complimentary remarks by the *Religious Herald*, of Dec. 21st, about the President and the gentlemen in charge of the scientific departments, as well as about the general work of the institution.

AT its meeting during the Convention the Students' Aid Association voted to transfer to a board of thirteen trustees all its rights, funds, etc., thus

greatly simplifying the work which it is designed to do. A new charter will be sought from the next Legislature.

THE Convention Committee on Periodicals commended THE STUDENT to the body. Our thanks are due to them and also to Dr. T. H. Pritchard for the complimentary words he spoke in its behalf.

PRESIDENT Taylor returned from his trip North on the 10th of November.

THE North Carolina Baptist Students' Aid Association will hold a meeting at the College, Dec. 14th.

MR. A. B. FORREST, of Raleigh, set out one hundred handsome magnolias in the campus November 11th. They average five feet in height.

A NEW student came on the 10th ult., but on account of getting here so late in the session could not find suitable work and so left expecting to return next fall.

I HAVE rejoiced with the Baptists over their success in their commendable efforts to endow Wake Forest; as every friend of education must do when he sees the increased and increasing usefulness of that progressive institution.—*Minister T. J. Jarvis, in Christian Advocate, Nov. 24th.*

THE plans for the new chemical laboratory were drawn by J. Appleton Wilson, of Baltimore, under the direction of Dr. Duggan. It will be 100 by 60 feet, and the ground story will contain rooms for quantitative and qualitative analysis, for organic and assay work, for storage of supplies and apparatus. In the second story will be a large lecture room and other smaller rooms for preparation, etc. This building will, in its adaptation to its special uses, be one of the best in the country. It will be supplied with water and gas throughout.

MR. BALLENTINE recently taught a class in penmanship, numbering about thirty. He was a pupil of the celebrated penman H. J. Williamson.

THE claims of the chemical laboratory were strongly urged at the Convention by Dr. Taylor and others, and two or three thousand dollars were obtained.

DR. ROYALL preached two excellent sermons for us during November: on Sunday morning, the 7th, from the text, "Without the shedding of blood

there is no remission"; and another Sunday morning, the 21st, from the text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it"; the theme of the latter being, "God a necessary element in Character Building."

AT the monthly concert of prayer, Sunday night, Nov. 7th, Prof. Poteat spoke on the life of Wm. Carey, the missionary.

REV R. T. VANN spent the first week in November holding a protracted meeting in the Baptist church at Salisbury. There were about twelve conversions.

MR. J. B. CARLYLE secured twelve subscribers for THE STUDENT at the Robeson Association.

DR. MANLY attended the Little River Association as the representative of the Board of Education.

WAKE FOREST was well represented at the Convention. Messrs. J. W. Lynch, E. F. Tatum, M. L. Rickman, Tom Holding, Henry Holding, and P. W. Johnson, Profs. Taylor, Manly, and Poteat, Misses Neda Purefoy, Lizzie Dunn, and Mary Walters, and Mrs. P. W. Johnson, attended.

MR. TATUM secured twenty-two subscribers and one full page advertisement as the result of his work for THE STUDENT at the Convention.

A YOUNG lady recently took us to task for saying that the campus rustics were painted a pea-green color. Being somewhat color-blind ourself, we relied on the authority of a certain young lady, who, we thought, ought to know; but it turns out that the color of the rustics is olive-green.

SEVERAL of the boys have remarked to us that the Faculty are not nearly so regular in their attendance on prayers now as they were immediately after the earthquake. Wonder why?

REV. DR. HENRY McDONALD, the eloquent pastor of the second Baptist church of Atlanta, Ga., arrived at Wake Forest Wednesday, Dec. 1st, and is now preaching nightly in Memorial Hall. Prayer-meetings are held in the afternoon.

THE present senior class numbers eighteen instead of twenty, as was formerly stated, two having decided to come another year. It is not yet possible to say with certainty what each one will do in life, except in the case of the ministers. We give however the probable professions. Messrs. L. R. Pruett, of Cleveland county, W. S. Olive, of Wake, E. F. Tatum, of Davie, and W. F. Watson, of Wake, will preach. Messrs. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson, and E. J. Justice, of Rutherford, will study law. Messrs. W. J. Matthews, of Gates, and H. E. Copple, of Davidson, will teach. Messrs. D. A. Pittard, of Granville, and J. J. Lane, of Marlboro, S. C., will farm. Mr. E. H. Bowling, of Durham, will devote himself to medicine; Mr. D. O. McCullers, of Johnston, dentistry. Mr. T. E. Cheek, of Durham, capitalist. Mr. B. F. Hassell, Jr., of Tyrrell, merchant. Messrs. Ray Browning, of Warren, W. P. Stradley, of Granville, F. H. Manning, of Gates, and H. S. Pickett, of Durham, undecided.

REV. J. W. LYNCH filled the pulpit of the Scotland Neck Baptist church for Dr. J. D. Hufham, Sunday, November 28th.

MR. JOSIAH CRUDUP won the first prize in Mr. Ballentine's writing school, and Mr. Martin the second.

MRS. BUNN and family have returned to Wilson.

THE Business Managers request us to say that, as they are anxious to settle with the publishers before the end of the year, they would be glad if those whose subscriptions are due would make it convenient to pay them during the next ten days.

PAY your subscription by helping us complete a file of THE STUDENT. We lack the following copies: In Vol. II., January, February, and March; in Vol. III., September and November. To the subscriber first sending us one, or all, of the above named copies, we will give a credit of twenty-five cents per copy on his account.

MR. PETTIGREW FOWLER has quit school and is now salesman for Mr. John W. Purefoy.

WE copy the following from the New York *Examiner*, of Nov. 11th: "Wake Forest College, N. C., now has a larger number of students than at any time during the fifty-two years of its history. Of these, more than forty are ministers. Three expect to become foreign missionaries. Eight States are represented among the students. God is opening wide possibilities of usefulness for Wake Forest. With an increased endowment it would speedily become one of the most important agents for education in the whole country. There are 125,000 members of white Baptist churches in North Carolina. When this great

mass shall have been leavened by better education, we may look for the most blessed results. Three new professors, graduates of Leipzig, Germany, Johns Hopkins, and the University of West Virginia, have recently been added to the Faculty. The number of students, which will be two hundred before the end of the current session, ought to be doubled within the next five years. As to whether this result will be realized, will depend on the increase of the funds of the institution.

A part of what has been accomplished is due to the gifts of Northern brethren. The College was founded by a New York man, Rev. Samuel Wait, and the largest gift it has received since the war has come from

an honored New York gentleman. Is it, therefore, to be wondered that, as those who control the College stand confronted with a grand opportunity for enlarged usefulness, they should look earnestly and hopefully for aid from beyond their own borders?

CHAS. E. TAYLOR.

[We can hardly commend too strongly President Taylor and the cause he represents. We know of no college that is doing better work, in proportion to its facilities, or one that better deserves to be so fully endowed as to be beyond want.—*Ed. Examiner.*]

REV. THOS. DIXON'S pulpit at Goldsboro was filled Sunday, Dec. 5th, by Rev. J. W. Lynch.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'54. The Baptist State Convention at its late session passed a resolution to the effect that it would be glad to see written the life of Rev. Thomas Meredith, the founder of *The Biblical Recorder* and a leader of the Baptists of North Carolina some thirty or forty years ago; and the resolution further declared that, in the judgment of that body, the man to do the work was Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington. A number of the members of the Convention on an excursion down the Cape Fear presented Dr. Pritchard with a handsome gold pen.

—'56. The most inspiring speech in the most spirited debate of the Convention was made by Dr. J. D. Hufham, of Scotland Neck, on the amount the Board of Missions should be instructed to expend for the next year. He has been called to the pastorate of the church at Greenville, N. C.

—'57. The following statement about Rev. A. F. Purefoy occurs in *The Daily Fredonian*, New Brunswick, N. J., for Nov. 29th. "At the Remsen Avenue Baptist church last evening Rev. Mr. Purefoy, of New Haven, Connecticut, delivered an earnest

sermon. The text, from the 11th chapter of Matthew and 28th verse, was ably handled, and marked attention was shown by the congregation throughout the discourse."

—'60. Rev. F. H. Ivey, D. D., formerly of Goldsboro, N. C., has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Sandersville, Ga., and has accepted.

—'62. Mr. George W. Sanderlin, of La Grange, recently addressed the ministers' conference in Baltimore. He attended the Baptist Congress in session there. It will be remembered that he was once a pastor in that city.

—'62. Rev. William Brunt, of White Oak, N. C., attended the State Convention at Wilmington.

—'62. Rev. J. K. Howell, of Selma, N. C., addressed the Convention on the subject of Sunday-schools.

—'68. President J. B. Brewer, of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, was present during a portion of the session of the Convention and took part in some of its discussions.

—'68. President F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford Female Seminary, is a man whose judgment is respected in the Convention. He is Moderator of the Flat River Association.

—'68. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, of Greensboro, is a man for work and counsel. The new Baptist church which he is building there has the roof on. It has been said that when he dies the initials C. B. should be engraved after his name on the tombstone,—i. e., Church Builder.

—'69. Hon. J. C. Scarborough, of Selma, N. C., though not in attend-

ance upon the Convention, was appointed by that body as chairman of a committee to report at the next meeting, the state of education in the academies, high schools, and seminaries in this State under Baptist control.

—'69. W. H. Pace, Esq., of Raleigh, was re-elected President of the Board of Missions at their meeting in Wilmington.

—'70. Rev. George W. Greene, Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, was again one of the Secretaries of the Convention.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham, of Durham, is regarded as one of the strongest men in the Convention.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Wake Forest, preached the introductory sermon at the Convention. The large and choice congregation were delighted. His subject was "The Deceitfulness of Sin."

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon's work in Baltimore is still growing. His new Tabernacle has just been finished. It is a wooden structure attached to his chapel, and has a seating capacity of two thousand. It cost only nine thousand dollars.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray, the indefatigable Corresponding Secretary of the Convention, was re-elected to that position, which is the most important it can bestow.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick, who has for several years been pastor of the Baptist church at Greenville, N. C., has resigned his charge, much to the regret of his parishioners.

—'77. Mr. James W. Denmark, of Raleigh, conceived and wrote the original constitution of the North Carolina Baptist Student's Aid Association, while he was yet a student here.

—'79. Rev. John F. McMillan has strengthened the ties that bind him to his adopted State by recently marrying one of South Carolina's fair daughters.

—'79. We were glad to see on the Hill recently Dr. John T. J. Battle, of Wadesboro, N. C.

—'81. David L. Ward, Esq., late of Wilson, has entered upon a legal partnership in San Francisco, which city he regards as a fine opening for a young lawyer.

—'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, N. C., is now devoting a part of his time to the study of the law.

—'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, of Judson College, N. C., has recently passed through this village twice en-route to the eastern part of the State. We are sorry that his trips were "too flying" to permit his stopping with us, for we would be glad to see him. We would warn him lest after all his hurry, he should still be left *behind*.

—'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchin has recently returned from Dallas, Texas, and is now studying law at his old home, Scotland Neck, N. C.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Splawn, who, since leaving the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Ky., has been

serving churches in and around Brownsboro, Ky., is now visiting relatives in Texas.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam stopped with us a short time while on his way to the Baptist State Convention. "Johnnie" is now located at Roxboro, N. C.

—'86. Mr. John E. Vann is rapidly developing into an ardent disciple of Blackstone; he is at present, reading law at his home in Winton, N. C.

—We are saddened by the recent death of Mr. W. B. Bagwell, which occurred at his home in Cary, N. C. Mr. Bagwell was an old student of Wake Forest. He attended sessions of '80-'81 and '81-'82. He had recently been licensed to preach.

—We are pleased to notice the election of Col. Clark, of Newbern, to the State Senate. Col. Clark is one of our old students, though not a graduate. He left Wake Forest after completing his Junior year and entering Princeton, graduated with great distinction. He now stands pre-eminent among our North Carolina lawyers, and we are justly proud of his position. We also notice with great pleasure the election to the next Congress of Mr. F. M. Simmons, of Newbern. He, too, is one of our old students.

—S. E. Williams, Esq., of Lexington, will represent his district in the State Senate. He was a student here two years.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, J. M. B.

—We gladly welcome among our exchanges the Richmond College *Messenger*. It contains in its last number some unusually good articles, chief among which is one on "Universal Suffrage." The solid good sense and logical force of this article together with others justly entitle it to the position it holds as one of the best of our college magazines.

—Just as we reluctantly laid aside the *Messenger*, our eyes fell upon another, the *Hillsdale College Herald*, of Michigan. If this paper, which cannot claim to be a magazine, is a fair index of the status of the college it represents, we own we cannot say much for it.

—The Davidson *Monthly* (N. C.) contains some interesting articles, and its staff of editors are to be congratulated upon their editorials.

—The *College Message*, of Greensboro, N. C., never fails to meet our anticipations, and we always read it with zest. The gentlemen of some of our exchanges might get some points from these bright young ladies.

—The *Texas University* is a magazine devoted to the interest of the University of Texas. Its October number derives its chief interest from an article, "Burke's Elements of Style." The subject is almost exhaustively discussed and reflects credit upon the writer.

—The last number of the *Oak Leaf* is entertaining, and its symposium on the subject of Novel Reading contains good suggestions.

—The Hamilton College *Monthly* claims to be the exponent of drill received by the students in English composition. If so, the instructors as well as the students are to be congratulated upon the success achieved.

—The Georgetown College *Magazine* has shown the world that it, too, can produce a poet on demand.

—The *Holcad* calls special attention to the already noticeable fact of an absence in most magazines of an "Alumni column." We, too, have deplored this fact and really think that the existence of such a column would be productive of many beneficial results, and we hope that this timely suggestion from *The Holcad* will not be without effect.

—The Delaware College *Review* is bristling with useful facts and contains an extremely interesting article on "War and Intemperance."

—The Vanderbilt *Observer* still maintains its high position.

—The *Roanoke Collegian* contains an able article, "Wordsworth's We Are Seven." We were much interested in it and were about to congratulate Roanoke College on possessing such an able and promising young writer. But happening to glance at

The Educational Journal, of Virginia, we noticed that the above article was not written by a student but by a professor. Now we do not criticise *The Collegian* for publishing contributions from a professor, for we often do it ourselves and are always delighted to do so; but we invariably indicate in our index the fact that said contributions are from the pens of professors and not students.

—We would also notice among our

exchanges the *Guardian* and the *Alamo* and *San Jacinto Monthly*, both from Texas; *The Thielsonian*, of Thiel College, Pa.; *The Adelpian*, of Brooklyn; *The College Rambler*, of Illinois; the *South Carolina Collegian*, and the *North Carolina University Magazine*.

—An accident which we regretted cut short our own issue for November. This will explain why some of our exchanges failed to receive copies of it.

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A REVIEW OF DR. DEEMS'S "DEFENCE OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE."

It was recently our privilege to read a lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Deems before the students of Vanderbilt University, in June, 1886. It was also delivered at the Wake Forest commencement of 1882.

In this lecture, the learned Doctor endeavors to show that scientists are *the superstitious of the superstitious*. Among others, he makes this sweeping statement, that "There is much more superstition in believing the atomic theory than in believing what any Deist or any Trinitarian or any Polytheist believes." It would seem that in his zeal to circumscribe the domain of reason, he has arrived at the fatal conclusion that all knowledge is either superstition or the direct re-

sult of superstition. He proceeds from one science to another, taking up what he considers to be a vital principle of each, and then endeavors to prove that this *vital principle* is not rational, but lies wholly within the realm of superstition.

"Let us look," says he, "first of all, into the department of Logic, the science of sciences, the creator, preserver, and redeemer of sciences." He correctly asserts that the great implement of Logic is the syllogism; but at the same time, he asserts that the foundation of the famous *dictum de omni et nullo*, upon which the syllogism is based, is a huge superstition. He says: "The real difficulty in the case lies in the fact that none but an Om-

nicient Being can be certain that, the major or containing premise, if it be a universal affirmative or universal negative, can be true. For instance, if I assert that 'all men are mortal,' it is a mere assumption. I do not know all the men who are living at present. If they are living, they are not dead; if they are not dead, they may or may not be mortal. * * * So when I affirm that 'all men are mortal,' I am simply stating what I do not know, what no other man knows, and what, even if it be true, no finite being can demonstrate to be true. To be sure of any universal proposition, one must know the universe."

Again, he says: "No religious superstition involves a larger and more gratuitous, unproved, and unprovable assumption than the primal and indispensable dogma of dialectics."

If we admit *all* these assertions (which we are certainly unwilling to do), what have they to do with the science of logic? It seems to us that the learned Doctor has entirely a wrong conception of the nature of the science whose "superstitions" he so ardently defends.

Perhaps Logic may best be defined as "the science of the laws of thought as thought." (Sir Wm. Hamilton.) It is not within the domain of Logic to test the truth of the major premise, and as the truth of the conclusion depends upon that of the major premise, it follows necessarily that a conclusion may be as false as sin, while the logical process by which it was derived remains faultless.

We may say, indeed, that it is not within the province of the logician, as

a logician, to test the truth of the matter of thought at all. Given true premises, and he, by the aid of Logic, will deduce a true conclusion without bowing at the shrine of Superstition.

Sir William Hamilton, who is perhaps our best authority on Logic, makes the following statement:—

"Now, when I said that Logic was conversant about thought considered merely as thought, I meant simply to say, that Logic is conversant with the form of thought to the exclusion of the matter. This being understood, I now proceed to show how Logic only proposes—how Logic only can propose—the form of thought for its object of consideration. It is indeed true that this limitation of Logic to the form of thought has not always been kept strictly in view by logicians; that it is only gradually that proper views of the science have been speculatively adopted, and still more gradually that they have been carried practically into effect, insomuch that to the present hour, as I shall hereafter show you, there are sundry doctrines still taught as logical, which, as relative to the matter of thought, are in fact foreign to the science of its form." (Lectures on Logic, p. 11.)

Again, when commenting upon a quotation from Dr. Whately, in which that distinguished divine had made certain arbitrary classifications, the same author says: "Now, all this proceeds upon a radical mistake of the nature and domain of Logic. Logic is a purely formal science; it knows nothing of, it establishes nothing upon, the circumstances of the matter, to which its form may be applied.

"To be able to say that a thing is of necessary, impossible, or contingent matter, it is requisite to generalize its nature from an extensive observation; and to make it incumbent on the logician to know the modality of all the objects to which his science may be applied, is at once to declare that Logic has no existence; for this condition of its existence is in every point of view impossible. It is impossible—1st. Inasmuch as Logic would thus presuppose a knowledge of the whole cycle of human science; and it is impossible—2nd. Because it is not now, and never will be, determined what things are necessary or contingent, of possible or impossible existence.

"Speaking of things impossible in nature, Sir Thomas Brown declared that it is impossible that a quadruped could lay an egg, or that a quadruped could possess the beak of a bird; and in the age of Sir Thomas Brown, these propositions would have shown as good a title to be regarded as of impossible matter as some of the examples adduced by Dr. Whately. The discovery of New Holland, and of the *Ornithorhynchus*, however, turned the impossible into the actual; for in that animal there is found a quadruped which at once lays an egg and presents the bill of a duck.

"On the principle, then, that Logic is exclusively conversant about the forms of thought, I have rejected the distinction of propositions and syllogisms into pure and modal, as extralogical." (Lectures on Logic, pages 182-3).

It thus appears that the pet super-

stition upon which the learned Doctor would base the whole of Logic, is entirely foreign to Logic as a science.

Again, when he turns his attention from mind to matter, he proceeds on hypotheses which are manifestly incorrect. In discussing the atomic theory, he says: "Now, it so happens that what is assumed to be an incontrovertible truth in regard to the constitution of matter, is a proposition which, if true, cannot be demonstrated, and which, if untrue, cannot be refuted by demonstration. No man pretends to have ever seen an atom. * * * Moreover, it presents for our belief as absolutely fundamental to all physical science that which we cannot even conceive."

Now, if he will take the time to investigate, he will find that the atomic theory is not a fundamental article of faith in the "Catholic Church Scientific," as he is pleased to call it. In any physical science, the facts which are found by experiment to be subject general laws, and can therefore be classified and systematized, form the fundamental part of that science. He seems to make no distinction between a *law* and a *theory*.

The law of definite and multiple proportions, and Gay-Lussac's law of volumes in the combination of gases are examples of fundamental laws in the science of Chemistry. The atomic theory affords what seems to be the most probable interpretation of the laws of the physical sciences, but it is by no means a *sine qua non* of their existence. "The considerations, therefore, upon the valency or combining value of elements would survive the

hypothesis of atoms if the latter were one day replaced by a more general hypothesis." (Wurtz: *The Atomic Theory*, page 332.)

It seems, therefore, that the learned Doctor is mistaken when he claims that scientists consider the atomic theory a fundamental part of physical science.

In the next place, we do not believe that he has a clear conception of the atomic theory as it is taught by our most learned scientists. The following are some of his extravagant statements:

"To believe the accepted doctrine of the ultimate constitution of matter we accept two propositions that are absolutely irreconcilable. We believe in the existence of some matter so small that it cannot be cut or divided, while we believe that no matter can exist without the very qualities which furnish the basis of conceivable subdivision. * * * An atom is not only an unknowable, but an unthinkable thing to any mind that is not infinite."

Let us see if we can find out what an atom is. Prof. Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, defines it as "the smallest part of an element that can take part in a chemical reaction." It follows from this definition, that an atom is never divided in a chemical reaction, but it is not even implied that we cannot conceive of its being divided physically. There is certainly no method known by which an atom can be divided, but we can conceive of its being divided and subdivided many times without doing the slightest violence to Prof. Remsen's definition. The atomic theory

supposes the divisibility of matter to a certain point, beyond which further subdivision would only deprive it of its properties as we now know them.

Besides, the atom is not entirely a creature of the imagination as the learned Doctor would have us believe. There are many reliable experiments which prove the divisibility of matter far beyond the point at which its particles cease to be visible even with the aid of the most powerful microscope. "An inappreciably small weight of musk is sufficient to perfume the air of a whole room, and Kirchhoff and Bunsen have proved that the three-millionth part of a milligramme of sodium chloride is sufficient to give a yellow color to a gas jet; and in an other kind of phenomena, Hofmann has found that rosaniline gives a perceptible color to one hundred million times its weight of alcohol." (Wurtz: *Atomic Theory*, page 323.) Many experiments of a like character prove the extreme divisibility of matter; and Sir William Thomson has even made a mathematical calculation of the probable size and weight of atoms. We can see no more superstition in believing that matter is composed of extremely small particles called atoms than in believing that any whole is composed of all its parts although we do not see those parts as parts.

"With open eyes," says he, "I see that the atomic theory lies wholly outside whatever may be claimed as rationalism, and wholly within the region of imagination, or faith, or superstition, and yet I stand up here and solemnly and sincerely say 'Credo,'

I do believe in a doctrine which applies definite and unalterable proportions to those things which can have no proportions." Well, "we have not found such faith, no not in Israel," We shall not endeavor to prove that the learned Doctor is not superstitious, for that would be an undertaking at once too ponderous and too hopeless of success.

Again, in speaking of the uniformity of nature, he says: "There is another superstition of science which we so firmly believe that upon the baseless dream of our imagination, we not only rest all our scientific investigations, but also shape our practical lives. It is the superstitious belief in what is called the *uniformity of nature*; by which is meant the perpetual succession of physical events hereafter as we have observed them heretofore.

* * * Not only is the superstition of a continuance of the order of nature not self-evident, but there is absolutely no reason to be assigned for it. Take," says he, "the case of our own planet. It is believed, that at one time it consisted of mere vapor; that at a second stage it was hot liquid; just at present, in its third stage, it is a cooling solid. Now, let us fancy that the planet Earth, when a mere inconceivably intensely heated mass of gas, had rational inhabitants. It was a long time in that condition. There might have been generation after generation of inhabitants of that world of gas. Let us fancy them observant, communicative, and remembering creatures, like ourselves. Let us fancy that they had scientific men amongst themselves, as we have

amongst us. Those early sons of gas might have gone back through a period longer than the historical era of the human race, and have appealed to certain phenomena like our rising and setting of the sun, like our seed-time and harvest, like our summer and winter, and they might have scouted as a superstition the belief that ever the planet would come to be a molten mass. * * * We readily perceive that those philosophers existent in the gaseous or molten planet were themselves subject to a scientific superstition. And yet this superstition is the belief of the science of this day, and is made the basis of the rejection of the Christian religion because of its teachings regarding miracles."

Now, all this comes of the learned Doctor's having a wrong conception of what the scientist means by the uniformity of nature. No scientist believes now or ever has believed, that a nebulous mass in cooling would not be reduced to a molten mass. No scientist believes that the physical conditions of our planet or of any of the heavenly bodies, have ever ceased to change. Every rational scientist believes that the physical conditions of all the heavenly bodies are constantly changing, however slow and imperceptible that change may be. The uniformity of nature does not mean the immutability of nature. It means that the changes, which take place in nature, proceed according to fixed laws which are as indestructible as matter itself, and which are co-existent with it.

And finally, we insist that those

who criticise science must distinguish between its *theories* and its *laws*. The scientist believes in a theory as a theory; but when new facts have proved it to be a verity, when long, careful, and patient investigation has tested the firmness of its foundation, it is at last raised to the dignity of a law. The methods of investigation are necessarily inductive; and when inductive science shall cease to have theories and hypotheses, the human mind must cease to expand. Many theories, it is true, have perished and must perish in the heat of investigation, but those which survive are being carved into forms of immortal

beauty by the patient chiseling of the ages, and must stand as everlasting monuments to the greatness of the human intellect, for this at least is certain, that truth alone is immortal.

We suppose, that the learned Doctor's mistakes are due to a want of investigation. In fact, it cannot be expected in this age of specialists, that a man of his profession shall be thoroughly informed in the sciences. But investigate who will, the same conclusion will be reached; that the facts of science are stubborn things, and its laws are more enduring than marble or brass.

W. H. MICHAEL.

TRUE TO BOTH, FALSE TO ONE,

"Nay, then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,

And from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting."

—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER I.

"My love, good-night. Oh, how can I leave you! And yet I must—hateful word. Why should I be forced to wander from all I love or hope for thus? why, why, why? pshaw! I could ask a thousand whys against the acts of fate, but 'twill not alter the case; so again and again good-night. Sweet one," he continued, drawing her closer to him, "sometimes think of me when"—

"Think of you!" she said. "With all my soul. You know I love you, Love—you and no one else; and I feel

so sad to-night. But are you bound to go? Stay only one more day, Love, it will not delay you much—just one little short day, and oh, I will be so happy!" Then stealing her snowy arms around his neck as he stood in the moonlight with hat in hand ready to take his departure, and nestling her head upon his manly bosom, she raised her pleading eyes to his, knowing that her request was useless, yet blindly hoping otherwise.

"My own precious darling, my life, you know it's harder for me than for you; for aside from leaving behind the treasure of my soul, I go to con-

tend with the world—the cold and unsympathetic world of strangers. How my heart will cling to this dear old place where the hours have ever passed with me as though I had been among elysian bowers. Every spot we have visited, every nook, rivulet, hill, and flowery vale will remain fresh on memory's page. But I must not linger, for every minute seems to bind me closer here, as fond recollections come crowding on. Why those tears? Oh, do not weep, for we shall meet again."

"I hope we shall," was all she dared to say as the blinding tears filled her beautiful eyes. One parting kiss, one tender last embrace, and he was gone.

Edgar was just nineteen, and a handsome youth withal, five feet, eight inches tall, with auburn hair, a silky blonde moustache, and eyes of that shade of blue which indicates a loving, impulsive temperament. Miami, a blushing little beauty of sixteen summers, of medium height, graceful as a swan, with luxuriant ringlets of chestnut brown slightly tinged with auburn, beautifully arched eye-brows, and long silken lashes shading a pair of large soulful eyes of greyish blue, which seemed to turn to beauty all she gazed upon. Such is a fair description, I think, of their most striking physical endowments. Of their social standing, parentage, etc., they were both the inheritors of the best, besides being rich. Taking this last fact into consideration, viz., their being rich, I think it something strange, in fact, almost a freak in nature, that they were lovers. I don't mean to say, or even to intimate, now,

that rich people can't love—oh, no; yet how often did you ever see two rich persons marry for love? I'll venture to say that you may search the wide world over, and not find a dozen couples who marry rich on both sides that can honestly say they love one another. Why will they marry then?—why not take some one poorer whom they can love? For position, I guess, or fame, or influence, or fear of derision, or, most likely (which is the slimmest reason of all) to augment their wealth. Oh, hated gold! what hellish pranks are played for thy accursed glitter! But hold here, what have I done? have I let the cat out of the wallet? Did I say that they married? If I did, I certainly made a wide mistake, for just remember they are not married this soon, nor is it any more likely that such ever will be the case with them, than has happened with a thousand other couples who have loved and lived to bury it. I simply said that they loved, and so they did if reports can be trusted. Every one who knew them said so, everybody who saw them *knew* so; the "old folks" surmised it, and they themselves swore it (to one another). So it must be so. Friends from an early age the tie had strengthened with years into an indissoluble bond of affection—a union of hearts which was so pure, so complete, so unselfish, that angels might look down upon and bless it. But all this does not give us warrant that they will ever be man and wife. Oh, no. I have known loving hearts to part and live in sorrow all their lives because of some slight insult, unintentional, from those

they really loved, simply because of pride. Then I have known of those who loving lived alone from force of circumstances, and then of those who, ere the time had come, were snatched away by death. There are those, too, whose love to all appearances seems tried and true, when the fact is, it has never been tried, and therefore cannot be said to be true.

Now perhaps these two may fall under one of these heads—but I'm not going to say any more about them now, only remarking, as I pass them by, that should they prove as true when next they meet, as when they parted, they are exceptions and not the rule, for little had they ever known of trouble, of separation, or the many trials which all who walk the earth must undergo. They had seen only the bright, the beautiful spots in life—the dark ones were in the distance. Nor was it fit that they should have been compelled to wrestle so young with adversity, for surely youth, if ever, is the time for joy to overflowing. Earth can boast of no happier hours than those of childhood, of youth, of love. Thus let them dream—'tis sweet, 'tis glorious, but soon 'twill be passed—alas! too soon at best. Sweet, loving, youthful couple, these hours of tideless joy and matchless love will at last have a test, for now apart your lives must drift awhile. Who can say what angry clouds may not hang above the virgin future?—who can say that all *will be* as heretofore, an angel's perfumed kiss? Surely none: for oft between a parting and a greeting kiss a world of sorrow lies, and often when

we think the heavens smile, 'tis but the beauty of the coming storm. Let us hope, though, that such will not be the case with them, but that the dream may ever be as bright as when first it dawned upon them. Then down the curtain goes, and what of hope, what of joy, what of danger and despair are crowded in the coming days we leave awhile unseen and unspoken.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and in the tearful eyes of Miame, as she sits in a superb travelling costume at her desk penning a few hurried lines, a somewhat mystic light of restless longing trembles now, and now a flash of anger and wounded pride blazes in those liquid depths, where love alone should have a place.

With this glance we pass her by and hurry on to the events of the next day, which was indeed one of beauty. Not a cloud shaded the blue of heaven. From the verandas the caged canaries joined in song with the choristers of the forest to hail the new-born day, while the budding flowers from their dew kissed petals breathed their sweetest incense, and all the world was literally panting beneath its luxuriant green. No one, however, was astir in the town of W. to appreciate the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the breezes, save a squad of three boys, who were standing on the hotel steps engaged in close conversation. "Boys," said Tom, "the very day for a fish—let's go to-night. What say you?"

"All right," replied Walter; "I'm in for it. What say you, Jack?"

"I've never been backed out," said Jack; "and if you are agreed, why let's proceed to business. Tom, you get the team; Walter, you make up the crowd, and I'll see to the dietetics."

"Agreed!" they responded; "but when shall we start?"

"This afternoon at 4 o'clock," said Jack, "if it suits the others; and now to the office."

At 4 o'clock the party which consisted of six had been made up, the horses were standing in front of the hotel, and all things were in readiness for a nice fishing frolic. For some reason, Tom had to step in the hotel a minute, and just as he reached the top step whom should he meet but Edgar? "Why, hello! my dear boy," he exclaimed, "where under the sun do you come from?"

"From Italy,—just from Italy the day before yesterday, and I've been asleep ever since my arrival." But I haven't forgotten you, old fellow, and I never was so glad to see any one in my life. Come let's have a good long chat."

"No, I can't now; but I tell you what we can do, what *you must* do. Come along with me and go fishing. There's a jolly crowd of your old chums whose minds are in that channel. Now don't refuse, because we have enough to tie you and make you go—so get ready."

"But," objected Edgar, "there's not room enough in the wagon for another one."

"I'll fix that," he replied; then turning he shouted to the others that they

could drive on, as he would go horseback in company with a friend. This was strange to them, but, notwithstanding, orders were complied with and soon they were off.

"Now," continued Tom, "you make the desirable changes in your dress, while I order the horses:" and away he went. In half an hour they were standing ready to receive their riders, Edgar had changed his "evening dress" for a hunting suit, and nothing was to be done but mount, which was soon done, and our friends were gayly following on the track of their companions.

Edgar could not help thinking how varied, how checkered and shifting life's mystic drama is. 'Tis scarcely a month, thought he, since I was wandering over bright, beautiful Italy—Italy, renowned in history, and celebrated in all the arts; Italy, the land where Virgil sang and where he sleeps; the land that boasted of a Rome in all her glory; the land on which every god did seem to smile, where sirensinging seas kissed by kind zephyrs ever break on laughing shores, and the sun unclouded lights the azure skies. Oh, Italy, Italy, did ever poet dream of a fairer spot, or fancy paint an Utopia more blissful! Where could the Muses find a more fitting clime in which to revel than here where the lone Tiber in sullen silence sweeps among the olive groves, where the Alban Hills in rugged beauty lift their hoary heads, and the Arno in headlong fury lashes itself among the jagged cliffs; or lovely vales stretch out in pensive beauty watered by an hundred laughing streams, and re-

freshed by whispering gales which bear upon their wings the breath of changeless spring? Why should this, the fairest land beneath the skies, not have remained also the greatest, and have ridden out, unhurt, the flight of years? Ah! I cannot tell, only that it is Fate's unchanging, changing decree that nought on earth that is *of* earth shall stand forever. To-day empires bud and bloom, destined, it would seem, to be perennial; to-morrow leaves no trace of them, save a warning memory. So it happened with Italy and her boasted Rome. Her palaces, her pomp, and her glory all, once sung by every sea and thundered by the storm, have nothing of their ancient greatness now to boast beyond the solemn beauty of decay.

Do not imagine now that while such moralizing was running through Edgar's head the conversation lagged in the least. They were busy every minute, and various indeed, as may be imagined, were the topics upon which they touched. There was the distant past which claimed their notice with its happy scenes and good old school-days. I'm sure they were not silent. So far from it I imagine they appeared like lunatics to the sturdyswains and honest dames whom they chanced to meet; for at one time a shout issued forth from an old lady who was trudging along with a basket of salad, "Lor, yonder goes some revenue mans, Jim—look out, dey'll shoot ye, if ye don't"—and off she went pulling for the log cabin. The feathered tribe, too, seemed on the alert and willing to surrender them their native bowers.

On nearing the place of their ren-

dezvous, the country was becoming exceedingly lovely in the quiet of the late afternoon as the lengthening shadows crept slowly down the hills among the timid violets. Involuntarily they let their bridle reins loose, allowing the horses to pursue, to their own fancy, the "even tenor of their way."

"By-the-way, Tom," said Edgar, "how is she getting on, and when did you see her?"

"What she?" asked Tom.

"Why, who else, but my sweet little Miami? Is she married? If not, what has become of her? I heard from her regularly while I was at West Point, but when I went to Italy, our correspondence ceased—at least her part of it. I continued, though, to write for some time after, but as I heard nothing from her, I also at length ceased my useless toil—pleasure, I mean. It seems strange, too, for I thought her true, and do now; yet I cannot help doubting a little. A less sanguine, and I might say, less presumptuous person than myself would long since have given up in despair.—"

"Tell me, Edgar," Tom broke in, "do you love that girl still? I thought a man like you after having seen the very cream of the world would have forgotten all about such a stuck-up little"—

"Hold!" interrupted Edgar; "not a word against her."

"I beg a thousand pardons; but really I did not think you would love that girl this long. But let me answer your questions. Yes, I saw her not more than a week ago at H. She is

not married, and is said to be the most fascinating young lady in the country."

"Where was it you saw her?" asked Edgar; "at H.? I'm for that place to-morrow bright and early."

"Now, don't be in such a hurry," began Tom. "I'm not certain she is there at this time. The bird may have flown. If you will be right quiet, though, I think we can find her. They say J. K.—I know you remember him, you were confidants, kind o', were you not?—ah, ha! Well, they say he is loving her (for which I can't much blame him), and has been ever since you left. I hear he is using every means in his power to win her. There is nothing wrong or undermining, I'm sure, for he is an honest man. Certainly I didn't *mean* even to hint otherwise. He has succeeded so far as to have the report spread of their marriage, and"—

"By the gods, I don't believe a word of it! He cannot be trying to marry *her—her*—even though honorably, for he knows all, and I trusted him almost as much as I did you. And for him even to try to gain her love without my knowledge, when I trusted him, would be villainy of the blackest dye. And then to think of her forgetting me this soon! I'll not—I'll not believe it, and the man that asserts it is a rascal! If"—

"Hold on!" exclaimed Tom; "don't put yourself in a rage. I don't know a word of it to be truth, and furthermore, I don't believe it myself. You know, though, women are fickle, all of them, and do things exceedingly crooked sometimes. There is no more

telling where the heart of a pretty girl who is courted and flattered by every one, is going to light than a feather tossed on the winds. And perhaps you have judged her constancy too much by your own. Romantic story-tellers would make us believe that a woman can love only once, and then her whole soul is enveloped in the undying flame; but it isn't so—no, not a word of it. A woman can love once, twice, thrice, a hundred times, and each time declare her affection undying and in one direction. And so it is—till she sees some one she likes better. Men are the same way. We can't blame one another. I think it a pretty nice arrangement, too. What! tell me of a person lavishing *all* his affection on *one*, and that till time has ceased! Why, my dear fellow, 'twould ruin—yes, absolutely kill—the receiver of such bounty. I'll not say that, either; but you know everybody loves more than one. For my part, I love one about as well as another, which they all know, and I deem myself extremely happy if I can but glean a smile, or perhaps a kiss now and then, from my little favorites. Miss Miame, though, may not be as most others, inconstant; and for your sake, I hope she is not."

"Great philosopher, thou!" Edgar could but exclaim; "but an awfully poor consoler when a man is in as much trouble as I am. Yet, with all your cool reasoning, I take sides with the lovers. Tell me of woman's fickleness, of her inconstancy! There's not a word of it true. If there is any real worth in the world, woman possesses

it; if any fidelity, 'tis hers almost exclusively; and for a woman—a woman such as Miame—I would stake my chances. As for your ball-room flirts, and simpering, fawning fashionables, they are not worth a red cent, I know; and as for gleaning, as you call it, a kiss from some cramped-up, spider-waisted, starch-faced surplus of humanity—why, I'd rather kiss the Pope's toe, or drink miasma from the Nile. But a woman, 'a perfect woman, nobly planned,'—and there are many such—is a work fresh from the Divine sculptor. Such I believe Miame to be—simple, unaffected, pure, loving, true."

"Glorious! Hurrah!—go it!" shouted Tom; "but we are here now, so I guess we had better take another time for your scintillations on woman's greatness. By-the-by, candidly I have something to disclose to you. I've been wondering whether it were best to tell you, and I have reached the conclusion that, in justice to yourself, you should know it."

"O, tell me now, please."

"I cannot," said Tom; "we are too near, and what I am going to say

must be heard by no one save yourself. 'The very walls have ears.' This much I will venture. Just stop your horse a minute. You have always thought yourself happy, I know, and so have I. You are rich, and without anything to trouble you—all the world greets you and thinks highly and honorably of you. But what I heard yesterday, if true (and I have it from good authority), though it *may* not effect your welfare, yet must be guarded and watched like smothered fire. *You have an enemy*—a deadly enemy, who, on the least provocation, will take your life. Where he may be I know not; but you take this pistol and be sure to keep it with you until you get back; then buy you two good ones, and watch every motion he makes. I do not say this to scare you, but you be mindful. And"—

"Who is the rascal? and what have I done to incur his hatred?"

"That I must defer for now. In the mean time, don't be alarmed until you hear all. I will tell you more to-night. Come on."

GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

(To be Continued.)

A SUMMER DAY.

I had been invited by Fred Williston to join a merry party in a picnic at Lover's Glen, a quiet, pleasant place near his home. Fred had written me that he would meet me at the depot and take me out to the picnic.

At sunrise on the appointed day I stood in the depot at Ivy Rock waiting for the early train. It soon came in, and when they had taken in wood and water, the conductor told the engineer to drive up. You see, it was a freight train with a passenger coach attached, and there was no rope connected with the bell which the conductor could pull to give the signal. I stepped on with the conductor, and train No. 42 moved out from the station.

It was pleasant enough this early summer morning. There were only two or three passengers, a couple of train hands and the conductor on board. The sun had just risen above the horizon and was sending, like fiery darts, his golden beams in showers upon the earth. Long slender bars of cloud floated like graceful fish in the floods of rich crimson light which illumined the eastern heavens. The trees and grass were laden with dew, which glistened and sparkled in the sunlight as we sped along through woods and fields. Now we plunge into a dark shady wood where hawks, crows, and birds of various kinds might be seen flitting about among the dense foliage; and squirrels were running up and down the trunks of

the trees, or sitting on limbs were cutting away at the acorns and burrs. There! one misses his footing, and down he goes into the mud. Good-by, we have not time to see you out.

We pass on the left a large cotton field, in which there are about a dozen negroes hoeing, or rather leaning on their hoes gazing at the train; while on the gate and fence are five or six negro children, from four to ten years of age, staring eagerly at us. Some have reached the top of the gate and are sitting bolt upright with their knotty hair in tags which are too thick and stubby to be tossed by the morning breezes; one has got two-thirds to the top and is peeping cunningly at us from under a plank over which he cannot see, while other little chaps have just got on the first rail. Having their backs to the sun the white in their eyes shows distinctly, while they display sets of pearly teeth as they wave their tattered caps in gleeful salutation to the train as we speed away.

Again as we are in the woods. Now we cross a deep ravine and look down upon the tall poplars waving their branches and throwing the white sides of their leaves up toward the sky, while gleamings of a tiny brook, far below, can be caught through the leafy boughs. We pass through a deep cut with its banks towering far above the cars, and come out into a large and fertile valley. I wish we had time to stop and look at it and enjoy

its beauties, with a large field of wheat ready for the reaper on this side, and on that a cotton field with the rows winding around the hills, traversed with ditches which could be traced with the eye far, far up the valley by their selvages of green, crowned with a rim of white flowers which had sprung up amid the grass on their banks. Far to the upper end of the valley could be seen men in white shirts and straw hats plowing corn which was so green that it looked almost black.

Perched away up on the hill-sides were negro huts here and there, some neat and new, others with humpback roofs and leaning chimneys with the blue smoke issuing from cracks far beneath the top and curling quietly up into the heavens. In the upper end of the valley there issued from the woods a stream of water which wended its way down through the green vegetation like a stream of molten silver, glistening in the sunlight, and lending cheer to the whole valley. We are speeding through other woods and other fields. The train slacks its speed, and as it stops the brakeman calls out "Flint Creek." I step off and am greeted by Fred, who has conveyance for us, and we soon start for Lover's Glen, where we arrive after a drive of an hour. Already a large crowd of people had assembled, and in groups and by two's were chatting merrily.

This is the very place for a picnic,—a wide spreading valley destitute of undergrowth, but shaded by large willow trees whose long slender branches yield gracefully to every

passing breeze, and underneath which an abundance of green grass furnished a most luxuriant carpet. Hills roll back in graceful undulations to the north and west, while toward the south and east are extensive plains with their crops of green intersected here and there by brooks which spring from the hills and run down through the plain like threads of silver. We join with the merry throng.

Care has been cast aside for one day—a thing too rarely done—and all seem determined to make it a day of festive joy. "Music swells forth in voluptuous strains," making the whole glen alive with its inspiriting power. "Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again, and all goes merry as a marriage bell." The pleasure continues unabated till dinner is announced. This over, the votaries of Terpsichore return to the enjoyment of music and the dance, while the elderly ladies, the fragments having been taken up, gather in small groups to dip their snuff and talk of by-gone days when they were young and gay, when they, too, joined in the giddy mazes of the dance. They talk of their gardens, chickens, and babies; of those who were young when they themselves were in their prime, and who have gone before them over the river. The men talk of grass, politics, and hard times. There are others still who seem to find no pleasure in any of these things, but who stroll or sit in pairs under the shade of the trees. He tells her that God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." She shyly yields to the gentle wooing;

and who can say how many hearts
were made glad on this day?

Thus the pleasure continues till
the sun leads his coursers down the
western skies and the shadows grow

long upon the plain. Then all leave
for their homes with many pleasant
recollections of the day and its enjoy-
ments.

C. G. WELLS.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S EXPERIENCE.

'Twas always one of my dislikes
An egotist to see,
But in this tale I am compelled
My own hero to be.

But, gentle reader, do not think
That what I shall explain
Has anything concerned with it
To make the writer vain.

Sometimes my lady friends, in jest,
Call me a bashful youth,
And, to be frank, I must confess,
They tell the honest truth.

But if they only knew my life,
How hard has been my fate,
They'd cease their every taunt at once,
And pity my estate.

Although my heart is callous now,
It was not always so;
'Twas once with ardent feeling warm,
And with true love aglow.

'Twas just eight years ago last May,—
I'll ne'er forget the hour,—
When I first saw my Lula's face,
And felt Love's magic power.

I was a plodding teacher then,
And struggled hard each day

To train the erring feet of youth
To walk in wisdom's way.

One evening when my task was done,
And I was homeward bound,
I paused beside a babbling brook
To hear its merry sound.

'Twas twilight then and all was still,
Except the zephyr's sigh,
Which mingled with the gurgling rill
In sweetest symphony.

Not far away a noisy spring
Forsook its rocky home
To wander through the verdant plain,
To break in ocean foam.

A sadness o'er my senses crept;
Just why, I cannot tell;
When suddenly I heard a noise—
A rock quite near me fell.

Aroused, I looked to see the cause,
And near the spring espied
A maiden fair, whose lovely charms
With ancient dryads vied.

She sat, like fairy queen enthroned,
With wreath upon her head,
And watched the rivulet that flowed
Along its pebbly bed.

I stood like statue, chained and dumb,
 Unable once to move,
 And fancied her a fairy nymph
 From some fair land of love.

Just then a fresh and vigorous breeze
 Swept o'er the leafy wood,
 And blew my fair one's summer hat
 To a place near where I stood.

I caught it up with feverish haste,
 The dainty binding tore,
 Then struggled up the rugged hill
 My treasure to restore.

She thanked me then and sweetly
 smiled,—
 Oh, heavens! what a face!
 'Twould well become the angel forms
 That dwell somewhere in space.

I introduced myself at once,
 And gladly heard her say,
 "Come, sir, and spend the night with
 us,
 Since now 'tis close of day."

I gladly walked beside her home,
 And met her father there,
 Who welcomed me with generous
 heart
 His bounteous store to share.

I spent the night beneath his roof,
 Then sped me to my school
 And opened it at half-past eight,
 For that was then my rule.

Quite soon I called again to see
 My fairy queen of May;
 She was the fairest of the fair,
 The gayest of the gay.

We wandered through the leafy wood,
 We plucked the sweetest flowers,

And made them into charming
 wreaths,
 Beneath the shady bowers.

Before we left the sacred spot
 I told her of my love,
 And vowed that I'd face even death
 Affection's power to prove.

She smiled and said that all was well—
 Ah, heavens! what a smile!
 'Twill haunt me while on earth I live,
 And all my grief beguile.

But 'tis enough: I'll say no more
 About that evening stroll.
 We were engaged; ah, that proclaims
 The joy that filled my soul.

I will not pause here to relate
 How that bright summer passed;
 But ah! its memories fill me now,
 And will while life shall last.

* * * * *

Still onward moved the wheels of time,
 The autumn leaves were sere;
 No flowers lent their fragrance then,
 The aching heart to cheer.

My country school was almost out,
 When I must homeward go;
 But ere I went, I greatly wished
 The father's mind to know.

But how to say, and when to say
 The words of import deep,
 Were thoughts that racked my soul
 all day,
 And robb'd my nights of sleep.

I studied forms and read large books,
 And wrote off pages long,

To find at last when I was done,
My speeches all were wrong.

It may seem light to some young men
A lady's hand to ask,
But I'll affirm, in all my life
I ne'er had such a task.

At last, one cool September eve,
I donned my very best,
And rode down to my fair one's home
My well-laid plans to test.

The good old squire I soon espied
Perched on a pile of hay,
Complaining that his hands and boys
Were idle every day.

I walked quite near to where he stood,
With madly beating heart,
And struggled hard my speech to say,
But knew not how to start.

At last I gathered all my wits
My trembling to arrest,
Twice cleared my throat, took off my
hat,
And thus the squire addressed:—

"Squire Brown, perhaps,—that is, you
know,—
Oh, pshaw! I mean to say
That I have loved your daughter, Lou,
Since that bright day in May."

A gathering storm,—but 'twas too late;
I rubb'd my eyes and said,
"And now, Squire Brown, I humbly
pray
That I may Lula wed."

The squire sprang from his seat of hay
And seized his walking-cane.

"Begone, you villain! Away at once!
Ne'er speak to me again.

The very thought!—a pedagogue
Aspire to claim the hand
Of one—the fairest, loveliest, best,
The wealthiest in the land!"

I bowed my head and walked away
With mingled rage and shame,
Determined, by the help of Jove,
The squire's strong will to tame.

Then bitter days of gloom and woe
Quite shattered all my hope,
Till last a happy thought occurred,—
Perhaps we could elope.

I wrote to her at once to learn
If she would sanction this,
And when the happy answer came
It filled my soul with bliss.

Our plans were all quite soon ar-
ranged;
We set a certain day
When in the common course of things
The squire would be away.

But, ah! the hateful fates conspired
Between our plans to come;
The good squire had a chill that night,
And thought he'd stay at home.

But when that night of vengeance
came
It found me at my post,
Ready to meet all kinds of foes
And stop their impious boast.

I sought a very quiet spot
Beneath an old oak tree,
Where I could every form discern
And passing objects see.

The katydids above me sang,
And, near, an old night-owl
Made shrieks that seemed to harmon-
ize

With alligators' growl.

A loneliness upon me crept;
Why did she wait so long?
At last I thought I'd try to sing
This sentimental song:

"Sleep on, dearest; sweetly sleep,
• Have no thought of dire alarm;
Angels' forms their vigil keeping
Save thee from the least of harm."

Then I thought how strange that
sounded

From me sitting there alone;
So I sang another stanza
In a deep and sombre tone:

"Come on, dearest; come at once,
Cheer this fondly beating heart;
See me sitting like a dunce—
Come, 'tis time for us to start."

Still no sound came from the mansion
Save the watch-dog's heavy breath;
The leaves around me ceased to rustle,
Everything was still as death.

I could not bear the silence longer,
And so I cleared my throat,

Which roused the old dog from his
slumbers;
He seized me by the coat.

I gave a most outrageous yell;
Into my carriage sprang
To see the good squire's lantern flash
And hear his musket's bang.

For several miles I rode in haste
Without a moment's stay,
And soon, ah, soon, the dashing cars
Were bearing me away.

* * * * *

The other day I read *The Star*,
A paper of that town,
And saw that Silas Overby
Had married Lula Brown.

I thought of that bright day in May,
Now just eight years ago,
And heaved a deep and meaning sigh
That told my bitter woe.

But then, I said, 'tis for the best,
Why weep for pleasure gone?
I'll still take heart, forget the past,
And bravely struggle on.

I'll sail along the stream of Time,
Forgetting all behind,
Hoping, trusting, longing, seeking,
Another girl to find.

C. B. J.

THE PAST GUARANTEES THE FUTURE.

I was thinking of the bright prospects of our country—the best under the sun, the hope of the world—and wondered if, holding so high a place among the nations of the earth, she could ever meet so sad a fate as did ancient Rome. I wondered if, in the course of a few fleeting years she might be destroyed by the hands of her own citizens. As I thought of the personal factors entering into her history, I said, “Surely this may never be.”

Look for a moment at the deeds and lives of our honored patriots and compare them with the deeds and lives of those of antiquity. When and where did men ever fight more heroically than at Lexington, Quebec and Bunker's Hill! From around that hill broke in upon them the “red storm and fire” of British cannon. It would have inspired even Leonidas and his gallant three hundred to see these brave-hearted veterans, after they had used all their ammunition, ascend the breast-works and making clubs of their guns do bloody work for their country. Again at Saratoga, as they charge upon the enemy at full speed, though driven back, they rush forward again and again with cheers and finally leap even upon the very guns. It is here that Benedict Arnold, springing into his saddle and riding down the line with lightning speed, waves his glittering steel in the sunlight and amid shouts of joy leads his gallant country-men to vic-

tory. And all that day, wherever the contest is hottest, there is the black horse with his rider rallying his men and carrying destruction to the enemy. As the sun is setting there come borne upon the zephyrs, to be echoed and re-echoed, the thrilling words, “Saratoga is won.” But how lamentable the treason that slept in the breast of this brave man! But even he may not improperly be regarded as the *foil* revealing those true patriots in whose pure hearts burned the fire of liberty and freedom; who had done what they could for their native land; who had suffered every hardship and endured every ill without a murmur; and revealing also those who could not be bought with the “almighty dollar.” Had it not been so, the dauntless three who captured Maj. Andre might have sold themselves and their country-men to the enemy. For none but honest patriots could have resisted at such a crisis the great inducements which the captive offered for his release. And it was this self-same spirit transmitted to posterity that enabled Henry Clay from the depth of his heart to say, “I'd rather be right than President.” Yes, it was this same spirit that induced Patrick Henry, while warning his country-men of the approaching danger as he held them spell-bound by his thrilling eloquence to proclaim in tones of thunder those liberty-awakening words, “Give me liberty or give me death.”

Read the account of La Fayette, who left his native land and came over to help us in the great and arduous struggle for liberty; and you will find that the "gallant French nobleman" espoused the cause of America when deep despondency prevailed and when the last ray of hope had well nigh faded. That spark which was blown upon his heart from the altar of freedom induced him to break the strong ties that bound him to home and friends, and join the struggling throng that had sworn to dare and die for freedom. And now not one stain soils his fair escutcheon. Read the report of Washington, of his patriotic course in coming to the front and taking the lead of the American forces in order that he might liberate his country from the British yoke which had been placed upon her neck and was crushing her to the earth; and you will learn that he interposed his strong hand and helped to rescue her from that dark abyss into which she would inevitably have plunged.

To such men we owe a debt of gratitude. They are worthy of the highest honors we can bestow. The glowing reputation they have acquired is not tarnished by the foul intrigues of treason. They have fanned the expiring flame of liberty in the hearts of their country-men until it has kindled into a bright and glowing blaze, and have shed such glory on the arms of their country that "the historic Muse, proud of the deeds and names of the patriot defenders, guarding and immortalizing her treasure, shall march down the course of time

imparting it to generations yet unborn."

Now, let us turn to events more recent. Never in the world's history have there been shown greater bravery, greater heroism, greater *patriotism*, and greater sacrifices than were exhibited during the late Civil War. Manassas needs only to be mentioned to excite the wonder and admiration of every true American. Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg can only be associated, in the mind of every true student of history, with heroism and military skill as wonderful as any of which there is record in the annals of the centuries. That little band of war-worn Confederate veterans crouching around the hills of Fredericksburg not only maintain their position against the opposing hordes, but put them to flight and gained a complete victory. Grand sight it must have been to see that stately form of Lee, the old Roman, as he leads his brave and fearless men on to victory on this and other hard-fought battle-fields. Again, behold these same men at Gettysburg, how, when cut down like wheat before the scythe, those that still survived rushed forward only to meet a similar fate to that which their comrades had met a few moments before. So around Richmond and Petersburg, at Spottsylvania, and on other fields blood as true as ever flowed in mortal veins was shed.

The lives of such men as Lee, Jackson, Stewart, and Johnson are too well known for me to attempt to add new lustre to their brilliant reputation by relating the daring exploits of

each. Suffice it to say that, by the deeds of such men as these, the grand bird of America that has been so long spreading his protecting wings over us, has plumed them for a loftier flight, that the sable banners of war have been furled, and peace spreads her golden wings over our once ruined but now, ever glorious country. Think of how they left their loved ones, the scenes of their happy childhood around which cling so many fond recollections, and all that was dear and most sacred to them, and you have but a faint conception of the high and noble patriotism that induced them to take up arms in defence of their country.

When the years that are now have made their revolution and passed away, the scenes of such times will loom up for the generations yet unborn and furnish them bright examples of patriotism. Go from the snow-

capped mountains to the orange groves of the Sunny South, visit hut, cottage, and palace, and there you will behold battle-scarred patriots. Although it is sometimes said that patriots are as hard to be found as ten righteous in olden times, yet let danger approach, and there will be thousands who will rise up and defend their country against an encroaching foe. Yes, from all her borders will they come to show that they are not dead to duty, but are ready, willing, and anxious to obey their country's behests and minister to her needs.

With this spirit of our ancestors still abiding in their sons, can our country ever go down in shame and dishonor? The instinct of every American, of every true patriot answers "No."

D. O. McCULLERS.

LAW AND THE LAWYER.

In judging of professions, too often we permit our opinions to be warped by the conduct of some of their representatives, and pronounce a decision that would be withdrawn, if the real merits of the professions themselves were the criterion of our judgment.

Especially noticeable is this concerning the law. We direct our thoughts to lawyers, instead of to the law, for a conclusion. And we are apt to think most of those who have disgraced themselves and the profession by

using it to defeat its own ends; by searing their consciences by pleading their conviction of the client's innocence, when guilt is looming up before their eyes like red-hot coals of fire; by availing themselves of opportunities to win fame by acts which, if known to the world, would brand them rascals; by setting themselves up as public hacks, to be driven for a price, whithersoever directed, to prejudice and poison our opinions, instead of upholding the truth and dignity of law.

This profession is usually too lightly esteemed and spoken of. On the contrary, it should receive our sympathies as being entirely at the good will of its ministers to accomplish or to thwart its noble end. The word itself suggests something ennobling. Upon it rest all organizations. By it society is protected and moral law aided. Indeed, however warped from its just design it may be in actual practice, its first and prime motive is to elevate mankind. When first instituted, it was enforced by the same officer as the moral law; and after its separation from it, the best men were its ministers. Its obligation was recognized by Christ himself. The motives of civil law are as high now as ever—high as when Moses administered it. It is, like moral law, “the offspring of the same father, the fruit of the same comprehensive mind, ordained for the same great end, and connected in elevating a fallen and delivering a captive world.” They give aid to each other, the one as the complement of the other, and in their combined operation, they prove the most effective remedy for the disorder and depravity of man. Civil law is subservient to moral, and is based upon it. Find where you may that Christianity reigns, that it lays hold upon and softens the hearts of men, and has crowned a country with the character of a truly Christian and pious people,—there, also, invariably will you find the purest example of law; there man’s rights, in the full meaning of the word, are vindicated, and all means for his elevation and prosperity are employed. Likewise, wherever law is

king; wherever crime is punished and wrong avenged; wherever the lawyer and magistrate are a terror to evil-doers and a praise to those that do good, there is the richest field for the Gospel to cast its lustre and influence over the hearts of fallen humanity, Thus we see that civil law is a twig from the original law of God. Having its origin from the same source, having in view the same great ends, it is intended to coöperate with the Gospel in elevating the world.

And especially favored should the lawyer feel in having such a means for doing good. In taking his oath he assumes one of the most responsible parts to be acted in the great warfare of life. As the minister of the holy law instructs and labors to develop the spiritual man, so the minister of the civil law should work to develop the civil man. The lawyer is endowed with power either for great good or evil. To the true lawyer society looks for progress and support; the wronged find in him opportunity for redress; the weak flee to him for shelter. While on the other hand, the law-breaker trembles at his sight and shuns his eye of justice; the oppressor frowns upon him for having snatched away his prey; the wicked hate him as a friend of civilization and morals. Nor is his office without temptations. When he has prepared himself for the conflict, well-armed and with a mind running over with ambition, on entering his office two roads present themselves, both pointing and leading to the same goal—to the object of his ambition. One is marked by rocks

and hills and mountains, by hard labor and justice not varying a hair's breadth. While the other, to the eyes of the world, would seem equally just, to his own trained judgment here and there appear departures from the right, injustice to the injured, a concealment for criminals—a road much shorter and smoother, but wrong to his conscience. By a slight departure from right he may make a heavy fee; by mustering his wits and taking advantage of the weak points in the law, which he has sworn to defend, encouraged by the examples of those who have won many laurels, he judges he also may gain fame. These are temptations that take a will and determination to withstand.

But to him who is guided by an

instructed conscience, what a field for usefulness opens up! He as a minister of law has it in his power to repress unjust contentions and to promote the peaceful settlement of disputes, and occupies a favorable position for quieting the excited passions and banishing the unjust prejudices of clients, for suppressing injurious suits and affording justice to each party. Through him justice must be meted out, and crime suppressed. What man has more influence in moral reforms than an honest upright lawyer? His great business is the promotion of the morality of society, and to maintain order and peace; and if guided by these high aims and a sensitive conscience, his influence for good will be unbounded.

TOM.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle. Our own nature demands from us this double allegiance.—AGASSIZ.

The term "Natural History" has itself had a history which stretches over a period of more than two hundred years. It occurs as early as 1651, when the Malmesbury philosopher published his famous work, *The Leviathan*. With great clearness he says:

"The register of knowledge of fact is called history. Whereof there be two sorts, one called natural history, which is the history of such facts or effects of nature as have no dependence on man's will; such as are the histories of metals, plants, animals, regions, and the like. The other is civil history, which is the history of the voluntary acts of men in commonwealths."

This division of all history of fact into the two great groups of civil and natural history seems to have been generally recognized; for about the same time what is now known as the Royal Society was in course of foundation, but under the name of a "Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge," which, says Prof. Huxley, to whom I am much indebted in this sketch, was nearly the same thing as a "Society for the Improvement of Natural History." But as human knowledge widened, the sciences of

Astronomy, Physics, and Chemistry developed into definite shape and were found to be susceptible of mathematical or experimental treatment, or of both; and so "a broad distinction was drawn between the experimental branches of what had previously been called natural history and the observational branches." These observational branches, believed at that time not to be susceptible of mathematical or experimental treatment, embraced such subjects as are now placed under the heads of Physical Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoölogy. To these the old name of "Natural History" was restricted by Buffon and Linnæus, who wrote about the middle of the last century. In the Preface of John Brickell's *Natural History of North Carolina*, published in Dublin in the year 1737, I find the following passages presenting the same use of the term:

"We here present the World with a Natural History of North Carolina, it being a compendious Collection of most things yet known in that part of the World. . . . But not to amuse the Reader any longer with Encomiums on Carolina, I refer them to my Description of that Country, and it's Inhabitants, which they will find in the following Natural History, in which I have been very exact, and for Methods sake, have ranged each Species of Animals, Vegetables, etc., under distinct and proper Heads."

It will be observed that this application of the term survives to the present day in some British and American institutions.

But since 1737 astonishing progress has been made in the study of nature. Nor were men long in discovering that, in many respects, Geology and Mineralogy were widely different from

Botany and Zoölogy, while these latter sciences, treating both of living beings, were closely analogous. The somewhat heterogeneous constituents of "Natural History" were therefore broken up into separate groups, Lamarck, in 1801, being the first to use the term "biology" (i. e. a discourse upon life and living things) to cover the two sciences treating of plants and of animals. This process of restriction has gone still further. Those phenomena of living matter which are distinctly mental have come to be commonly considered as apart from Biology proper and are placed under the head of Psychology; and such of these phenomena as are exhibited by men in society are placed under the separate head of Sociology. This is a convenient arrangement, and yet it should not obscure the fact that Psychology is inseparably linked with Physiology, and that, from many points of view, Sociology is but the Psychology of the race.

With regard to the residuum after the separation of the biological sciences, the tendency is to treat Physical Geography, Geology, and Mineralogy as independent branches of science. It would seem, therefore, that there is nothing left for Natural History. On the contrary, that term is still of frequent occurrence in scientific literature. It is sometimes limited to the description of the animal kingdom only. More frequently it is synonymous with Biology. Its commonest use, however, is in the sense of the scientific description of the earth and its animated inhabitants, there being no other term which recognizes the

essential relations existing among all the sciences of observation. It is in this sense that I speak of Natural History in the present paper.

Within the last fifty years the field of knowledge has grown as wide and the objects of study have multiplied so rapidly that the young student is in danger of being dismayed by the prospect before him. What with mathematics and philosophy, the ancient and modern languages, history, social economy, and the various branches of science, the usual educational period is full to overflowing. Some selection must be made, or the study will be superficial and of comparatively small profit. So that when Natural History is proposed, the student has the right to ask, "Why should I study that?" To this question I now address myself.

To man probably the most interesting of all subjects is man. And this deep and enduring interest in man has been at the bottom of all mankind's strivings after knowledge. If it was the knowledge of God that was sought, it derived its incentive and value from the relation believed to exist between man and God. If, as in these later days, the knowledge of nature is sought, it is sought because of the intimate relation believed to exist between man and nature. Bacon thought that man was a poor centre of his own actions. Certainly, from some points of view, man would prove a much poorer centre of the marvellous processes of nature, and his comfort and instruction would supply too limited an end for the existence and operation of its mysterious and

universal forces. And yet, without doubt, the entrance of the human personality upon the arena of nature gives a new meaning and importance to every natural force and process.

Let it be granted, then, that the poet was right when he declared the proper study of mankind to be man. It is quite certain that, as regards a correct estimate of man, he cannot be severed from his environment. However elevated above material things his aspirations and thought may be, he is still bound to the earth, subsists on her fruits, drinks of her fountains; he may not deny the close resemblance of his own physical organism to that of the humble creatures that draw his burdens or supply his bountiful board. I have read this ancient writing: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken."

Now, with a large part of this environment Natural History has to do. The natural history of the earth and of the tribes of animals and plants that successively peopled it during those long periods when it was growing into its present form and condition, supplies the subject-matter of Geology. Of this history it has been said that it would be a magnificent epic poem were there only any human interest in it. To my own mind, it is full of the human interest, and fills every condition of a great epic. There are giant unseen forces working in the nebulous, dim beginning. The scene is the "luminous inter-space" of worlds. The action proceeds in orderly se-

quence through varying and vast catastrophes to a grand climax, which is also "good." And the coming man—foreshadowed in his humbler forerunners with successively clearer suggestions—man himself is the hero.

Speaking roughly, the remainder of man's concrete physical environment is covered by the biological sciences, Zoölogy and Botany. The former presents the natural history of his animal associates from the microscopic speck of amorphous jelly called the amœba, through the whole series of varied and wonderful forms up to and including himself. In them all he sees the essential life processes of his own being performed under a thousand modifications of organ and structure. And that other department of living beings, the plant world, is only less closely connected with him, separated, as it is, in its lower forms from the animal by a line which is at best dim and uncertain. Here again he may recognize some of his own functions executed by a different tissue and on a different plan. In animal and plant alike there is that mysterious substance protoplasm, which has been called "the physical basis of life," so similar, if not identical, in all, binding all together.

The student will desire to know the Natural History sciences not merely because they will enable him to form a fuller and more exact estimate of himself, but also because they will enable him to preserve and to make the best use of himself in the life-struggle. He needs to know the hostile and the friendly conditions of all his activities. There is no estimating

the waste of energy, of capital and raw material, the waste of life, which has saddened the history of our race, and which might have been avoided, if men had known and obeyed the physical laws of the universe which, as Kingsley says, "whether we be conscious of them or not, are all around us like walls of iron and of adamant—say, rather, like some vast machine; ruthless though beneficent, among the wheels of which if we entangle ourselves in our rash ignorance, they will not stop to set us free, but crush us, as they have crushed whole nations and races ere now, to powder." Who of us cannot recall illnesses which a knowledge of some simple principle of Physiology or Hygiene might have prevented? And who has not seen examples of life-long feebleness with its thousand accompanying ailments brought on by some silly practice in early life? It must be remembered also, that life is in this way not only deteriorated in quality and efficiency, but also invariably cut short.

Important as this environment is, it is surprising how superficially it is known, if at all. In *A Naturalist's Wanderings in an Eastern Archipelago* Mr. Forbes tells us that every native of Java is a naturalist, has so good a binomial system of nomenclature that his names for the animals of his island are frequently adopted by European scientists. But the native of Java is in this regard clearly an exception among men. To those who have given themselves to the study of nature the average man's contented ignorance of his own con-

stitution, of the earth on which he moves, of the air he breathes, of the animals and plants that throng his path and challenge his attention, is a matter of constant wonder. Sir John Lubbock in a late address quoted from Professor Norman Lockyer the following story, which is pertinent here. Prof. Lockyer while travelling in the Rocky Mountains was astonished to meet a very aged French Abbé. The Abbé observed his surprise and explained: "Some months ago," said he, "I was very ill. My physicians gave me up, and in fact one morning I thought myself that I was already in the arms of the Bon Dieu, and I fancied the angels came and asked me, 'Well, l'Abbé, how did you like the beautiful world you have just left?' And then it occurred to me that I who had been preaching all my life about heaven had seen almost nothing of the world in which I was living. I determined therefore, if it pleased Providence to spare me, to see something of this world; and so I am here."

A consideration which appeals more strongly than any other to this wage-earning period may be mentioned here. While Agassiz was studying at Munich and drifting more and more from medicine, his chosen profession, into Natural History, his father, who seems to have been a worldly-wise and practical man, was solicitous about the young man's future income and did not conceal his skepticism as to what the pursuit of the natural sciences had to offer in this regard. The enthusiastic student writes back to his father, "I hope to prove to

you that with a brevet of Doctor as a guarantee Natural History may be a man's bread-winner as well as the delight of his life." There is a practical side to Natural History in its application to some of the industries in which men engage. Of course many of the facts of science were reached empirically before the particular science dealing with them had existence; but no one will question the superiority of the processes and results of science over those of empiricism.

Mining is obviously dependent upon the facts of Mineralogy and Geology. The same may be said of many departments of engineering. The rapidly growing "animal industries," the raising and the care of stock and of the various crops of the agriculturist are examples in which the biological sciences either directly or indirectly play the part of bread-winners. The wide stretches of practically undivided territory and the immense fields of single crops to be found in this country favor the yet more devastating multiplication of noxious insects; and no science renders the farmer more conspicuous service than Zoölogy does in acquainting him with his insect friends and foes. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the utility of Natural History is furnished by the results of the recent researches into the lowest forms of plant life in their connection with the various fermentations and with the contagious diseases. And I may add that, in my own opinion, we have seen as yet only the dawning of the full day of blessing to

come with the further prosecution of these investigations.

The intellectual and moral effects of the study of Natural History remain to be examined.

Consider first that this study does what is about equivalent to opening the eyes of one who was born blind. Oleander and palm, the Jordan valley and the Judean mountains, the blue sky and the human face divine—how these must have thrilled the seeing Bartimeus, and lifted his thought and widened his nature in multiplying the objects of its interest and pleasure. Not less surprising and blessed is the transformation which Natural History makes in the objects with which we are more or less familiar, and the revelation of ten thousand others even more beautiful and wonderful whose existence had not been suspected. The naturalist finds “wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedgerow, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore.” The new world discovered and added to our intellectual domains by the telescope is not one whit more thrilling than that brought to light by the microscope. Put on the glass slip a drop of water from the bottom of any stagnant pool, and verify this statement for yourself. There will be swimming about in that single drop the most exquisite plants, green, yellow, transparent, and animals more numerous and swift and apparently more happy than summer bathers on the sea beach.

“The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land
And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.”

And this leads me to speak of the effect of Natural History upon the imagination. The “hard, dry facts of science” are not unfrequently set down in sharp antithesis over against the poetical and the beautiful. A misconception more radical could not be cited. It is true that science now and then robs the poet of a bright simile, but it invariably substitutes a brighter and a truer one. “The fairy tales of science” is a phrase of Tennyson’s, who is perhaps more than any other poet imbued with the modern scientific spirit and conversant with the results of scientific investigation; but I have yet to see greater richness and subtler suggestiveness of metaphor than his poems reveal. One of the cardinal principles of Botany was first given to the world by the great German poet Goethe, in a scientific treatise for which a publisher was found with difficulty, because it was thought a poet could not know much about science. Charles Kingsley must be admitted into the circle of English poets, for even so severe a critic as Mr. Justin McCarthy admits that there is in him a great deal of the spirit of poetry. Kingsley habitually sought respite from his severe labors and calm for his tempestuous spirit in the study of Natural History on the Devonshire coast, by the chalk streams, or on the moors and fens of England—at once a scientist and a poet. Whoever doubts that “science is itself poetic” needs only to read Kingsley’s *Town Geology*, or Lewes’s *Studies in Animal Life*, or Miss Buckley’s *Life and Her Children*, or—but the list could be indefinitely extended.

The young are sometimes advised to read poetry and romance for the cultivation of the imagination. And that is good advice; but I think better advice would be to study Natural History. It is certainly free from the intellectual and moral dangers of romance. The food which it supplies to the youthful imagination is pure from any admixture of poison; and that cannot always be said of imaginative poetry.

Mr. James Sully tells us that the habit of observing natural objects is one of the most valuable rewards that any system of education can bestow. Accurate and rapid observation, one of the most useful of accomplishments, is also one of the rarest. It is seldom secured apart from a systematic culture of the perceptive powers which extends beyond the simple object-lessons of the nursery and school-room to those of the woods and fields, the streams and the sea-shore. The superiority of the observational sciences in the development of this fundamental faculty of the intellect is too manifest to detain us beyond its bare statement.

Closely connected with the perception of objects is the grouping of them into classes. Indeed, it may be doubted whether accurate perception is possible without classification. Certainly we can possess little command of our knowledge unless it is classified; and, further, the classification of knowledge already acquired is a prime condition of the acquisition of more. This is true not only of our ideas of objects, but also of the results of thought. Now, as to the important mental ad-

vantages of the study of Natural History from this point of view, I am content to quote Mr. John Stuart Mill, who out of his own experience as a field botanist writes in his *System of Logic* the following testimony: "Although the scientific arrangements of organic nature afford as yet the only complete example of the true principles of rational classification, these principles are applicable to all cases in which mankind are called upon to bring the various parts of any extensive subject into mental co-ordination. They are as much to the point when objects are to be classed for purposes of art or business, as for those of science. The proper arrangement, for example, of a code of laws, depends on the same scientific conditions as the classifications in Natural History; nor could there be a better preparatory discipline for that important function than the study of the principles of a natural arrangement, not only in the abstract, but in their actual application to the class of phenomena for which they were first elaborated, and which were still the best school for learning their use."

Natural History is an inexhaustible source of amusement. As such it combines two important qualities, namely, mental and moral improvement and cheapness. The former we have already thought upon. The latter is not inconsistent with the integrity and value of the amusement, for in it is found the best illustration of a saying of Hugh Miller's, "A very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one." Whether one lead "the nomadic, joyous life of a field natural-

ist" amid the tropical wealth of Borneo or the Amazon valleys, whether his sphere be the humbler one of some White of Selborne, or whether only in rare hours of leisure he turn into the fields for restful communings with nature, he will always find the good mother return smile for smile, answer for honest questioning, and start in him a thousand harmonies and suggestions which drown the din of human discord and strife and "draw him out of the narrow sphere of self-interest and self-pleasing into a pure and wholesome region of solemn joy and wonder." Emerson, who knew how to interpret these harmonies as few have known, and who made these nature suggestions the seed-thoughts of his fertile essays, says :

" Because I was content with these poor fields,
 Low open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
 And found a home in haunts which others
 scorned,
 The partial wood-gods overpaid my love
 And granted me the freedom of their state,
 And in their secret senate have prevailed
 With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life,
 Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
 And through my rock-like, solitary wont
 Shot million rays of thought and tenderness."

And the pleasure springing from these studies appeals alike to all classes of society and to all grades of intelligence. I know a certain student of Natural History who, in a certain locality where he sometimes "collects," is known as "that old bug man." And yet, when "that old bug man" opens his bottles and shows the simple swains this wonderful creature and that which had been basking unobserved under their very eyes for years, there is as much of delighted

surprise and interest and then of reverence in their countenances as might have been seen in his own when he first captured the little beauties.

Let us not overlook the fact that within the range of these Natural History sciences the severest intellectual battles of the centuries have been fought. This is so because they are ever suggesting and leading up to the deepest problems of existence. They touch oftener than the other sciences the basal questions of philosophy, and have already greatly modified them. And the prominent position which they now hold seems likely to grow more and more conspicuous. It hardly needs to be said, therefore, that the ability to watch the progress of these great questions in the current thought of the time, to say nothing of contributions to it, depends upon at least a general knowledge of Natural History. The time will soon come, if it is not now, when no man can be accounted liberally educated without it.

A few words may be added as to the method of the study of Natural History. "A wise seeking," said Bacon, "is the half of knowing." It is abundantly true here. The right method can not be missed very far if this one principle be kept in mind, namely, the student must come into direct contact with nature; he must study *nature*, not *about* nature. The vital mistake in what I may now call the old methods of teaching these subjects was that the student was set to learn the principles of the science out of a book with never so much as

a glance at a mineral, a fossil, or an animal in illustration of them, and he was thought proficient if he could pronounce all the names of the natural objects treated of in the text-book. In Botany the identification of some of the wild flowers of the vicinity was held the crown and guarantee of a knowledge of the science. As Emerson complains,

“ And all their Botany is in Latin names.”

I would prefer to know the struct-

ure, life-history, etc., of a few typical species of plants, than be able to name at sight all the flowers I might meet in a wide-spreading savanna. And so a thorough knowledge gained at first-hand of a few typical animals is far more valuable than yards of names. Let the text-book be used, but only as a guide and as subordinate to the direct study of nature itself.

W. L. POTEAT.

EDITORIAL.

NOT THE LEAST interesting object in our College Museum is a broken paper package with a strong twine string and heavy seals, addressed "Rev. C. F. Taylor, President, Wake Forest College, N. C. Value \$50,000. Registered Bonds. Charges \$50. Paid." It reached the express office here December 14, 1886. The letter of Mr. Bostwick, explaining his gift, is printed elsewhere in this issue. Apart from the immediate and direct effect upon the College of this magnificent increase of its endowment, which now amounts to \$164,000, there are several facts in connection with it that may be mentioned. It has added much to the reputation of the institution throughout the country, a fact which makes it likely that the area over which its influence will be felt will be much wider than it has been up to this time. This gift makes the further increase of the endowment easier, because men wish to put money in institutions that are already firmly established. "To him that hath shall be given." It will stimulate the cause of higher education, not only in North Carolina, but in many other States. It will arouse poorly endowed colleges to the necessity of ample endowment. And lastly, as already intimated, it is not all that Wake Forest needs, is not all that might be wisely invested here, is not all that it is going to have.

AMONG THE EVIDENCES of the widespread and deepening interest in the

subject of education may be mentioned the rapid growth of its literature. This literature deals with all its aspects. We have the history of education, the philosophy and psychology of education, the method of education, the art and the practice of education. It is said that there are fifty thousand different titles, for the most part educational, in the National Bureau of Education at Washington. A valuable *Bibliography of Pedagogical Literature*, by Dr. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University, has just been published by D. C. Heath & Co. The International Scientific Series of the Appletons has now its counterpart in their International Education Series, two volumes of which have already appeared. Ginn, of Boston, is also publishing an education series. A new encyclopedia of education is in preparation in England. There are in this country numerous journals of high grade devoted exclusively to education. And it is worthy of remark that *Science* now publishes with every fourth issue an educational supplement, the avowed object of which is "to emphasize and elucidate the truth that education is a science, and teaching a profession."

Four College Classes.

College students may be divided into four general classes. First, there are those who do nothing. We pass this class by in silence. Then, those

who work, who mean to be something and who show it by their actions, can be classed in three divisions.

Some men, devoting themselves entirely to their text-books and aiming at college honors, neglect their duties to their society and bend all of their energies to win the valedictory or to obtain a college medal. They too frequently leave college with minds well stored indeed with knowledge, but stored with useless knowledge. They have left undeveloped some of the faculties which are necessary to broad culture. On the other hand, there are boys who love to read, and who would rather prepare a speech on a question for debate than learn a Greek lesson or solve a problem in mathematics. These neglect their college duties while devoting the most of their time to work in their society. As a natural consequence they become more or less superficial, constant practice enables them to make a good speech and extensive reading fits them for good conversationalists, but when placed in a position in which they have to think for themselves they fail, because they lack the severe mental discipline which is only obtained through the study of the harder branches in a college course. The last class consists of those who, striking the golden mean between all society work and all college work, do their duty to the college and to their society. Faithfully performing the duties imposed by college and society they become symmetrically developed men; and to whatever pursuit of life they may devote themselves they will have much the

advantage over men who have devoted themselves to special lines of study at college.

Realizing that college is the place to lay the foundation upon which the superstructure of after life must be based, they endeavor to lay it broad and deep. College is not the place to fit oneself for a special profession. Special training is necessary to fitness for any pursuit of life, but broad culture is essential to the highest success as a specialist.

J. J. LANE.

E. P. Roe's Novels.

The critics are not always right. They are human and liable to err like the rest of us. It would be very difficult, however, to convince them of the fact, so well satisfied are they with their own opinions. Specially is this true in the case of *Roe's novels*. Ever since he has come at all into prominence as a novelist, they have been "going for him with gloves off," and now, finding that their judgment of his works are not respected by the reading public, they gnash their teeth in impotent rage. The critics must sometimes be criticised, and laymen can often come nearer the truth than they, and always when the eyes of the critics are so blinded by prejudice as in the present case.

The popularity of Mr. *Roe's novels* is phenomenal. Edition after edition of each has to be made in order to supply the demand. You can scarcely find a college library or a parlor centre-table without them. This last fact is significant. However popular the yellow-back dime novel may be among

wayward boys and fast girls, they are hardly ever found on the centre-table, but generally at the bottom of the trunk. They love darkness because their pages are impure. Mr. Roe's novels fear not the light, and in the light are they found. They are books which a father need not fear to put into the hands of his boy or his girl. Indeed, their tone is elevating. Ask a young lady if she has read any of Roe's novels, and her answer will be, "Yes; are n't they just splendid?" Nor will she, in nine cases out of ten, stop at this, but add "I always get up from reading them feeling as if I ought to be better." A novel which has such an effect as this, though it may not equal Scott's in literary merit, possesses a quality which will make it endure.

One would hardly be justified in calling E. P. Roe a literary genius. He does not possess the talent of a Scott by any means. He lacks that nameless charm which unmistakably marks the writings of genius. Instead of the ease and careless grace and spontaneity seen in the productions of the great novelists, are found the signs of labor. His works smell of the midnight oil. Yet withal they are not artistic. He has a power of his own. Let it be remembered that in literature, as in other things, there is a diversity of talents: some have one, others two, and still others five; but the talent of him who has but one is as susceptible of cultivation as the two or the five talents. These talents vary not only in number but in character. And Mr. Roe's novels will endure, if not by virtue of the

literary genius displayed in them, yet for qualities which go far to make up for the deficiency.

The popular objection to his works is that his characters are "overdrawn." Now, what is meant by "overdrawn" is not quite clear. It may mean that undue prominence is given to certain characteristics of the characters; or, it may mean that they are ideal, that is, such as we do not meet with in everyday life—most likely the latter. The objection is not well grounded. Take, for example, the case of Roger Atwood, a prominent character in *Without a Home*, the character most frequently mentioned as "overdrawn." They tell us that he is better than the young men of real life, and, sad to say, it must be admitted that the like of him is too rare; yet examples are not wanting.

Roger Atwood is a typical country boy, raised on the farm; steady, honest, and persevering. He goes to the city to seek his fortune. The temptations of city life are many and varied, but he withstands them all; and with push and determination, succeeds in graduating at the University of the City of New York, becoming a man of influence. To say that this is an ideal character is rather a slander upon humanity, but this is the way Roe "overdraws" his characters, making them a little better or a little worse than the ordinary run of mortals, as lacking the usual combination of good and evil. But withal they are so portrayed that you hate the evil and love the good. He throws no glamour over vice, but brings it out in all its hideousness, so as to create a loathing for it. With hypocrisy he is unspar-

ing, and the hypocrite in his novels always gets his just reward.

From these considerations arises their value as teachers of truth. It is an inspiration to read every one of them; and this is the characteristic talent—if talent you call it—of the man hinted at before. To him perhaps a high order of genius as a literary artist has not been vouchsafed; but, what is far better, it has been given unto him to influence by his writings many a soul for good. I would rather be an E. P. Roe than a "Ouida."

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

Civil Service Reform.

The friends of this measure promise fairly enough to secure a balance of good. But even to a casual thinker, Civil Service Reform has great shortcomings and innumerable drawbacks. Those who advocate this reform assert that the longer a man holds an office, the more qualified he is to fill said office and the more work can be got out of him. This assertion is not substantiated by experience; in the very nature of the case security of tenure in a monotonous position like a clerkship, generates a habitually low rate of speed in the execution of work. It is said that in the departments at Washington, where the clerks hold their positions through security of tenure, that they make a prodigiously small quantity of work earn their salaries. This is in entire accordance with our own observation of human nature.

Again, they assert that Civil Ser-

vice Reform will to a large extent extract the bad, corrupt spirit from partisan excitement during a political campaign. Now, it is obvious that money would be used in elections as freely, if not more freely than now. Corruption would be just as far reaching, certainly more fatal than ever. For it would undoubtedly cost more to be elected, since there would be fewer voluntary workers. Workers would be compensated in money not in offices, and a less generous and far more mercenary class would be brought to the front. They would work just as thoroughly, just as corruptly for money as for the uncertainties of a prospective office. England has a Civil Service not dependent on patronage and partisan services, yet corruption of every kind—fraud, bribery, in the general elections is used to a greater extent than in any other civilized country, and it costs more than ever to be elected to Parliament. It is said that in 1880, in the general elections, in some boroughs votes were sold at five dollars apiece and a candidate did exceedingly well if he secured his election after an outlay of six thousand dollars. In some cases it cost more than twenty-five thousand dollars. The *Fortnight Review*, for April, 1881, stated that one man had to expend sixty thousand dollars to secure his election. Mr. Gladstone and other eminent English statesmen testify to the fact that corruption, fraud, and bribery prevail to a fearful extent in England during elections and at other times. Yet this is the state of affairs

in a highly enlightened and civilized country with a Civil Service not dependent on patronage.

When the Democratic party comes into power, the government should be administered by Democratic officials throughout. For have not the people by allowing the Democrats to be victorious, indicated their desire for Democratic officeholders? Certainly, competent, efficient Republicans should not be replaced and superseded by incompetent, inefficient Democrats. Our government can be run on business principles and yet be run by Democrats throughout. There are Democrats throughout this broad land just as competent, just as qualified to discharge the duties incumbent upon officeholders, as the so-called efficient Republicans whom the Civil Service Reformers say should not be turned out, because of their competency.

Perhaps they are competent, but Democrats can be found just as competent, and when this party comes into

power such men, such Democrats should be found and the public offices filled by them.

The saying "a house divided against itself cannot stand" is just as true in politics as in anything else. And it is an utter impossibility for a president to enforce and promulgate the principles and doctrines of his party, when his subordinates hold views antagonistic to his own. What has here been said in regard to Civil Service Reform applies to Republicans as well as Democrats.

Certainly, when the Republicans come into power, the Democrats expect to be turned out. There are undoubtedly great evils in our government but Civil Service Reform as it is now agitated does not obviate them. The seat of the disease that is afflicting and undermining our politics and changing the whole complexion of our political life, is far down in human nature, and its remedy has not been discovered.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, J. J. LANE.

PASTEUR'S SUCCESS.—In a recent issue of THE STUDENT we spoke of Pasteur's experiments and some of their results. He has since submitted to the Paris Academy of Sciences a report on the results of his treatment of hydrophobia by inoculation.

Applying the method of treatment

to human beings which his numerous experiments upon dogs and other animals indicated to him, he has been gratified to see the most satisfactory results. It would be too tedious to attempt a minute description of his method of treatment, or to enumerate the number of cases treated by this

eminent scientist, but the following statement may serve to give some idea of Pasteur's success: During the year preceding Nov. '85, twenty-one patients died in the Paris hospitals of hydrophobia. Since that date only three have succumbed, two of these, however, received no treatment and the third was only imperfectly treated. But France is not the only country benefited by the labors of Pasteur. The fact that he continues to receive patients from all parts of Europe, besides having received some from the United States, South America, and British India, is a proof of his success. France may be justly proud of her great scientists, and Pasteur has every reason to congratulate himself that his country knows how to foster scientific enterprise and to reward the toiling scientist.

TARIFF REFORM IN CONGRESS.—

On Saturday, Dec. 18th, the crowds which jostled each other and trudged through the slush toward the capitol gave evidence of the interest felt by the people in the tariff question. After the usual skirmishing, Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, moved that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider revenue bills. The yeas and nays were immediately taken. Which resulted in 154 nays to 149 yeas. The result of the vote was not entirely unexpected; but the opponents of revenue reform were much surprised at the closeness of the vote. Some who would have voted with the minority were absent. If they had been present the fact would have been revealed that the House

only lacks two votes of supporting Morrison in his efforts at revenue reform. It seems that something will soon be done to reduce the income to the government from indirect taxation; for the treasury bids fair to be burdened with one hundred millions of surplus money by the end of another year. The opponents of Mr. Morrison's measures say that they are willing to submit to a reduction of duties; but claim the privilege of modifying the revenue laws to suit themselves. When we remember the general results of the last election and take into consideration the fact of the surplus in the treasury, we may expect to see some change in our revenue laws at no distant date.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The customary message from the President of the United States to Congress was communicated to that body at the opening of the present session. It is quite long and gives a comprehensive view of the affairs of national interest. A large portion of the message is devoted to the statement of the nation's relations with other powers. The Chinese agitations are referred to and the President's views upon the fishery question are submitted. Cutting's case is noticed, and the President plainly says that the United States cannot allow Mexico to enforce her peculiar claims of jurisdiction over citizens of the United States who have committed offences against citizens of Mexico on other than Mexican soil. After concluding his review of the relations of the country with other nations, the President

directs the attention of Congress to the internal affairs of the nation. A reform of existing revenue laws is forcibly urged. Especially is a speedy reduction of duties upon articles of necessity urged, by pointing out the facts, that there is a surplus in the treasury and that the labor troubles of the present are largely due to the unequal operation of the revenue laws with respect to Labor and Capital. Congress is also urged to stop the coinage of silver. After discussing many other items of interest, among which Civil Service Reform is mentioned, the President still declaring himself its warm supporter, the message is closed with a statement of affairs in the District of Columbia.

GROWLS FROM EUROPE.—The so-called first-rate powers of Europe are still growling at each other. Were it not for the awful solemnity of the situation one would be inclined to compare them to a parcel of children on a nursery floor quarelling over the possession of a coveted toy. Austria is increasing her army and giving to her soldiers the best improved imple-

ments of war. Russia, too, is rapidly increasing her fighting forces. While Hungary is willing to cede Gallicia to form a new Polish kingdom, in order to excite an insurrection of the Poles. In France, the quick pulse of the excitable Frenchman is beating high in expectation of the call to arms, and ever and anon an angry growl comes from Germany, though in France it is thought that Germany is threatening war in order to get the army bill passed.

The phlegmatic Englishman has been aroused by the resignation of Randolph Churchill, and England is occupied with affairs at home while watching the other powers.

What the outcome of this confused state of affairs will be it is hard to predict. While almost all of the powers of Europe are making preparations for war, they all show a desire to avoid it; and while it is thought in some places that the spring will witness the opening of the conflict, yet it is probable that a combination of two or more strong nations will overawe the others and bring about a peaceful adjustment of all difficulties.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, F. H. MANNING.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY calls "Fancy Work," upon which so much stress is laid in some schools for girls, "that standing cloak for dreamy idleness (not to mention the injury which it does to poor starving needlewomen)."

—THE child's play is work, study, acquisition of knowledge, and occupation of mind suited to the measure of his faculties.—*Schultze*.

—CHOWAN BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE is contemplating the enlargement of its buildings. There are not quite so many students as last year.

—THE buildings of Oxford Female Seminary were enlarged last summer to the amount of \$4,000.

—THE High School of Rev. S. H. Thompson at High Point is in fine condition and well attended.

—THERE is to be established at Oxford, N. C., a new Episcopal school, to be called Granville Institute.

—AT the last session of the N. C. Methodist Conference resolutions were passed looking to the endowment of Trinity College. The Trustees of this institution have recently elected Rev. S. B. Jones, D. D., of South Carolina, President of the college. It is thought that the Board will elect Gov. Jarvis as its agent for securing an endowment fund, if he can be induced to accept the position.

—WE are glad that Dr. L. McKinnon will not be compelled to resign the presidency of Davidson College on account of ill health.

—THE House branch of the General Assembly, by an almost unanimous vote, passed a resolution memorializing our members in Congress to give their support to the Blair Educational bill.

—THE Judson College authorities have recently taken possession of two new buildings that were purchased by the Board of Directors last summer. This addition will greatly increase their conveniences for accommodation. The vacancies in the faculty of this institution, caused by the retirement of Misses Darden and Hines, have been supplied by the election of Miss Millard, of the Goldsboro Graded School, and Miss Earle, of South Carolina, a recent graduate of Hollins Institute.

—THERE are now present at Harvard College 1,688 students in all, of whom 271 are in the Medical School and 180 in the School of Law. This college will receive \$400,000 from the will of the late John Q. A. Williams, of Boston, which fund is to be used as an aid to needy and meritorious students, also for the library of the college.

—A SCHOOL for colored Baptists is to be established at Sheldon College, West Virginia.

—THE present session of our Legislature will be memorialized for the establishment of a "North Carolina Normal College." A committee was appointed for this work at the Teachers' Assembly last summer, and *The Teacher* thinks there are prospects for a favorable consideration of the matter by our law-makers.

—REV. C. H. MARTIN has been chosen Principal of the Yadkin Mine-

ral Springs Academy, at Palmerville, Stanly county. Mr. Martin succeeds Mr. Joseph D. Boushall, who retired from this position to accept the Chief clerkship in the State Auditor's Department at Raleigh.

—MR. O. F. THOMPSON has increased the teaching force of his school at Forest City by the appointment of Miss Belle Wingate, of this place, as his assistant, who has recently taken charge of her department.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—IT is announced that Professor Max Muller, will deliver a series of lectures at Oxford University on the "Vedas."

—THE Stuttgart House has published the fifteenth edition of a German translation of the biography of Goethe, by George Henry Lewes.

—THE widow of our gallant Indian fighter, the late Gen. Custer, has finished her new book about life on the plains.

—THE most interesting features of the January number of the *Century* are the portraits and past biography of Abraham Lincoln and a portrait with an article on the life and works of our great American historian George Bancroft.

—A VERY timely and interesting article appears in the January *Harper's* on the Navies of Europe, by Sir Edward Reed. Charles Dudley Warner also commences his series of articles on the South in this number. His first article is confined exclusively to New Orleans.

—PROFESSOR J. N. Madvig, undoubtedly the greatest Latin scholar of this age, has just died. The most universally known of all his works, is perhaps his Latin Grammar. In 1882 he brought out his work on the Roman Constitution and on the government of the Roman State, which work has been held in high estimation by scholars.

—THE leading place in the February number of the *Scribner's Magazine* will be occupied by "Likenesses of the Cæsars" by J. C. Ropes. Among others there will be an interesting article on our naval policy by Lieut. J. R. Soley.

—MR. BRET HARTE has again tasked his imaginative powers for the amusement of our young people. His latest is a charming story called the *Queen of the Pirate Isle*.

—HELEN AINSLEY SMITH has published a series of well written biographical sketches called *One Hundred Americans*.

HON. DAVID A. WELLS has contributed to the interest clustering around Mexico and the central American States by writing a *Study of Mexico*.

—THE Duke of Argyll's new book, *Scotland as it Is, and as it Was*, discusses the social and political growth of the country.

—A BIOGRAPHY of Lord Westbury, the late Lord Chancellor of England, will soon be out.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, which by the way claims the honor of having originated the serial publication of novels, will soon be enlarged. It will in the future contain 144 double column pages.

—THE early history of the Bank of England will soon be written by Prof. Thorold Rogers.

—*In the Clouds*, by Chas. Egbert Craddock, is out in book form. It is remarkable for the fulness with which it unfolds a real drama of life in the mountains of Tennessee.

—BENSON J. LOSSING in the *Two Spies: Nathan Hale and John Andre*, tells the story of the career of those two men whose adventures are in some respects the most dramatic of the Revolution. These men by their unprecedented exploits and extremely tragic death, rendered themselves the subject of a wide and continued interest that will last with the ages.

—MR. SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN has written *Mexico of To-day*. This book is pronounced a masterpiece of its kind. Vividly is Mexico portrayed as she is to-day, her country, climate, customs, and her political horizon. It is written from the American standpoint and records all that a man familiar with progressive civilization would notice.

—THE author of the famous *Uncle Remus*, Joel Chandler Harris, was born in Georgia in 1848. At present, he resides in the suburbs of Atlanta, Ga., and is permanently connected with the *Atlanta Constitution*, for which paper he is editorial writer.

—IT is announced that Mr. Humphrey Ward will edit a book commemorative of the semi-centennial of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. It will be called *The Reign of Queen Victoria*.

—D. APPLETON & CO., have recently published *Reminiscences and Opinions*, by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle formerly Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The *Athenæum* states that this book fulfils in every respect the ideal of an agreeable chatty book of anecdotal recollections.

—THE late Turkish Admiral Hobart Pasha has written a book, *Sketches of my Life*. It relates numerous adventures, contains descriptions of slave-holding on the coast of Africa, of blockade running during the Civil War, and experiences in the Turkish Navy during the Russo-Turkish war.

—PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S *Life of Shelley* in which he assigns him a high place as a poet, and in which he explains the various points in Shelby's character, which the world has hitherto condemned, is exciting very great interest in England, it is said.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, has published, *Democracy and Other Addresses*. In this volume, Mr. Lowell certainly sustains the reputation that his brilliant scholarship and deep culture have secured for him. It is said that no English scholar could have equaled the address delivered by Mr. Lowell at the unveiling of the monument to Fielding.

—REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, one of the most prominent preachers of the day, has again appeared before the public in a book entitled *Applied Christianity*. In this work he discusses such questions as "Christianity and Wealth," "The Strength and Weaknesses of Socialism," "Wage-workers," and the "Churches." This

book is one the need of which has been long felt and our social questions can only be properly appreciated when light and sympathy are shed upon them, as is done in this work.

—*The Atlantic Monthly* for '87 will contain in addition to its short stories, sketches, essays, poetry, and criticism, two serial stories by noted authors. James Russell Lowell will also contribute to it.

—VICTOR HUGO'S *William Shakespeare* has been translated by Melville Anderson. The great French novelist and poet wrote few books of more interest to English readers than this. It contains a profound dissertation upon the art and genius of Shakespeare, and at the same time one can detect in it Victor Hugo's own high conceptions of art and life.

—A NEW departure is made in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November. It is made in view of the fact that the average American is in a hurry and has come to dislike his magazine fiction in small doses separated by a month's time. So instead of the usual serial we have a complete novel, or novelette, we should say. It is by John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*, and is called *Brueton's Bayou*. There is to be a similar short story in each successive number.

SCIENCE NOTES.

*By Alumni Editor.*THE STOVE *vs.* THE FIRE-PLACE.—

Frances Power Cobbe has an essay in which she seeks to show that we have in these last days returned to the ancient worship of Hygeia, the goddess of health, and she protests that the preservation of health is not the chief end of man. There is truth in her view; there is truth likewise and safety as well in the emphasizing of hygiene. Dr. Coan tells us that in China physicians receive stated payments from their clients so long as these remain in good health; but as soon as they fall sick the payments are stopped until a cure has been effected. With us, however, the plan is the opposite of this: we pay nothing for prevention, but all for cure. Clearly the old proverb is true,—an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

The method of heating the apartments in which we live in winter is believed to have an important bearing on health. It is stated that pneumonia has increased in New York three times as rapidly as the population within the last fifty years, and bronchitis five times as rapidly,—facts which are attributed to the substitution of the closed stove, hot air, steam, etc., for the open fire-place. Not only are specific diseases invited by the more recent methods of heating, but a gradual deterioration and lowering

of tone in the body accompany them. The open fire is more costly and requires more attention than the other means of heating, and that explains why it is going out of vogue in cities and towns. But observe its advantages. When a room is heated by a fire-place the air is the coldest thing in it, because the heat rays from the fire pass through the air without much affecting it directly; it is heated by contact with the walls, furniture, etc., which have been heated by direct radiation. Persons in the room are heated, as the furniture, by direct radiation; and the amount of heat received may be regulated by the distance from the fire. On the other hand, if the room is heated by a close stove or hot air pipes, the walls, furniture, and the persons in it are heated by the air, which is hotter than anything else in the room. It is easy to understand that, in the first case, the air being comparatively cool, is normal, fresh, and invigorating; in the latter, it is depressing. When one has been breathing the cool air there is not so violent a contrast when one goes into freezing air without. Whereas, when one goes from a stove-heated apartment into such an outside atmosphere, the shock to the lungs is as great as if one were transported in an instant from Florida to Greenland; for it must be remembered that, while

the exterior of the body is prepared for the transition by extra covering, the lungs themselves undergo it without preparation or protection. Hence the increase of lung diseases. Note further that the inward draught through every crack and crevice to the open fire secures the best ventilation. Besides, if properly placed, it warms the floor as well as the walls, so equalizing the temperature of the feet and the head, which is impossible in a stove or system of pipes. The cheerfulness of the open flame is a feature deserving mention here, for it is of no little hygienic importance.

Putting all these considerations together, we conclude that the most

wholesome and comfortable means of heating our apartments is the old-fashioned open fire-place. It is, however, obviously unfitted for heating large halls; but even there it ought to be supplemented, not supplanted, by piping. The plan of supplying heat not merely to large buildings, but to whole towns from a central station through distributing steam pipes, has, it must be admitted, the advantage of cheapness and convenience; but the occupants of the individual rooms thus supplied would be more healthy and comfortable, if they sat before an open grate or fire-place.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

—Look out for beavers!

—A happy New Year to you.

—The endowment of Wake Forest College now amounts to \$164,000.

—Nothing would please us more in the way of a New Year's gift than several hundred subscriptions to THE STUDENT from Alumni and friends of the College.

—Posters are up announcing a lecture at an early day by H. H. Williams, of Yale College. He is a brother of Mr. Herbert Williams, whom many of us remember.

—If you think it's an easy thing to get up a local department when noth-

ing of interest is happening, why, you just try it, won't you?

—In the February number of THE STUDENT, Dr. Duggan will have an article on The Study of Chemistry.

—Rev. J. N. Boothe preached in the Goldsboro Baptist church, Sunday, December 19th.

—Dr. Duggan has recently made out an order of about \$1,500 for chemical apparatus, which will be filled in Germany.

—A large number of the boys spent the Christmas holidays with friends and loved ones at home. Those of us who remained on the Hill spent

the time quite pleasantly. Friday night was Senior Speaking, with the attendant social gathering in the Society halls. Saturday night there was a most enjoyable sociable at the residence of Dr. Vann, and on Monday night another at the residence of Mr. Reid. Tuesday night the Faculty kindly allowed us the use of the chapel and two recitation rooms for a social gathering. The days were spent in masquerades (of which more anon) and rabbit-hunting.

—One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the history of the College occurred on December 14, when Dr. Taylor received a little package by express, accompanied by the following letter:

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1886.

REV. C. E. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT.

Wake Forest College, N. C. :

MY DEAR SIR: I take much pleasure in sending you by Express fifty first-mortgage bonds (\$1,000 each), of the New York, Rutland, and Montreal Railroad numbered from 289 to 338 inclusive (\$50,000). They are coupon bonds, bear 6 per cent. interest, and run for thirty years. I have registered them in your corporate name with the American Loan and Trust Company, of New York which is the trustee for the property. The income shall only be used in the payment of salaries or current expenses, and not for building or fixtures.

If you desire, you may call it the Bostwick Endowment Fund. I trust this may encourage you good people in your work, and be blessed in helping to accomplish grand results in the future.

Yours very truly,

J. A. BOSTWICK.

The letter speaks for itself and with sufficient force. What we might add would be superfluous; so, as the representative of the boys, we say, "Thank you, sir!"

—Dr. McDonald created a favora-

ble impression while here. He is an eloquent preacher. The man who doesn't sometimes find himself weeping under the sound of his tender, pathetic words, must have the fountain of his tears dried up. The effect of the meeting is not to be measured by the number of conversions: Christians were awakened to a renewed sense of obligation. Yet there were a goodly number (twelve) converted, among them some of the brightest minds among the students. On Sunday night, December 19, after an impressive sermon by Dr. Hufham (who also preached in the morning) on the nature of baptism, Prof. W. B. Royall baptized fourteen persons. Dr. McDonald left on the morning of the 16th, not, however, without having given us, during the period of the first recitation, an impressive and valuable lecture on college life.

—Who'd have thought it? At the last Senior Speaking one of the gravest and most dignified seniors of them all, who was never before known to say a funny thing, gave us an original and witty dissertation on fishing; and now, if reports be true, this same senior has procured a fiddle, upon which he discourses sweet music to while away his leisure moments.

—The real aim and purpose of the Baptists of North Carolina is to make their institution the most popular and thorough in the South, and they are making grand strides in that direction.—*Baptist Courier, of S. C.*

—For the first quarter of the spring term President Taylor will continue the work of securing funds for the chemical laboratory.

—Rev. Dr. T. E. Skinner and family, of Raleigh, have joined the Wake Forest church.

—The final term examinations began Thursday Jan. 6th, and closed Jan. 14th.

—There is a very general and hearty congratulation of Wake Forest upon the Bostwick Endowment Fund.

—We were pleased to see on the Hill Sunday, Jan. 9th, Senator S. E. Williams, of Davidson, and Senator C. C. Clark, of Craven. Both spent two years each as students at Wake Forest.

The Maskers.

DECEMBER 25, 1886.

The maskers, the maskers, the merry, merry maskers,

See, hither and thither they run;
While one crowd is hooting the others are tooting,
All eagerly bent upon fun.

Their noses are red as a scorpion's head,
And long like the elephant's snout,
Their chins have departed, their eye-balls have started
To see what the fuss is about.

Their cheeks are behued like the second-class dude,
Who powders his beauty to prove;
Their trousers are ragged and their coat-tails are jagged,
And their beavers are open above.

They found Doctor T. in deep reverie,
And gave him a rousing salute,
And then they just chased him and caught and embraced him,
And almost kissed him to boot.

The Doctor, annoyed, was not overjoyed
At all their expressions of love;
And so in advance, he seized the first chance
His *physical system* to move.

Professor M., too, they carried quite through
A most unmerciful tease
That made his complexion go through an inflection,
As though he were ill at his ease.

Thus moving along, with jesting and song,
They went through the whole of the town,
And many a smile was perched for awhile
Where formerly lingered a frown.

O long live the maskers! the merry, merry maskers!
And when 'tis Christmas again,
We hope they'll appear, the whole town to cheer,
And drive away dullness and pain.

BETHUNE.

STUDENT'S AID ASSOCIATION.—
The Secretary, Rev. J. L. White, of Raleigh, kindly furnishes the following report:

During the last Baptist State Convention which convened at Wilmington, the Student's Aid Association elected a Board of Trustees, and committed "all the rights, privileges, and funds of the Association to them, with authority to apply to the Legislature for a new charter."

The following thirteen brethren were appointed Trustees by the Association: W. C. Powell, C. E. Taylor, L. R. Mills, C. Durham, W. H. Pace, J. M. Heck, N. B. Broughton, J. S. Purefoy, C. S. Farriss, R. T. Vann, P. W. Johnson, W. G. Simmons, J. L. White.

Before the final adjournment of the Convention, this Board met and organized by electing C. E. Taylor, D. D., President; J. L. White, Secretary; W. C. Powell, Treasurer, and C. S. Farriss, Agent.

By a unanimous vote brethren J. W. Denmark and W. L. Poteat were added to the Board of Trustees.

On motion of C. Durham brethren W. G. Simmons, L. R. Mills, and C. S. Farriss were appointed a committee on charter.

The Board then adjourned to meet at Wake Forest College Dec. 14th, 1886.

In pursuance to this order a majority of the Trustees met. In the absence of President Taylor, Prof. L. R. Mills was called to the chair.

Prof. W. G. Simmons read the form of charter recommended by the committee, which was taken up by sections and adopted, the number of Trustees being changed from nine as suggested in charter to twenty-one. Thereupon the following were elected Trustees: C. T. Bailey, D. D., J. B. Powers, M. D., W. R. Gwaltney, T. H. Pritchard, D. D., F. P. Hobgood, H. C. Dockery, and C. B. Edwards.

We were sorry to have to consider the resignation of Bro. N. B. Broughton, but he urged its acceptance and pledged his hearty support and co-operation.

On motion of Prof. Simmons it was agreed that nine members constitute a quorum.

Brethren W. H. Pace, J. W. Denmark, W. G. Simmons, and C. T. Bailey were appointed a committee to apply to the Legislature to put its seal upon the new charter.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—We are obliged to Mr. Howard A. Foushee for the subjoined report of an interesting occasion :

The morning of the 24th broke bright and clear; but by sunset the sky was overcast by dark threatening

clouds, and when the last bell tolled a hard shower of rain was falling. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, a right large audience assembled in the college chapel to witness the second appearance of the Senior class of 1887 before the public.

In the absence of Dr. Taylor, Prof. Royall introduced as the first speaker of the evening, Mr. E. F. Tatum, of Farmington, N. C., who answered the question, "Which has the advantage?" At a casual glance one would doubtless say that the affairs of this world are conducted equally by our men and women. But the testimony of the "fair sex" themselves has convinced him that men have greatly the advantage. Men wear clothing more substantial and comfortable, live longer and seem to be happier. Boys have greater educational advantages and are under less restraints. In the history of the world, men occupy more conspicuous places, and nearly all inventions and discoveries belong to them. Since God has given men so many advantages it behooves them to prove themselves worthy of the gift. They should develop their physical powers, avoid dissipation of every kind, and above all, cultivate their mental faculties. While all may not attain to the highest excellence, yet let every one do his best. This gentleman is a calm, deliberate speaker and was at times quite witty.

Mr. E. J. Justice, of Rutherfordton, N. C., the next speaker on the programme, was absent. He had chosen as his theme, "The North Pole."

Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson co., N. C., after entering a humorous pro-

test against the former speech, proceeded to consider his own subject, "Henry Berry Lowry." In easy flowing language he told the story of the life of this notorious outlaw; how from being a quiet peaceful Indian dwelling amid the swamps of Robeson county, he was suddenly changed to a desperate bandit, swearing eternal vengeance on the whites; of his many daring adventures and bloody deeds; how he so often escaped capture, and at last was supposed to have gone West, and identified himself with the Modoc Indians as the celebrated chieftain, Jack. His speech finished, this gentleman apologized for the bashfulness of the present Senior class in such witty lines that at several places he brought down the house.

Mr. H. E. Copple, of Davidson county, N. C., was next introduced. Subject: "The Morning Light."

In olden times a man could spend an hundred years preparing for one rain, or even take a nap of twenty years; now life is too short and the world is too active for anything like this. Vast improvements have been made in modes of travelling. Discoveries of great value have been made. Still greater possibilities are before us. Our government is now firmly established, after the terrible struggle of '61. Let every one cast a pebble into the gulf that separates North and South till it be filled. And then upon its centre let us erect a monument that will pierce the clouds, and upon its summit engrave, in flaming characters, UNION. This gentleman is not a boisterous speaker, but his speech showed much thought.

Mr. J. J. Lane, of Marlboro county, S. C., next put in a well-written plea for "The Old South."

In latter years, the old South, its manners and customs, have been almost forgotten. A new era has set in. While he rejoiced at the progress made in some directions, yet when bribery, fraud, and corruption are cried in every quarter, it might be well to recall the distinguishing features of our fathers. Their conservatism was such that they did not join in the mad rush for wealth and new ideas. They were proud, but it was the pride that comes from a consciousness of noble ancestry and which forbade them to stoop to anything of doubtful honor. Their old-fashioned hospitality will never be forgotten, while their honor is world-renowned. Then, let not Southern youth forget these everlasting principles, but forever follow them whether they lead to fame or end in a second Appomatox.

Mr. W. J. Matthews, of Gates county, N. C., was a disciple of Izaak Walton, and next entertained the audience with an excellent discourse on "Fishing."

Fishing is not one of our modern amusements, but has had its devotees in all ages. He proposed to discuss it simply as a sport, not as a way of making a living, though he thought it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of fisheries in the eastern part of our State,—“especially when the hog crop is short.” It belongs particularly to no time of life. The old, as well as the young, always find it a source of pleasure, and are ever ready to tell of their youthful piscatory

proWess. As innocent and as fascinating as this sport is, yet there are persons who, having tried it and made ignominious failures, stigmatize it as cowardly and cruel. It does not require either a poet, theologian, or scientist, though there have been many notable exceptions. It requires a person of *patience*. "One who can sit all day in the hot sun, amid swarms of hungry flies and mosquitoes, and still be content if he meets with a fisherman's

luck." An excellent way to learn a man's character is to go with him fishing and note how he takes his successes and his failures.

The orations concluded, Professor Royall announced that the Literary halls were open, complimentary to the class, whither the audience repaired and where the speaking still continued—but to audiences of one. It is needless for me to add that the occasion was very much enjoyed by all.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
F. H. MANNING.

—'49. H. B. Folk, Esq., of Brownsville, Tenn., has decided to preach the Gospel.

—'55. Mr. P. W. Johnson has retired from the firm of Johnson & Purefoy, and is now devoting his time to fruit culture, in which industry he has considerable skill.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick will remain in Greenville until May. *The Greenville Reflector* thus speaks of him: "Rev. Thos. Carrick, who was for nine years pastor of the Baptist church of Greenville, closed his work with the church here on the last Sunday in December. During his residence in Greenville he has made hosts of friends. His life outside as well as in the pulpit has been that of an earnest, conscientious Christian, and his general conduct won for him the

confidence of the entire community. As a minister he has but few if any equals for a man of his age. He is a man of superior intellect, and we regret the existence of circumstances leading to his resignation as pastor of the Greenville church and departure from our midst."

—'81. Rev. W. T. Jones, formerly pastor at Beaufort, has accepted the call to Mount Pleasant and Manoa churches in Charles City county, Va.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat spent Christmas week in New York City. The Lee Street church, Baltimore, for whom he has been "supplying," have expressed their satisfaction with his service by inquiring whether he would entertain a call from the church.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, the bright pastor of the Baptist church in

St. Joseph, Mo., is now on the Atlantic coast, as a few months since he stood at the Golden Gate. He is engaged in a meeting with the Lee Street church, Baltimore.

—'81. The New Brunswick *Daily Fredonian*, of Dec. 29th, makes the following statement: "At the business meeting of the Remsen avenue Baptist church last night, the pastor, Rev. Mr. McDuffie, was requested to vacate the chair. He did so, and went to his home. The church then voted unanimously to make the pastor a New Year's present of one hundred dollars."

—'82. We were glad to see on the Hill recently Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of the Scotland Neck High School. The world seems to have served him well since he was a student here.

—'82. Rev. O. L. Stringfield is still principal of that excellent school, the Wakefield Classical and Mathematical School, where he has been located ever since his graduation. He still retains associated with him Mr. W. J. Ferrell, one of his classmates, and another of Wake Forest's valued alumni.

—'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons spent the Christmas holidays at his old home. He is still teaching in the Durham graded school.

—'83. Mr. Will. H. Osborne, who has lately retired from the field of journalism to take up the ministry, has gone to the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky.

—'83. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. W. F. Marshall, of Globe, upon his "enthúsiastic"

marriage, Dec., 28th. His bride is Miss Annie McGougan, of Columbus county.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Splawn, of Brownsboro, Ky., has lately made a trip to Texas.

- -We note in the papers the marriage of Mr. W. C. Maddrey, of Seaboard, N. C., to Miss M. E. Joiner of the same place. We remember with pleasantness Mr. Maddrey's two or three years stay at college, and tender him and his lady our best wishes for life-long happiness in the new responsibilities they have assumed. Rev. W. B. Morton (class of '84) officiated.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins who has recently been teaching school in Franklinton, is now principal of a school lately organized in Granville county. He thinks the school has a promising future.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding gives a glowing account of his school at Harrell's Store, Sampson county, where he is again teaching this year. He was at home during the Christmas holidays and had a jolly time with his numerous friends.

—'86. We congratulate our friend Mr. Jos. D. Boushall on his recent appointment as Chief Clerk to the State Auditor; also the department on securing so efficient an officer. Mr. Boushall gave up his school at Palmerville to accept this position.

—Dr. Lane, of Marlboro county, S. C., an old student of the College spent the Christmas holidays here on a visit to his son, and others of his relatives who reside in the village.

—Mr. J. R. Hicks paid a visit of several days to the village not long since. He had nearly completed his college course before leaving here, and has since then been devoting himself to teaching.

—The North Carolina Baptist ministry has lately lost a valuable mem-

ber in the death of Rev. J. F. Moore, which occurred in Carthage, Moore county, on Sunday Jan. 9th. Mr. Moore attended college two or three sessions, after which he was a student at the Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

THE STUDENT DIRECTORY.

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ON THE TEACHING OF THE SCIENCE OF CHEMISTRY.

In the discussions during the past ten or twenty years on the relative value of the study of the classics and of the natural sciences, it has usually been assumed that the former gave mental training, and the latter practical knowledge. By practical knowledge is here meant that which can be applied with material profit to everyday life. That this is the chief good to be derived from a study of the sciences is held by many who teach them, and consequently their teaching is intended to increase this kind of knowledge. This is also the popular view of the case, as is shown by the frequency of such remarks as, *e. g.*, "I want my son to study Chemistry in order that he may be a better farmer."

Now I do not wish to enter at present into the discussion of the relative educational value of different studies, but simply to show that what is called practical knowledge is not the only, or by any means the chief, good to be derived from an *elementary* study of at least one of the experimental sciences, viz., Chemistry; but that it gives a mental training that is most valuable, and that can be derived from no other study, except perhaps Physics. Every one knows how little of the details of any of his studies the average student remembers five years after graduation; and yet this practical knowledge that we hear so much of requires a knowledge of details. There are but few men whose

opinions are worth much on subjects of which they have not made a life study, and the ordinary college course in any science is anything but a life study.

What I wish to make is simply a plea for the teaching of Chemistry as a science, and not as an art. I believe this to be desirable for the following reasons :

1st. It is, or should be, the object of high schools and colleges of the liberal arts to give only a general education, which means teaching the student to think, so that he will be prepared to begin the study of any business or profession that he may decide upon. There are exceptional cases in which the student selects his profession before or during his college course, and in such cases I think that his studies should be arranged with some reference to this; but even here care should be taken lest the acquirement of knowledge should have precedence over mental training.

2nd. It is impossible to turn out chemists, physicists, biologists, etc., in a one or two years' course, especially when only a part of one's time is given to these studies. *A little learning is dangerous only when one tries to act on it.*

3rd. I am convinced that even for those who wish to learn only the art of a science the easiest and only thorough way is to learn first the science itself. Any other method can give only rule-of-thumb men who never get above their starting point.

Before going further it may be well to consider what seems to me to be the evils of many of the methods now

adopted in the teaching of Chemistry. I know that it is easy to find fault with any method, but this means that none is perfect, and finding a fault is the first, and a necessary, step towards remedying it. The more common evils may, I think, be classified under the following heads :

1st. The introduction of too many details instead of selecting a smaller number of typical reactions and insisting upon a thorough knowledge and understanding of these. For example, it is not unusual to find students who have given considerable time to Chemistry, who know how to prepare salts only by remembering the directions in each case as isolated facts, and who have never been taught, or perhaps have never understood, that any salt, as a rule, may be prepared by the combination of the corresponding acid and base. Professor Remsen has very truly said in the preface to his *Introduction to the Study of Chemistry* that "usually the mind is not allowed to dwell for any length of time upon any one thing and thus to become really acquainted with it, but is hurried on and is soon bewildered in the effort to comprehend what is presented." He adds, "I cannot but believe that it is much better to dwell longer on a few subjects, provided these subjects are well selected." It is hardly necessary to add that the subjects treated of in the body of the book are "well selected."

2nd. The teaching of theories before facts, for by this the student is often led into the idea that the theories have been evolved in some mysterious way, and the facts found after-

wards to correspond to them. The theories of Chemistry are beautiful and, if taught at the proper stage, instructive, but they should not be mentioned before the student thoroughly understands the facts on which they are based. In this way only can they be made to have any educational value. To tell a student that all matter is probably made up of atoms before he understands Dalton's laws, and therefore cannot see that the atomic theory naturally follows from these laws, is little less than criminal, for it takes away from him one of the simplest and at the same time one of the most beautiful deductions in the whole science. I have often thought that there might be developed a very excellent historical method of teaching Chemistry. By this is meant teaching both facts and theories in the order in which they have been found out.

In this connection may be mentioned the failure of many teachers to point out the difference between theories and the facts on which they are based. The majority of students are led to believe that the atomic theory, and not the laws of definite and multiple proportions, is the basis of chemical science.

3rd. The absence of a laboratory course, or frequently what is very little better, one that is planned to teach only the application of certain rules for analysis under the mistaken idea that this is Chemistry. I think that the disadvantages in teaching Chemistry without a laboratory are, at present, too well known to require notice,

but the evil effects of a badly conducted laboratory course are not so generally understood. On this point I cannot do better than to quote again, and at some length, from Professor Remsen. "If the students work in the laboratory, it is of prime importance that they should not be left to shift for themselves. They will surely acquire bad habits of work and will generally fail to understand what they are doing. A thorough system of questioning and cross-questioning is necessary in order that the work shall be successful. A badly constructed piece of apparatus should not be allowed, and cleanliness should be insisted upon from the beginning. The instructor should be as watchful in the laboratory as in the recitation-room, and should be as exacting in regard to the experimental work as the teacher of languages is in regard to the words of a lesson. A badly performed experiment should be considered as objectionable as a bad recitation or a badly written exercise. When teachers of Chemistry acquire this feeling and work in this spirit, the educational value of laboratory courses will be greater than it frequently is now. The average playing with test-tubes and precipitates is of questionable benefit. As it has been dignified with the undeserved name of scientific training, and put forward in place of the real thing, many thinking men have been led to question the value of scientific training, and to adhere to the old drill in grammatical forms and grammatical problems. I do not wonder at this, but I should

be greatly surprised to find this state of mind continuing after really good laboratory courses are provided. A slovenly laboratory course in Chemistry is a poor substitute for a well-conducted course in Mathematics or Languages. It behooves those who are convinced of the great advantages to be derived from good laboratory courses to see to it that these courses are conscientiously conducted."

Now as regards what is taught in laboratory courses, I think that this is often open to as much objection as the manner in which they are conducted. It is necessary for the analyst to know blow-pipe and flame reactions, but these can hardly be said to offer good illustrations of typical chemical reactions, and as usually taught they require almost no chemical knowledge. Nevertheless, students are usually given this kind of work to do before they know how to prepare the most common gases, salts, etc. The result is that, aside from the valuable time lost, the student sees that he is making but little progress, and loses that enthusiasm that is necessary for the successful study of any science. In fact, students are, as a rule, better judges of the plan of study set before them than we give them credit for.

4th. Under this head will be noticed several points regarding class experiments. The use of complicated apparatus often confuses the student and prevents his seeing, or rather distracts his attention from, the point of the experiment. Brilliant and attractive experiments often bring about the same result. Experiments before the class should be carefully prepared, but

it should be thoroughly impressed upon students, especially younger ones, that what takes place is not due to any sleight of hand on the part of the teacher, but simply represents what may, and often does, take place in nature. In fact, it is very difficult without a laboratory course, in which the student repeats the experiments for himself, to prevent him from falling into the idea that the teacher has something more to do with the success of class experiments than simply bringing about the requisite conditions. As to teaching Chemistry without experiments of any kind, I do not consider it worthy of notice. At the present price of the materials actually required for the more important experiments, there is no excuse for omitting them, except, as is sometimes the case, inability on the part of teacher to perform them. This would be a better excuse for him to stop pretending to teach Chemistry.

It is hardly necessary to add that the same degree of cleanliness and accuracy should be observed in class experiments that is expected of the student in the laboratory.

5th. The common idea that the ability to write out a reaction in chemical formulæ is all that should be required of a student is a grievous error. On the contrary, a student may have a correct idea of the principle involved in a reaction and not be able to express it by an equation. If he does not understand what takes place, it is unfortunate if he knows how to write the equation, for this glosses over his ignorance so that he does not try to remedy it. The

memorizing of equations is one of the greatest difficulties students beginning the study of Chemistry have to contend with; so I prefer to require as little of this as possible until the principles of the science are understood, and then a knowledge of equations is gained without making them simply a matter of memory.

In showing what I think a course in Chemistry ought not to be I find that I have mentioned incidentally the greater part of what I think it ought to be. There are, however, a few suggestions that I would like to add to those already made.

For the majority of students I believe the best system of teaching Chemistry is a combination of lectures and recitations, or rather quizzes. As a rule a book is necessary, and the teacher should follow it pretty closely in his lectures, but not so closely in recitations. I think a student recently expressed the whole truth when he said to me after a course of lectures and quizzes: "If we had had only recitations I think I would have stood a better examination, but I would have known less Chemistry." If one teaches by lectures entirely he does not find out the points which give the students most trouble, and which it is necessary to repeat. The object of the teacher in finding out what a student knows should be, not simply to determine his grade, but to lay stress on the weak points in his knowledge.

In laboratory work I think a few

quantitative experiments should be given quite early in the course. They should be of such a nature that accurate results can be obtained without the necessity of skilful manipulation on the part of the student. He should then be required to repeat these, if necessary, until he obtains results very close to the theoretical. These help to establish in him habits of care and accuracy, which have a moral as well as a mental value.

Without entering into a discussion of the importance of the study of Chemistry, I think the attention of educators ought to be called to the importance of the fact that the day is near at hand when one that is totally ignorant of the composition of the water he drinks or the air he breathes, or of the changes that are taking place in the lamp he studies by, will not be considered educated any more than if at the present time he did not know who Napoleon Bonaparte was, or could not translate the simplest Latin sentence.

In conclusion, let me insist upon the importance of teaching students from the beginning that they are studying all science for the sake of the truth we find in it, and that, however great may be its practical applications, these are of secondary importance. It may be doubted if the telegraph has really added any good to the world, but this cannot be said of the laws of gravitation.

J. R. DUGGAN.

FAILURE NOT NECESSARILY A CALAMITY.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." So it is a *sad* failure that may not be turned to good account for somebody, not unfrequently for him who feels most keenly its smarting pang. We are wont to regard failure of any kind as a real misfortune, a calamity for which, in most instances, there is and can be no redress; when really, in a large majority of cases, it is the stepping stone to that success which it seems to thwart—fortune clad in misfortune, success enveloped in failure, victory growing out of defeat, the very kernel out of which the tree of fortune laden with luxuriant foliage and golden fruits often grows.

Paradoxical statement, this; but truthful nevertheless. Failure is a true test of the material of which a man is made, and if he has the right metal in him, he, in turn, tries the material of which failure is made. Each failure leaves him a stronger and wiser man, wiser to avoid failures, and stronger to overcome the unavoidable. Failures avoided are successes gained; therefore every man ought to make failure a study, and profit by it in making his character a tower of strength and beauty. Especially ought the so called unfortunate to avail himself of this opportunity, since actual experience always makes "a hundred on examination." Every failure is born with a tongue speaking

and teaching; but alas for the littleness of men! its eloquence too often dies unheard, and its lessons unlearned. Men's great successes and signal failures likewise will always be known. While new they are popular themes of journalism, and are afterwards incorporated into history for the amelioration of future generations.

But as real character is either made or destroyed by littles, the knowledge of our little failures and their subtle causes is not to be despised as a corrective agency in the moral and business world. The people of the present age are too hasty to condemn the unfortunate and stigmatize them as "failures." They accept no apologies for unpromising success in any enterprise. They forget that many who have wrought wonders in revolutionizing human thought and action, and whose names now give lustre to literature, art, and science, have once been subjects of similar reproach. Their lives shine on through the ages, while those of their critics have long since faded in the dim distance. History teems with the names of great men, and groans under the burden of their illustrious deeds of chivalry and daring. The ages, though fraught with art and science, and travelling with lightning speed, will never get too fast for each passing generation to bestow its tribute of praise to their memory and celebrate their valor.

ous deeds in music and song. Nor will the world, though clothed in royal purple, ever get too proud to pay homage to their ashes and plant flowers to bloom in silence where they rest. And beholding as we do, with admiring gaze, the heights on which they bask in the glory of their achievements, we usually think of them as having attained the goal by an unbroken series of successes. O, how fortune must have smiled on them as they sped on through flowery fields to their respective positions! Surely dire misfortune, unhappy and stubborn, never confronted them in their upward progress! But this is quite a mistake. Could we but see the ladder up which they ascended, we should be surprised to find that the longest strides they made were over broken rounds of failure and disappointment. And none of us know how much of the greatness of their lives there is in the composition of our common humanity, or what we would be without their influence. Neither have we any adequate conception of the dignity and strength imparted to our minds by actual contact with them, for through the medium of their writings we live and move and act with them. And those who reflect their greatness in life use the knowledge of their failures as a vantage-ground from which to overcome their own.

Failures invariably arise either from internal or external conditions. Those arising from the last named, may, when unavoidable, be good for a man, for the fullest development of his being mental and moral, provided that the real elements of success exist in

him. If these be lacking in the character, all external conditions, noble birth, wealth, position, and power, can be of no avail in making his life sublime, since the conditions of success must exist in the man, and it is impossible to develop in him what does not already exist in him. So no man ought to be put down as an absolute failure until it be conclusively proved that the sum of his failures is the result of internal conditions over which outward circumstances have no control. The inherent conditions of success are, in themselves, an invaluable legacy—wealth, honor, and power. The man thus favored may be cast down by the force of opposition, but like truth crushed to earth he will rise again, only made stronger and more determined to overcome the next opposing force. He who cowers, whines, and dies beneath failure's merciless tread is not destined to fill life's real mission; but he and *only* he who bows to the inevitable, rises, steadies himself, and comes again, has the assurance of ultimate success.

A familiar example may be found in the life of the celebrated Patrick Henry, who on the very threshold of his manhood had to meet and overcome failure after failure of the most discouraging character, but finally rose superior to them all. Demosthenes the Grecian orator, overcame not merely the ordinary failures of life, but even rose superior to human infirmity by his determined perseverance. Hissed at in the outset of his career, then respected, afterwards revered, and finally crowned, he

went forth bearing the palm of Grecian eloquence to be admired by all subsequent generations.

Failure has no terrors for the man who is himself a failure. It is his playmate, his near kinsman, and meets no antagonisms in his nature ; whether he be hereditarily disqualified for success or whether he be self-incapacitated by the demoralization of his God-given faculties, the fact remains the same. But the wise man trembles at failure's blighting touch (I say blighting because, left to work out its own legitimate results, no epithet can better describe it); he therefore shuns it even as he would avoid the sworn

enemy of his life. But when unavoidably it rushes upon him like some mighty avalanche, his first question is, How shall I turn it to advantage and thereby make the best of it? This is no idle question and always meets a response equal to the emergency. So he who fears failure is really failure's master. I therefore conclude that the true man in life's arduous struggle may take courage amid a world of failures, for, though they rush upon him as a roaring lion, they may, at wisdom's touch, be converted into a gentle lamb bearing a golden fleece.

W. J. W.

WHICH SEX HAS THE ADVANTAGE?

Could the man in the moon pay a visit to this world and see that, as a rule, for every boy there is a girl, for every brother a sister, for every husband a wife, for every king a queen; that no matter whether he went into the home circle, the school-room, the church, the social gathering, into the street or into the vast throng, the sexes are equally represented,—doubtless he would come to the conclusion that the interests of this world are conducted and enjoyed equally by our men and by our women—that hand in hand and heart to heart they are united in accomplishing the ends and sharing the advantages of life. To a considerable extent this would be so, yet the testimony of women them-

selves has about convinced me that in life men have the advantage.

In a conversation not long since the trouble and expense to which shaving puts men was alluded to. A lady remarked that that was one thing in which they had the advantage. I asked her to name another. She looked thoughtful for a moment and replied, "I thought of another last week, but I can't recall it now." I heard a young lady say that she supposed she had wished she were a man forty thousand times. And once as I accompanied a young lady, this subject was referred to. She was beautiful and beautifully attired. She was highly accomplished and possessed an amiable disposition, and yet, to my

surprise, she expressed dissatisfaction at having to be a woman.

Beautiful women would be men, but the ugliest man that ever walked the earth would not give up his manhood to become the most beautiful woman. To be just with you, I will mention that I did hear one man say that he wished he were a lady. It was at a Christmas tree. You see, the ladies were getting the bulk of the presents. But had his wish been granted, I suspect that his lamentations would have driven away all the joy of the evening, and that he would have given the whole Christmas tree and his entire kingdom to be a man again.

Bear in mind that I have no complaint to offer because women are. I am free to confess that without them this world would be a howling wilderness of short duration, and I am sure that it would be very impolite for gentlemen to speak of their advantage in a boastful spirit.

One advantage, lying on the surface, is our manner of dress. A man wears something substantial and comfortable. A lady wears something pretty. If it sits well and the colors match, she must be satisfied. Comfort is a secondary matter. Discussions as to whether women should not adopt man's apparel show that there is dissatisfaction somewhere, and, taking the longevity of the race into consideration, I believe I am ready for the change. Men have a very convenient system of pockets—a pocket for everything and everything in its pocket. Ladies may insist that they have pockets too, but I think

that is a question about which considerable allowance should be made for difference of opinion, for I was sent to a wardrobe once to get a pencil. I turned things wrong side out—no, right side out—anyway, I failed to get the pencil, and I never expect to undertake another job like that unless it is an absolute necessity. It must have been the inconvenience along that line that brought about the invention of the modern lady's hand-bag.

Men are healthier and stronger, and they seem to live longer and enjoy life better. If a match is made, it seems to be a chance game as to whether the lady gets her choice or not. If ladies do not marry between fifteen and twenty-five years of age, the probabilities are that they will never marry, but an old bachelor president of forty-four can marry a lady of half that number of summers with comparative ease.

Boys have educational advantages. Some say let the sexes be equally educated, but more say, "Educate both, if you can; if you can't, give the boy the advantage," and were it not for the good record that educated mothers have left, I dare say the education of girls would be sadly neglected. Granted that they both get to college; look at the difference. The boy is allowed to do as he pleases, provided he pleases to do right in the main. Notice what is said in our announcement for the fifteenth of January. "The Faculty seek to encourage self-control and resistance to evil from principle." Take up a catalogue of a female college, and you find some-

thing like this: "Rest assured that the strictest oversight will be kept over your girl continually."

The girls remind me of canary birds confined in cruel cages; boys remind me of a flock of geese turned out in a forty acre field,—they hardly know there is a fence around them. Truthfully does the old blue-back spelling book say, "Boys love to make a racket." On the night of 31st of August when that old building was in a quiver on account of the shaking of the earth, my friend said, "What's that?" I answered, "O it's nothing but the boys."

Men are peculiarly favored in the history of the world. We find no female characters to compare with Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington. All the important places of public trust are filled by men. Inventions, discoveries, and revolutions are for the most part placed to the credit of men. God created man in his own image—it seems that it was simply in kindness to man that he created woman at all—and when he came into the world to live he took upon himself the form of a man. When he left the world, he intrusted his work primarily to the care of man.

Young gentlemen, I am sure there is enough to make you proud that you have the privilege of being a man. But remember that with these advantages come responsibilities. To be a man means something.

The old Spatan idea of manhood was bravery and physical strength and this is not to be ignored at the present time. A medium size and a well-developed, symmetrically proportion-

ed body are to be desired; and I see nothing amiss in a man's being a little handsome if he can't help it. It will be no draw-back to him unless through silliness he makes it so.

Dissipation is a great folly in a young man and is soon found out. Care for your body as a God given trust, for it is the vehicle in which the soul is carried.

Of greater importance is the development of the mind. If left uncultivated, it is remarkable how narrow and contracted it becomes by ignorance and superstition. No man can afford to neglect to train his mind. Much has been done in this respect. Indeed science and philosophy have advanced till they have reached a point where their advocates sometimes seem to be meddling with God's business, and the end is not yet. Vast plains of unexplored thought lie ahead of us, containing liberal rewards for the giant minds that may be able to gather them up.

Your responsibilities do not end here. The man that has great mental ability added to bodily strength cannot yet be said to be a complete man. Through the life of the truly great man may be seen to flow a current of benevolence and magnanimity that largely makes life worth living. This third attribute does not depend on the other two, but it may be largely helped by them.

Yes, gentlemen, with your advantages rightly appreciated and with your responsibilities fully met, your possibilities are untold and unbounded.

The world needs true men in every department. Will you help supply

the demand? It is impossible for the ladies to supply this demand, yet it is said that without their help you can only hope to be half a man. Show yourself worthy, and you may be fortunate enough to persuade one to

help you. Then for her sake, for your own sake, for the sake of your country, and for the sake of Him who made you, do your best.

E. FRANK TATUM.

THE STORY OF OLD GRANT—A LIE.

It was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of the hero of this story some six years ago in the State of Illinois. I do not refer to the celebrated Ulysses of blessed (?) memory, but to the mule Grant. I am sure the two were not related, though hailing from the same State and bearing the same name. And so it must be remembered at the outset that there is a great difference between *my* Grant and the Grant of history; one was a mule, the other a———

His Birth.

Grant was born, some say six hundred years ago, others six thousand; but after careful investigation I made him out just *thirty-six million years old*. Some affirm that he was in the Ark and came to America with Columbus in 1492; but I reject these statements as they are purely speculative and cannot be verified. I'm sure he was not in the Ark, for the simple reason that he would have kicked the boat to pieces and drowned every soul on board. Think, reader, of the woful consequences that would have resulted from such a catastro-

phe. Noah and his family had perished and not one been left to tell their sad fate. I am glad Grant was not in the Ark. It is equally certain that he did not sail with Columbus, for, if he had, that old sailor would have landed somewhere on the moon instead of America, and we had been living there in that far off, frozen clime instead of sunny Carolina. And so I am glad he was not with Columbus.

A Theory.

To fix the time of Grant's birth and account for his voyage to America I have made a theory of my own, which I now submit to the student of history, trusting that my researches may throw some light on a subject so generally discussed, and yet so little understood. And if this production shall be instrumental in stimulating others to a like inquiry after truth, the author will be more than repaid for his pains.

Grant and the Beginning.

In the morning of creation the first thing made was light. Light creates

heat, heat motion. At first the universe was no bigger than a foot-ball flying through space, but as it revolved it grew larger and threw off matter which forms the suns, stars, planets, systems, that everywhere exist throughout the boundless oceans of space. What caused the disintegration of matter? Science says the cooling of the surface, but I say Grant was there, and when he saw that ball flying through space, true to his nature, he raised his heels and kicked it to pieces. I'm glad Grant was there.

Grant and the Deluge.

But how did he escape the flood? The Bible tells us "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." What caused it? Both inspiration and science are silent. I think Grant played a part in that great drama. He saw the cloud coming up and knew there was going to be a shower; so he backed his ears, switched his tail, and started for America. He came on to Behring's Strait, backed up to the banks, "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," and Grant walked over on dry land.

The Devil's Ride.

Grant never was ridden but once—Old Nick rode him across the Strait, and that is how *he* got here.

I have always regretted that Grant did not drown his rider in the sea. The old fellow has caused me a sight of trouble.

Draining the West.

Geologists tell us the Mississippi valley and adjacent country is the bed of an ancient sea. Where its waters

have gone no man knows. I am no scientist, but I venture an opinion. After Grant crossed the Rockies he was hungry. There was no grass in all that country—nothing but water. With an insight that Greely never had, Grant saw that the West had a future if it could only be drained. To this stupendous and, to the human mind, impossible job he applied himself—he drank it dry; and the West became the finest grazing country in the world.

The Truth at Last.

So in proving Grant to be thirty-six million years old I have settled four greatly controverted questions, namely: The Creation, the Deluge, the coming of the Aborigines, and the disappearance of the western sea.

Our First Meeting.

My first meeting with Grant was about six years ago when we tried to ride the venerable mule. We fastened him in his stable, went up stairs, tore up the floor, let down a boy, like Paul in the basket, astride his back, but he kicked the roof off the house.

In Water.

We next led him in water up to his eyes, but he dived like a duck and we had to give it up. We then essayed to mount him by making him fast to a tree. A boy climbed up and came down on his back, but Grant sent him to Jupiter. He had not returned three years later when I left the State.

The Last Time

We tried him he stood on his head, and we bade him adieu.

Whipped by a Cyclone.

One of Grant's idiosyncracies was to go home when the dinner-bell rang. It mattered not where he was or how great the emergency, he was bound to go. The only way to stop him was to throw rocks at his head or run on before and build up a fence across the road. He never was whipped but once—a cyclone struck him. Although the storm was going 400 miles per minute, he stopped it for six hours and would have kicked it to pieces, but the dinner-bell rang and he let it pass.

Grant as a Soldier.

Grant never was surpassed as a kicker. It is well the Pyramids were not built before he left Asia—he would have scattered the stones to the four corners of the earth. He did his best kicking in the late civil war, where it is said his heels were equal to a whole battery. No wonder our cause failed—we had to fight two Grants. I am not sure Grant enjoys a pension, but it is not the fault of the authorities. They will pension the souls in purgatory before long. As for my part, I'd rather be taxed to give a poor old mule a bundle of hay than to help support a widow worth a half million.

For Coast Defence.

There is much talk now-a-days about coast defence. Unless something be done we are at the mercy of the foe. Until Uncle Sam can find

an honest man to build a navy I recommend that Grant be carried to New York, with his heels turned toward the east. I'd like to see the European who would dare to set foot on our shores. Better look out for the Goddess of Liberty, however, if he goes.

A Match for Sullivan.

Lovers of sport and prize-fighters can have some rare fun by matching Grant and Sullivan, the mule to use his heels, the fool his fists. Some foot-ball teams would also do well to secure his services before the season's over. I will insure them success.

Will He Die?

I am inclined to think he will. It would be easy for me to say he is immortal, but I don't wish to appear to bend the truth. *Omnibus mulieribus moriendum est.*

Grant in Glory.

If there are any mules in the other world, I'm sure Grant will be there,—it would be hard to keep him out; but I advise you, friends, to mind how you go about his heels.

A Challenge.

If Herb Spencer and Tom Huxley take exception to the theories herein advanced, I shall be glad to discuss the matter with them through the columns of THE STUDENT.

JACOBUS LYNCHUS,
Discipulus Marci Twaini.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

The old adage, "You cannot judge a man by the clothes he wears," seems to apply with peculiar force to the people of these modern, follow-every-kind-of-fashion times. That old man uttered a more striking truth than he thought he did, when, asked if he knew a certain man, he replied, "I know the outside of him." There is a difference, the vastness which would astonish you, between the inside and outside of some men, whose outside piety is more sanctimonious than the long-faced Pharisee standing at the street-corner thanking God that he is not as other men are. It really does seem that the measure of a man's success depends in a large measure upon the amount of deceit and hypocrisy he can palm off on his fellows. Many a man, under the guise of the strictest integrity and honesty, is beating his way through life by continually shrinking and dodging from public observation on account of the multiform little crooked, sordid, ugly things, which, if known, would perpetually blast him.

Is there no one to blame for this but the man himself who acts thus? Or can we not trace much of the blame to his companions, who aid him in concealing his deformity of character? I think we can. I am fully convinced that there are numbers of public men—merchants, doctors, lawyers, school-teachers (and I came very near saying preachers)—whose reputation is made and sustained, not by their

own solid merit, but by the peculiar fitness attributed to them by some designing friend. Frequently does it appear that a man is pushed forward far above his worth by some flattering introduction given him by a friend or a county newspaper. This is surely a great favor sometimes; but is it right? Nay, rather let us turn on the light so that the world may see each man as he is, and deal with him accordingly. How often is it the case that a man of wealth or great influence, falling into some grievous error, has his reputation patched up with deceit so that his integrity appears to be sound and unspotted.

Samuel Fraud is quite a successful merchant, but he will cheat a man if he can. Now I know this to be a fact; but he has shown me unmerited kindness, and in truth has assisted me at different times when in trouble. Now, is it my duty to conceal his faults for him, or to turn on the light, so strangers may know what kind of a man they are about to deal with.

David Popular is a very influential and shrewd politician, but he will get drunk. How do his friends act? Why, they put themselves to great pains to talk of his good traits and what a power for success he has been to his party and what great things he has accomplished for his State. Would it not be far better to turn on the light and let the people know what sort of a man he is, rather than

to deceive them by magnifying his good deeds and leaving his bad traits all in the dark?

Now, I do not want to be understood as claiming for one moment, that this is the *only* side of this question which presents an evil. It is manifestly as great a wrong to magnify the faults to the utter exclusion of the good deeds. I only insist that the effulgent rays of the sunlight of God's truth be turned upon them so that we may not only not be guilty of doing any one so gross a wrong as to portray his little mistakes too glaringly, but that we may also be clear of others' being deceived and sometimes led astray by our upholding or even countenancing the wickedness of the wicked.

There is another valley which seems to me to be having a north-pole six month's night. This is biographies and obituaries. It is a noteworthy fact that two men may write a book on the life of the same man and put his deeds in such a different light that you might read them both without ever suspecting that both were describing the same man. Take, for instance, Jno. Wilkes Booth, and compare the Northern man's description of the fanatical demon who murdered President Lincoln and insantly imagined he was ridding his country of a tyrant, with the Southern man's pitiful picture of the bravest and most infamously outraged hero, sending a dying message to his mother that he died in defence of his country thinking he did it for the best. There is equally as great a difference in a

Northern and Southern writer's picture of Jeff Davis, the Northern man pronouncing him one of the foulest, and most despicable traitors the world has known, while the Southern man can not find language strong enough to express his condemnation of the lying wretch who uttered such vile statements. The difference is fully as palpable in the historians' account of John Brown.

And it is not confined to public men of late days. No matter who he is, when he dies he must have a preacher or a long-horned deacon, or perhaps a short-horned deacon, to write a half column obituary for some newspaper. This is all well and good in and of itself, if they would just turn on the light. And I would not treat with disrespect or irreverence the sainted head that sleeps beneath the cold sod, but I think the plain truth—the way the Bible deals with such men as David and Peter—is the proper course to pursue. It *may* be that everything that is printed in an obituary is true; but, in asserting this, I should not consider my veracity safe in the hands of men who know human nature well enough to recognize a perceptible want of perfection in every one. Shakespeare painted his characters round—let no one characteristic stand out so bold as to hide everything else. And, I think, as long as there is any touch of humanity in human nature, writers of obituaries would do well to turn on light enough to show us that the man, Christian hero though he may have been, was not divine.

Then, kind reader, does it not strike you that things would be nearer on equality if, instead of covering a man's faults in a cloud of darkness, you step aside and let the beams of light from the truthful critic dispel the mists of obscurity and present the unveiled statue of good or evil?

If he is a public man—lawyer, states-

man, politician, or even minister of the Gospel whose solemn duty it is to dispense God's truth from the sacred desk—turn on the light and let him be stripped of every cloak of deceit and hypocrisy and meanness, and be clad alone in the works of his own merit.

R. B. Linde

A BIT OF VACATION EXPERIENCE.

It was two summers ago that an unexpected opportunity was given me to make a short visit through the three northeastern counties of our State. A friend enroute for a canvass of this section of country, stopped for a two hours' rest at my home, where I was whiling away my vacation mostly by trying to find the coolest retreats from a burning July sun. The Professor (for my friend alluded to above was no less than such a personage) was traveling alone, and as he had a journey of seventy-five or a hundred miles before him, invited me to a seat in his buggy. I was by no means loth to accept his kind offer, for incentive after incentive—and each more glowing than the one before it—for breaking that summer monotony rose rapidly before me. I was infatuated with the idea. Here was an opportunity for a somewhat protracted companionship with a valued friend, an affable gen-

tleman, and one who, I believed, would prove to be excellent traveling company. And then he was expecting to make his principal stay in a community in which was a cluster of the homes of many cherished schoolmates and friends. I hoped also that the trip would give me a chance of getting a glimpse of the "deep and dark-blue ocean." Then, too, the whole route, save a few miles at the beginning, lay through a country entirely new to me. I gave a ready acceptance to the invitation of the Professor, and by the time he had refreshed himself and steed, I had packed my wardrobe and was ready to accompany him.

The afternoon sun was hot, in the most literal sense of the word, and the sand—that horror of many of the roads in eastern North Carolina—through which we had to travel for some distance, seemed on this occasion to possess in a high degree the

capacity of reflecting the sun's light and heat. And in addition to its making our journey remarkably hot, it made our progress as tediously slow. But from the first, my companion began to fulfil my expectations as to his qualifications as a fellow-traveller. He had once been a student at the same college which I was then attending, and many were the interesting reminiscences he gave me of the persons and places he was once so familiar with as a college boy. Persons and places greatly changed now, of course, but many of them known also to me, and about them he was ready to lend an attentive and appreciative ear. So we found a great deal in each other to enjoy, and the afternoon passed away not so slowly after all. We had not gone very far before we left the scenes that were familiar to me, and took our way along roads, not affording prospects of very picturesque scenery, indeed, but new nevertheless; roads that led through shady swamps of tall gum and cypress, and wild with dense undergrowth, among which were many kinds of wild flowers making the atmosphere redolent with their sweet perfumes, over some dry sand-hill with its yellow, sickly-looking crops, then down through black meadow land teeming with the dark-green, vigorous growth of corn so tall that it more nearly resembled a young forest than one of the cereal crops. Yet, to our congratulatory remarks on their splendid prospects, these farmers would respond with a despondent shake of the head, and sigh about

"only half crops." Indeed, this seemed to be a stereotyped expression for this section of country, and I began half to suspect that it was a quotation from the written constitution of the Agriculturists' club of the community. Only once did I hear one of them confess that he had hope of an average harvest. I concluded that he was a new member of the club, or an excluded member, or possibly an "unruly member." My imagination began to form most romantic conjectures as to what a full harvest would mean to these people. We found them kind and hospitable. My friend met with acquaintances all along our route and each night found us under the sheltering roof of some one of his numerous friends.

Each day of our subsequent journey was hardly different from the first, except that we were brought more decidedly into that section known as the "granary of the State." The country became even flatter than at first. The creek bottoms and the tops of the highest hills were on the same level, and the frequency of the watercourses that intersect the country reminded us of our nearer approach to the coast.

On the second day of our travel we surprised a Sunday-school party who were having a picnic celebration at one of the neighboring churches, or rather they surprised us for we ran into the ambush when it was too late to revise our plans and take another direction. Here, however, as elsewhere the Professor found friends, which turned out to be both fortunate

and unfortunate for us. Fortunate, because we arrived on the scene just at the time of day, and exactly in the physical condition to pay due respect to the catering powers of the excellent dames who from cavernous baskets and from boxes "long and deep and wide" brought forth the most inviting viands. The feast was rich and bountiful. We learned that the regular exercises of the day, which consisted of recitations by the scholars and speeches from the older people and visitors, had been disposed of, and this added new comfort to our souls. But we were "too previous" with congratulations to self-ward, for although the time for speeches had passed, and the afternoon had been given up to croquet and other outdoor games, "the brethren" insisted on a prolongation of the morning's exercises in order to give us a chance. At this juncture of affairs, we were unfortunate. We remonstrated that the programme of the day should not be interrupted; most especially did we object to being made the cause of such interruption. But all our objections were met by counter arguments and overruled. We must speak. Then I began to overhaul my stock of Sunday-school eloquence, and was surprised to find how few items in that line I had filed away. The Professor finally consented to offer "a few remarks" for the "encouragement of the cause," but my fund of confused and scattered oratory had by this time diminished to such an infinitesimal amount that I decided upon offering my presence and attention as the only *encouraging* contribution I could

make. Indeed, it was all I had on hand. I was sorry to disappoint the expectations of my new friends, but had to decline the honor they were so urgently pressing upon me. The Professor, however, did well enough for us both. We passed a pleasant night in that vicinity, and on the next day reached the Sawyer's Creek section, which had been, from the beginning, the objective point of our journey.

We arrived there during the progress of a religious revival at the church that goes by the name of the section which surrounds it. Everybody round about was taking holiday, for what is more delightful during the leisure summer days than attending a "protracted meeting" in the country? The older people are there in all their devoutness, and talk about spiritual things; the gallants are there vying with each other in fast driving, in gallantry, and in saying sentimental things; the maidens are there smiling sweetly on all and attracting the crowd; the politician is also there making good of so fine an opportunity to see the dear people, is recognizing men he never saw before, and shaking hands with all. We were there too, but not politicians, nor maidens, nor gallants; at least the Professor was not a gallant, for he was a married man. He visited the many patrons of his school who lived hereabouts, while I passed my time most pleasantly attending the meeting and going from the home of one schoolmate to that of another. No one could wish for kinder friends. They exerted themselves in all conceivable ways for my enjoyment, taking me with

them on delightful drives and to visit their charming lady friends with whom this neighborhood is peculiarly blessed. The many evening social gatherings and lawn parties gave one an idea of the delightful society that is the glory of the community.

Days of such pleasantness flew by like hours, and brought my stay too rapidly to a close. But the end did not come without bringing me one of my most delightful experiences, which was a visit to the North Carolina sand-banks and ocean beach. My friends learning that I had never been on the coast, it was proposed by some one of them that we make an attempt to organize a party for an excursion to these much-talked of regions. A plan of operations having been decided upon, volunteers for carrying it into execution were not wanting, all ready, willing, and anxious to join in the expedition; so that it was but a short time before the requisite number of enlistments of the best material had been secured, and preparations were begun for as early a start as possible. The distance was too great to go and return on the same day, which necessitated a stowing away of two days' rations for man and beast, and as sixteen miles of the journey—about half of it—lay across Currituck Sound, and was to be taken in open sail-boats, there would also be a need for umbrellas, water-proofs, changes of raiment, and other preparations against all possible wetting contingencies. By a well-arranged division of labor, our preparations were made without a very severe tax on any one's time or energy. We were

to make the trip by land in buggies; each gentleman to make ready a buggy for himself and some lady member of the party (for they were going too), while to each lady was assigned the duty of providing a basket of substantials for herself and escort. Under this plan of operations, we were not long in completing arrangements for the start, which was appointed for the third morning from the day on which the plan was proposed. This was the most trying feature of the whole proceeding, for we were told that we must be on the road to the place of embarkation by dawn—a requirement that made some of us quail, and one that came near stirring up a mutiny, but as there was no alternative, we agreed to submit.

It seemed to me that I had just fallen asleep when I was aroused on the appointed morning and told it was time to be off after my fellow-excursionist. What a struggle it was to a sleep-lover such as I! But there was no time for yawning and regrets at short nights. We must be off if we were going. So we arose from couches that never seemed so sweet before, harnessed our horses, and set out after "our girls." Finding them ready and *waiting*, we stowed away provisions, gossamers, blankets, and were soon *en route* through the morning mists for Currituck Court-House. I imagine our appearance was somewhat spectral, as we filed in silent procession down the dim outlines of the road. Silent at first, but as the day grew brighter we became more awakened and enlivened with gay shouts and lively conversation. Clouds and

mist overhung the sky and land in the early part of the day, and filled one with forebodings of rain, but our company was extremely pleasant, and the scenes by the road-side were not unattractive, so that we forgot to notice the clouds, and enjoyed the more the sight of the many creeks and lakelets of clear water, whose surfaces were decked here and there with beautiful water-lilies, some of which were gathered for our own decoration. Our ride was far from being tedious, and we arrived at its end fresh and ready to embark for the trip by water.

But the boats which had engaged to meet us there had not yet arrived, though away off in the distance they were in sight, apparently motionless on the still, glassy surface of the Sound, which was scarcely rippled by the slight breezes that came at long intervals; for although the day had become clear, it also grew hot and sultry as noon approached. The delay of the boats gave us time to stroll over the town, and take in the principal points of interest. These consisted of the court-house, a hotel, a store or two, and two or three dwellings. At about the middle of the day our boats were announced, when we repaired to the water's edge and found them moored by the shore. There were two of them, under the management of two of the most skilful helmsmen anywhere along those shores. Our effects and ourselves were soon aboard, and we were gliding out from shore on the beautiful bosom of the Sound. The distance across to the sand-banks was sixteen miles, and we were glad it was no

less, so enchanting the passage promised to be. The breeze began to blow more strongly and steadily, sending us over the water at a more exhilarating rate than ever. Truly it was delightful. Our fair friends opened their provision-baskets and spread before us a royal repast, of which we partook with the keenest enjoyment.

Our first lunch on shipboard. Alas that Time should fly so rapidly on such occasions as this! He did fly on, however, and brought an unhappy change over the face of things. Some clouds that had during the early part of the afternoon been lying near the horizon, began now to approach with most threatening mien. Coming from our right at the south, they spread out their wings to our front and rear, and marched upon us with fearful grandeur, dispelling all hope that they would change their course and pass us by. Meanwhile the wind had been increasing in force, and was now blowing a fierce gale. The surface of the Sound had become blackened by the thick shadows of the clouds, and instead of the ripples of the morning, its bosom was heaving with great rolling billows that tossed our little craft as lightly as though it had been a crisped autumn leaf. Sometimes it seemed to be thrust bodily almost out of the water, and standing poised for a moment on the summit of a wave, would then bound forward and downward, meeting the crest of the next with a collision that sent the spray over us all in thick and heavy drops. During all this commotion around us, the elements above were each moment lending more and more of their assis-

tance to the terror of the scene. The clouds came nearer, grew denser and more threatening, forming, as they approached, an unbroken mass of appalling blackness, while across its awful face at short intervals shot quick, angry flashes of lightning, followed by sharp, crashing thunder-peals. It was indeed a fearful spectacle, but mortal never beheld one more truly sublime. It was soon shut out from our contemplation, however, by the blinding rain that fell in torrents for hours, and in spite of umbrellas and water-proofs, it was impossible for us to keep dry. Some of the party were thoroughly wet. This in addition to momentary suspense, lest the furious, maddened waves should engulf our brave boat, with its cargo and passengers.

The storm at last showed some signs of abatement, and we hailed it with unspeakable joy. The water became less boisterous, the rain finally ceased falling altogether, and the clouds broke away letting down upon us the genial warmth of the sun's rays, for they were a great comfort to those of us who were chilled by the drenching the rain had given us. It was amusing in the extreme to notice the unfeigned dismay on the faces of those members of our party who wore bangs; for they (the bangs) had suffered from the effects of the rain, and were hanging in dripping, dishevelled festoons over faces that had relapsed into hopeless despair over fruitless efforts to rearrange the wild ringlets.

We were now approaching the eastern shore of the Sound, and the dull roar of the ocean could be distinctly

heard, while above the tops of the scrubby trees that lined the sound-shore were to be seen objects that much resembled fleecy, sun-lit clouds, peering above the horizon. These, we learned, were the summits of some of the sand-hills that stand at short distances from each other along this part of the beach. It was late in the afternoon when we succeeded in making a landing, and felt ourselves standing once more upon *terra firma*. We secured lodging for the night at one of the United States Life-Saving stations, which are established at distances of six miles apart all along this dangerous coast, and thither we had our luggage transferred. We transferred ourselves on foot, it being a walk of not more than a half or three-quarters of a mile. The remainder of the afternoon was consumed in drying our clothes and preparing for supper, after which we repaired in a body to the beach, which was still three or four hundred yards off. The sand over which we walked was like pavement, so solidly had it been packed by the rain of the afternoon.

It is impossible for me to attempt a description of the scene that lay before us, as we came in view of the great Atlantic, stretching to the south, east, and north, a boundless, watery expanse. From my earliest recollection, a mention of the ocean and its vastness had always excited in me the wildest fancies, and had begotten an imperishable desire to behold it, so that it seemed more like a dream now than a realization, that I was indeed looking at this world of water. I stood there unconscious of the flight

of hours, moved with deepest impressions of its awful sublimity, as I gazed over its heaving, troubled surface away out to its only visible boundary—the horizon—where hangs a perpetual haze, “the bridal veil of its union with the sky.” For hours we strolled up and down the beach listening to the interminable roar of the waves, or sat on the bleached sands watching the breakers roll and tumble over each other in their impetuous race for the shore. I cannot tell how long I could have sat there looking upon this half-angry yet frolicsome play of the breakers, wave after wave rolling forward its tremendous length, and seeming to gather new force as it came on to make its assault upon the land, then, fretting with anger at its vain attack, flinging its foam far up the sloping sands and falling back with a sullen roar.

It was late before we could tear ourselves away from this enchanting scene and turn in for the night. We had nearly reached the *hotel* after leaving the beach, when the happy suggestion came from a young man in the party, that we return and witness the moon rise over the ocean. The proposition was carried by storm, and we returned to see fair Luna emerge from the waves. She was so long in coming that we were beginning to think we were much too soon (no one knew exactly at what time to look for her), when a sudden break in the clouds showed that she had risen at least two hours before. Although the laugh turned upon the maker of the proposition, he bravely submitted, for he had thus gained another hour's

stroll with her *Fairness*. Indeed, it began to be suspected that his suggestion was only a subterfuge for the sake of making “another chance” for himself. We finally returned to our lodgings, and were lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waves in the distance, and the singing of mosquitoes—*not in the distance*.

The next morning found several of us up early and down by the sea-shore again. A thick cloud in the east prevented seeing the sun come up from behind the waters, a spectacle I had long desired to behold. A large number of us made the most of it, however, and took a plunge in the surf, which was delightful in the extreme. After breakfast and another stroll on the beach, the boat-crew of which I was a member, bade a lingering adieu to the ocean and our friends in order to give ourselves time for a visit to Whale's Head light-house, six miles to the south of us, whose lights we had seen the night before. We arrived here about noon and passed a most pleasant hour. Having secured a reluctant permission from the officials in authority, we ascended the spiral staircase of the light-house to the great lantern at the top, more than a hundred and seventy feet from the ground. The lantern has eight or ten faces made of purest glass, and placed in pairs of a red and white color. At night these faces are made to revolve by clock-work around a huge wick that nightly consumes fifteen gallons of oil, throwing out into miles and miles of surrounding darkness an alternating red and white light. From the narrow porch, built and railed

with iron around the light-house near its top, we could get an excellent view of the ocean three-quarters of a mile away, but which, from that elevation, seemed not more than a hundred yards distant. The official in attendance kindly lent us a pair of glasses, with which we could get a much more extended view, plainly showing two ships far out at sea. A beautiful sight indeed! But we could not tarry long here. After a short rest we embarked for the return trip across the Sound.

The afternoon was clear, but with little breeze, making our passage across slow and uneventful. But we had a merry party, and made the time pass lightly with song and all sorts of pleasantries. We arrived at Currituck Court-House at about eight o'clock, two hours in advance of the boat we had

left in the morning. We found the town stirred up with anxiety for our safety in the storm of the evening before, when they had lost sight of one of the boats, and feared it had capsized. Another delightful buggy-ride, through the moon-light this time, and our excursion to the ocean beach was over. A more delightful one nobody ever experienced. The next morning my friend, the Professor, joined me, and with many regrets we bade farewell to our kind friends, resolved to accept their invitation to "come again" whenever the opportunity offered. My companion was pleasant as ever, and we had an enjoyable ride home, where we arrived on the day that completed our second week's absence.

M.

Fred Manning

TRUE TO BOTH, FALSE TO ONE.

CHAPTER III.

To Edgar, who was not conscious of having an enemy in all the world scarcely, and who had never, even in thought, done any one so much injury as justly to incur hatred, that was a mysterious, an alarming piece of intelligence. Our actions, however, are not always judged by others as we really mean them; nor do enemies, as a rule, show their colors. It's oftener the other way. So it might have been with Edgar—Edgar, the noble hearted, the beloved. Oh, these vipers!—these

hidden, deadly, sneaking villains, that crawl the earth in the shape of man. Can the pit itself be hot enough for them!

Of course, as I said, Edgar could not grasp the meaning of those dark words of Tom, nor did he have time to ponder over them; for just then they came upon the squad of fishers who, happily seated on the river-bank, beneath some spreading trees, were enjoying the pleasure of sweet doing. But on the approach of our two friends, Tom and Edgar, they sprang up to be introduced to the new-

comer, when, to their utter amazement and surprise, Edgar stood before them. To say that they were more than delighted at this reunion with a long-cherished friend, would be useless. And then it was so romantic, so natural, so everything that was nice, to have him come just then, when enjoyment was the object of the evening—him whom they least expected and were always glad to see, and with whom they had whiled many a joyous hour away in boyhood's dreamy, hopeful age. They were almost wild with delight.

"Boys," said Jack, "let's look at him good, and see if it is he in real earnest. Turn round, old fellow. Well, I declare! Where do you come from? By Jove, I believe he's the same, although I'm not exactly certain. Say, give us your hand, old boy!" And with this they shook hands again—a good old warm, heart-linking clasp. Ah, it is so cheering, so ennobling, so blessed a thing to grasp a *friend*—a *true friend*—by the hand, and know that he is a friend. An electric spark runs all over you, and makes you feel that there is something good and worth living for in the world. And truly did Edgar feel this then, when he had just been thrown into such a state of feeling a little while ago as to make him begin to doubt whether there was anything worth living for. True, it was not much—just the kind greeting of an old friend, but "trifles make the sum of human life;" nor can we begin to measure how much of good or evil there often hangs upon a word—just a word, or a look. He did not then

know why, but somehow a weight seemed to be lifted from his heart.

"Jack," said he with tears in his eyes, "Jack, I know you are my friend; you have done me good. God bless you!"

Jack did not know then the real meaning of those tears; only that they were honest, manly tears; but the time did come when he wondered how such simple words as he had spoken without any meaning in them to him, could have been as the oasis to the desert in the untried years.

Jack was one of that rough, good-hearted kind of boys, unassuming, unselfish, and true to a friend. Now, I don't mean by "rough" that he was unpolished—not at all; but that he said what he meant in such a way that no one could doubt its sincerity; that he did what he did without any crooks and turns; he didn't say "I don't think it is in my power to do so and so, but I will consider the matter and may-be such and such will appear in a better light," and "I can help you out of that scrape if I can see any good in it;" but "I will" or "I won't, and you may depend upon it." In other words, what he did he did honestly, without dissimulation, from a sense of friendship and right, on the spur of the moment, and regardless, it would seem, as to self.

In such a character I see nothing lacking but one thing, and that thing I am with pain compelled to admit was wanting in Jack. Great, good-hearted Jack, everybody liked him, everybody prayed for him, and wondered why he was not a Christian. But he was not—a sad fact; for he

would have been capable of wielding so much influence for good, had he been prompted to his actions not only by a sense of duty and friendship, but also by the love of something higher, nobler. Ah! will not some good angel show him the way, and lead him from darkness to the blessed light? Of this I am certain, that when he starts he cannot be rejected, for listen to the great "I Am": "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

After they had fully determined that Edgar was not a spirit, and their surprise and excess of joy had calmed down to a general good-feeling, and exclamatory questions had begun to assume the shape of social conversation, they proceeded to get the nets and lines in order, for the ensnaring of some of the finny tribe. The next thing which claimed attention was to prepare a place where Morpheus would be pleased to take part in the revels of the evening. As he is not, however, a very particular divinity on such occasions, this part of the programme was not long doing; for to be fishermen and enjoy a fish like fishermen, they had to live like fishermen, eat like fishermen, and sleep like fishermen. Four forks with poles reaching from one to the other composed the frame-work, and a few armfuls of bushes the roof. "Good enough for a king!" pronounced Jack, as with a self-satisfied expression, he looked up at it after putting on the finishing touch. Excuse me, I forgot one thing. Some of the more thoughtful brought as an addition to the furniture of the apartment (which consisted

of a frying pan and four quilts) several more armfuls of bushes. That's all. After this it was time to go to the nets, upon which depended all their hope for supper, at least the meat part of it. Now some who are lovers will think them "awfully" coarse and vulgar to be thinking of eating. "The romance, the romance of it," they will exclaim, "is enough to satisfy them without making gluttons of themselves." But if Jack could be made spokesman of the crowd, I imagine his decision would be somewhat like this: "Well, all I have to say to you, friend, is, you may just think on, and God be with you. If you'll leave me the victuals, I'll live on them. Certainly I'll take along a little love and romance myself, for dessert; but pray, pray don't give me such airy trash to stop that gnawing pain right here. Furthermore, I have this to say about it. When you hear a person talking of living on love and pickle, you may watch him. I wouldn't trust one of 'em with my meat-basket two yards. He'll eat it every bit up and declare a dog (!) stole it. As for me, when old Cupid strikes me with one of those poisoned darts, it takes a good amount of bread-stuff and meat, too, to keep me going."

Off they went in high spirits to "take in" the fish.

"Hurrah!" one shouts as he lifts the struggling captive into the boat.

"Here's a whale," roars another.

Shouts a third, "Come here, Jack, and hold this line while I cut this old terrapin's throat. I'll break his con-founded skull, or,"— and he struck furiously with his oar at the streaked-

head gentleman who seemed rather willing to make his retreat, but could not—"or slip a trace." This last was said on his lifting a second time the weapon; for the first blow proved totally fruitless, and Walter was determined to have vengeance. "Whack!" came down another blow. "Confound him!" Whack!

"Hold on there, Walter," shouted Jack, "you'll break everything to pieces."

"Well"—whack!—"confound him, I'll"—whack!—"break lines, nets"—whack—"and everything else just to"—whack!!—"kill this confounded old fool"—whack!!

By this time Walter was so overcome with excitement and exertion that he looked as if mauling rails had been his occupation instead of fishing. His face was covered with sweat, his shirt collar loose, his sleeves rolled up, and not a sign of hat upon his head. "Jack," he said, stopping to catch a long breath; "Jack, this is the toughest piece of business I ever got into. What must I do?"

"Why lift him in the boat, and take your knife and cut his throat like you first threatened to do," said Jack, almost overcome with laughter.

"No, sir. Just listen how he is puffing and blowing. Take that thing in here! As soon take in a bear! They say if ever he bites you he'll not turn loose till it thunders, and I believe it. Look at those eyes; they are flashing fire, and he's gritting those teeth too much to suit me"—whack! And again Walter fired in upon the miserable creature who always managed to evade his blows. Now Walter was evidently wrong

about that terrapin's eyes; for I'm sure such a pleading expression as lingered on his countenance never could have come from an angry heart; and those tears that trickled down his furrowed cheeks could not have conveyed any idea to any one save that they were true repentant tears. Now I'm not taking up for that terrapin, for I think his actions in robbing the bait off the lines admitted of and demanded chastisement; but I simply want to see that he has justice done him. And the reason I say his eyes didn't flash fire, is because I know his nature so well. A terrapin is a very docile, easy-going, timid little reptile; without one bit of ambition in his make-up, and always willing to take submissively what you give him. He is a little roguish, 'tis true; but he can't help that. There are some folks the same way, you know.

At length, however, pitiless Walter succeeded in accomplishing his intention, and, with one last "whack" upon his poor old head after life had gone, laid down his paddle, which he had managed to break during the scuffle, and, with a look of triumph, said, "Now, confound you, go!"

After going to all the lines and nets, they had quite enough and to spare, for a fine fry, and consequently they were happy.

On turning down the river to carry "home" their prize, it was nearing sunset. Beautiful was the serpentine stream with its placid waters flowing grandly, yet gently on between its luxuriant banks and delightful in the peaceful evening shadows. And with what swan-like grace the little canoes

glided over its unruffled surface! On the eastern side of the river as far as the eye could reach, spread out delightful meadows and flowery fields, and fields of ripening grain rolling in gentle undulations away, away in the distance. To the west the eye could catch in its sweep the sight of some distant dwelling perched upon a gentle hill, and back of this a range of unbroken forest, stretching to the north and south, which seemed like some huge wall to shut out the rest of the world. Slowly the sun dipped behind the broken clouds which leaned gloomily in the west like jagged cliffs against the sky, lighting them up with his last rays into ineffable glory. But soon the golden clouds began to lose their richness, and great thunder pillars to boil up, assuming all kinds of hideous and ghost-like shapes. Faster and faster they rose, and blacker, until the mutterings of deep thunder could be heard making awful melody amid the clouds; and soon growing more dreadful and louder still, seemed as if it would rend the very skies. The crinkled lightning leaping from their black bosom, played in fiery beauty around the ebon mass, and the very heavens were in frowns.

"I believe we are going to have a storm," remarked Tom. "Are you nervous, Edgar?"

"Well, on some occasions, yes. But not at all foolish about a storm. On the other hand, it seems to inspire me, and make every vein flow quick with life. To me the most sublime spectacle on earth is a storm at sea."

"Wonder," said Tom, "if any one

is out at sea in this storm. I see it looks fiercer over towards the coast, and as if there might be wind."

"I don't know," answered Edgar. I suppose there is always some one on the ocean. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I have no particular reason," said Tom.

"Now I know you have," began Edgar eagerly. "Tell me what it is. Your face showed that you were thinking of some particular thing or person. By-the-way, you promised to tell me that secret to-night. This hasn't anything to do with that, has it? Tell me."

"Oh, no, no," said Tom; "what do you keep asking me for? I told you once. You were going on just now to say something about the sea in a storm. Do you really like it?"

"Yes," said Edgar being drawn off from the subject he was on by his love for talking of the sea, and all that concerned it, and he then went on to confirm that love. "How grand," said he, "it is to listen to the thunder-drum of heaven, and the dashing music of the waters; to watch the track of the lightning as it spans the skies; to see the ocean lashed into fury by the storm-king, until waves mountain high come like huge monsters to swallow you up, but ere they reach you break, and others rise still higher and higher almost shutting out the heavens. Ah, this is grandeur; sublimity this, to be where nothing meets the eye but a world of billowy clouds, and a boundless waste of waters. I think one contemplating such a sight can get a better conception of the majesty of the Being who

is no less infinite and omnipotent when the tempest howls, than when the sunshine laughs, and the gentle showers cool the parched earth, and the earth smiles back with flowers. One can then feel, too, more sensibly his own insignificance, his meanness—a mere worm, an atom amid the myriad and myriad of beings and worlds and system of worlds! And when he reaches this point, and considers how vast and multifarious the creatures and workings of nature, and how unerring are the eternal laws which govern and sustain them—when he does thus, and *can really* see himself as he is, a mere drop in the ocean, and then takes into account the fact that he is not too small, however small he may be, for the eye of the all-seeing One, who “clothes the lily of the field,”—then it is that his admiration reaches its highest point, and he can but stand, “lost in wonder, love, and praise”; and with his whole soul shout, “The God omnipotent reigneth, and who dare oppose!”

“Yes, you are right, you are right, Edgar,” assented Tom; “but look yonder,” pointing to the hastening clouds.

Accordingly they steered straight to landing, moored their boat, and made for the shanty in double quick order, where they found the others holding a consultation as to the best mode of tactics to keep dry.

“Tom,” whispered Edgar, touching him hastily on the arm. “Tom, who is that?”

“Where?” asked Tom.

“Yonder creeping through those bushes. See? He has a gun, and if I mistake not, a brace of pistols. Who can it be, and what is he after? See! he has gone. I tell you it makes me feel creepy.”

“Me, too,” said Tom, who thought he recognized the figure.

“Again, Tom, look, look! He doesn’t think we see him, and he’s trying to get behind that knoll unobserved. I tell you, Tom, I don’t like him. He looks like a robber.”

“Ah! would that were all he is”! Tom wanted to say, but dared not for fear of rousing Edgar’s suspicions farther. So he said instead, “I guess it is nothing but a hunter coming home.” *But Tom knew better.*

GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

(*To be Continued.*)

EDITORIAL.

COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR FARMERS.

Many who advocate college education for farmers, urge that it will add greatly to their practical efficiency. But it is a fact patent to all, that thus far the attempt to increase the practical efficiency of farmers through their higher education has ingloriously failed. The reason for this failure does not lie in the fact that the efforts for their advancement meet with no response from the farmers themselves, nor yet in the fact that college education does not train the farmer's mind and so indirectly fit him for his calling; but it is simply this, that though the schools for the education of farmers, are largely attended by farmers' sons, yet very few of them indeed graduate as farmers. For after they have passed several years at college acquiring an education, very naturally they desire to pursue some vocation that will bring into play the knowledge acquired and that will repay them for the large sums of money expended in obtaining the education. They desire to enter the world's busy arena where intellect clashes with intellect, where the exercise of trained faculties is demanded and meets with proper recognition. The idea of adding to the practical efficiency of farmers through their higher education will always be an unrealized dream.

The idea advanced by some that farmers should be educated so as to raise them in the social scale is to us an absurd one. Farmers do not need to be raised in the social scale. The hard-worked, honest tiller of the soil, is looked down on only by those "dainties" who live in towns and cities and have not sense enough to reflect that everything they eat, everything they wear, is directly due to the honest toil of the farmer. We are willing to take them as they are, and would ten thousand times rather shake the toil-stained hand of the hard-worked farmer, than that of that superfluous mass of humanity, the spider-legged fool who parades our streets and would not condescend to notice the tiller of the soil, or that of the insipid, senseless woman who crowds our fashionable ball-rooms. To the agricultural classes we owe the major part of our nation's prosperity. The greatest nations, and those which have contributed most to the world's history, have been those in which the rural classes preponderated. In her country citizens Rome found her best citizens, her greatest soldiers, her most disinterested patriots. So it has been in all countries. In France and England of to-day we see that they are the most powerful factors in the shaping of political policies. So, by sensible people, the farmers are regarded as the equals of any in the

land, and it is ridiculous to urge their higher education as some do on the plea that it will raise them socially in the estimation of the world.

The strongest and best reasons for the higher education of our farmers are found in the facts,—that they, as well as other members of the community, are social beings with social faculties to cultivate and social duties to perform; that they are citizens with citizens' responsibilities; that they have religious natures which need instruction and development. In short, farmers are something beside farmers.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

FATHER ABRAM RYAN.

We've just been reading his poems. We had often heard of them before, but had never read them. It is rather late to be writing of him now, as he has been dead some time, but not too late. Indeed, it will never be too late for those who love the cause he loved so well, the cause he sung so well, to pay a tribute to his hallowed memory. Perhaps some of the flowers which loving hands placed on his grave are withering now or withered. Would that we might lay a fadeless bouquet upon the grave in which our sweet singer is lying! The flowers upon his grave may wither and die, but his memory from our hearts shall never fade.

We do not come to apply the critic's scalpel to his poems. We could not, if we would. Reading them, one forgets to criticise. In them there is a mysterious charm too subtle for

analysis. It is felt, but cannot be told,—this mystic charm which steals over one's senses like cadence of sweetest music; pervading one's whole being; touching every chord of emotion. Would you weep? Read "In Memoriam—David J. Ryan." Would you submit to Fate's decree? Read "The Prayer of The South." Would you burn with indignation for wronged and outraged Ireland, yet honor the names of her heroes? Read "Erin's Flag." Are you regretful of the South's defeat? Read "A Land Without Ruins," and learn to say,

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread
And the living tread light on the hearts of the
dead ;

Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden
just."

Would you revere the memory of Lee even more than you do (if that were possible)? Then read "The Sword of Robert Lee,"—

"Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor a cause a chief like Lee."

Do you love the torn and tattered folds of "The Bonny Blue Flag" which enshrouded the Southern Confederacy in '65? Read "The Conquered Banner,"—

"Furl that Banner ! true, 'tis gory ;
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Tho' its folds are in the dust :
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds tho' now we must."

Think you the cause for which we fought is dead?

“When falls the cause of Right,
The poet grasps his pen,
And in gleaming letters of living light
Transmits the truth to men.

Go! Songs! he says who sings;
Go! tell the world this tale;
Bear it afar on your tireless wings:
The Right will yet prevail!”

In fine, would you have your patriotism stirred to its deepest depths? would you hear again of the land of holy memories where our fathers fought and bled and died? would you have the memory of Dixie's heroes renewed in your heart—would you? Then read whatever Abram Ryan has written of the Southland and her cause,—read it, and feel: My Country! if I ever forget thee may my name be despised forever!

“An eminent divine and one of America's best poets.” 'Twas truly said. His name is not heralded by the North's trumpet of fame. What matters it? In our hearts it is enshrined forever; and when at last the clouds of battle shall roll away and truth shall emerge bright and clear in her own true outlines; when Hate is dead, and Right once more shall sway her sceptre,—both the South and he who so sweetly sung the story of its cause, shall occupy the places they deserve.

In the songs of a Poe and a Ryan the South's literary fame rests secure.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

THE QUESTION IS COMING.

The question of Woman Suffrage in the United States is meant. In-

deed, it has already come. On January 25, it came before the highest branch of the highest legislative body on the American continent. The United States Senate, by a vote of thirty-four to sixteen, rejected a proposition looking to such an amendment of the Constitution as will prohibit the restriction of the right of suffrage to “any citizen of the United States on account of sex.”

It is true that the supporters of the measure met with a crushing defeat, but the very fact of its having gained sufficient strength to make its way into the Senate of the United States; the fact that, having been brought there, it was strong enough to rally to its support more than one-fifth of the entire membership of that body, is one of ominous import to this land of the Puritan fathers.

The establishment of such a system in this country is one over which all who have any claim to patriotic feeling, all who love the refinement, the virtue, the purity, and indeed all that is in truth womanly in woman, might well clothe themselves with sack-cloth and ashes. It is a happy fact that the great body of the intelligent American women would scorn such a privilege as this, and that it is only a few who clamor for a share in voting and office-seeking, stump-speaking, and office-holding; still, should the restrictions to female suffrage be removed from our Constitution, the brave, refined women of the land would be brought face to face with a most uncompromising alternative, namely, either to behold the institutions of this country

turned over to ignorant, corrupt management, or go themselves to the polls to maintain the honesty and efficiency of the state and national governments. For no sooner would such restrictions be removed than the millions of the ignorant, unrefined women of the land would eagerly grasp their newly-acquired power, and would be additional strength in the hands of corrupt party managers. Especially would this be the case in the South, and the intelligent patriotism of our Southern women would impel them to come to the rescue of their dearly-beloved land.

It is to be hoped that the recent defeat of this measure in the United States Senate has effectually killed this question, and given it a burial that will forevermore be denied a resurrection.

FRED. H. MANNING.

NON SEQUITUR.

We notice in the December issue of the Texas *University* magazine in its "Exchange Department," a review of an article published in THE STUDENT on Free Trade. The exceeding brightness (?) of the reviewer merits special notice. Confident of his own depth, he attempts to criticise what he shows his inability to comprehend by the absurdity of his conclusions. From the fact that such expressions as these are contained in the article on Free Trade, "The whole course of nature, is an exchange in which one good turn is and ought to be the stated price of another," and "When money is exported in exchange for foreign

products the coin should be kept here,"—from these expressions the learned critic draws the conclusion that the writer of the above article is an advocate of the "Old Mercantile" system. Now we know as well as the brilliant Texan critic, that wealth is not identical with money; also that to export money from a country will not necessarily impoverish it, nor will the heaping up of money in a country necessarily enrich it. And of course the writer of the Free Trade article intended to convey the idea that other things being equal, the country possessing the most money, is better off than a country under like conditions, with less money. We did not write the Free Trade article, but we know that its author is as far from being an advocate of the Old Mercantile system as his critic can possibly be. We know as well as he that this system which ruled for so long with mischievous effect the affairs of nations, is now exploded, though it can sometimes be seen cropping out in different financial policies.

The article criticised also contained the following: "When a nation pays a high price for what it really demands for support, it is suffering because the money is exported. When the country abounds in natural resources, it seems hard that the fostering care of the law will not provide for the keeping of the coin where it is earned by the laboring men." From this the acute intellect of the Texas editor leads him to conclude that "money constitutes the major part of a nation's wealth." This is a clear case of "non sequitur." Certainly,

the writer did not mean that people suffer, when money is exported, because of its intrinsic value, for its own sake, but because it is the medium of exchange, forming but a small part of the sum of wealth, but through it other forms of wealth can be acquired. Suppose in an article on the "Political affairs" of our Republic, we were to point out "machine rule" as a great evil, as something that should not be tolerated; could any rational mind infer that "machine rule" was the greatest evil in our political affairs or even constituted the greatest motor in politics? Assuredly not. Yet this conclusion would be just as rational as the conclusion arrived at by the able and learned critic.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

POETRY AND FACT.

The recent retirement of Mr. Matthew Arnold from the office of Inspector of Schools is suggestive. He is one of the greatest of living English poets, and yet he was singularly successful in the discharge of the eminently practical duties of that office. *The Spectator* is of the opinion that Mr. Arnold's poetry has gained as much from his practical gifts as his educational work has gained from his poetical gifts.

The union in the same mind of the poetic and the practical, making at once the man of affairs and the meditative seer, must be set down as at least exceptional to the popular belief that these two orders of talent are antagonistic and exclusive of one another. The examples upon which this

idea is based are, indeed, numerous in the history of English poetry; but does not an exception like that in the case before us make void the rule, even though it stood alone.* Many common distinctions are based upon superficial characters only, and are therefore less truthful than convenient. More thorough examination often brings to light a deep and close relation underlying superficial contradictions. There is an old quarrel between the poet and the philosopher, so old that it goes back to Plato; and yet in reality the kinds of truth at which the two aim are all but identical. And so the poet's "frenzy" and "faculty of vision" are supposed to concern themselves with ideas rather than with things, with principles rather than with facts, with emotion rather than with cognition. The poet does seek the ideal in life, but he is successful in proportion to the intensity of his realism. In his creations the facts of experience are his materials; but, because these do not hang about his glowing lines with their labels on, they are often unobserved and unsuspected. We get from Homer a more accurate as well as a more vivid picture of early Grecian life than we might from the careful records of a contemporary historian; and that too, though the most careful and enlightened analysis might fail to identify a single historical event in those wonderful poems. So

* Goethe wrote to Eckermann: "In what I have done as a poet I take no pride, but I am proud of the fact I am the only person in this century who is acquainted with the difficult science of colors."

when the Englishman wants now to know the inner spirit and progress of our national life, he will not study the statistics of our trade or detailed accounts of our manners and customs, but he will read our poets. As has recently been said, "the forces that work underground and hide themselves from us beneath the appearances of human life, have, by the silent elaboration of poetic genius, forced their way to the surface and transformed the appearances themselves. Hence the new creation has all the colors of life and almost shames the so-called facts of every day by the

sturdy force and reality of its presence." The poet "widens nature without going beyond it."

It is perhaps Dickens who somewhere defines the poet as one who is able to express what others only feel. Obviously, however, mere faculty of expression is subordinate to depth and clearness of insight. So, then, the chief distinction between the poet and the practical man is mainly a distinction of degree, namely, that while both observe the facts of nature and of life, the poet looks deeper and interprets.

W. L. P.

CURRENT TOPICS.

JAMES M. BRINSON, EDITOR *pro tem.*

WITH REGRET do we notice the death of that soldier and statesman, Gen. John A. Logan, United States Senator from Illinois. His untimely end is universally deplored. No man probably had more and warmer friends, more enthusiastic admirers. In his public life, he was noted for his strict integrity; in his private life, his most conspicuous characteristics were his generosity, tenderness, soldierly bluntness, and straightforward, military bearing in the minutest details of life. He was beloved by his friends, to whom he was as true as steel. But as a soldier he displayed his highest, his brightest qualities. Here he won the

unshrinking loyalty and unbounded love of those old veterans of the "Blue," who followed him with such disinterested zeal to the cannon's mouth on many a hard-fought field. But now these gray-haired veterans have to mourn the loss of their departed chieftain. With a heart full of love for him who is continually shedding his blessings around us, do we say, God's will be done! Gen. Logan, was an enemy, an intensely bitter one to the South, but he never did aught to us not in strict accord with his tried integrity; and we should give honor where it is due, even though it be to an enemy.

MR. HENRY W. GRADY, of the Atlanta *Constitution*, before the New England Society, recently delivered an address in response to the toast, "The New South," which completely electrified his Northern auditors. When he rose to speak, no one expected much on such a hackneyed, worn-out subject, but before he had spoken long, every ear was bent to catch his slightest syllable, and when his impassioned eloquence burst upon them in its full force, there was such a round of applause as no Southern orator ever before obtained in a Northern audience. The address was full of that beauty and symmetry that comes only of true genius. There were none in the audience untouched by this display of Southern oratory. In his characterization of Lincoln he touched a chord that vibrated in every heart, but he gained special credit for the eloquence with which he alluded to the heroism displayed by the Southern people in defeat. His brilliant effort is everywhere applauded.

THE FISHERY DISPUTE.—There was a lively debate a few days since in the Federal Senate on the Fishery question. Several of our grave, dignified Senators rendered themselves ludicrous in the debate. Mr. Ingalls was particularly declamatory and railed at the English government in the most bitter language. He denounced England as cowardly and as always encroaching upon the rights of other and feebler nations. He demanded war to the death if necessary. As a matter of fact, this dispute can

be settled without a resort to arms, and we think these war-like speeches were intended in a great measure for gallery effect. The Retaliatory bill passed by the Senate will not obviate the difficulty, but will necessarily be injurious to us, if it is not amended in the House by the Belmont bill, which strikes at the Canadian railroads. This would bring Canada to its senses, while the Edmunds bill not only cannot achieve the desired result, but will injure all of our people, except Mr. Edmund's own constituents, whom he has particularly regarded in the arrangement of his bill.

BISMARCK MAD.—Prince Bismarck is exceedingly disturbed in spirit over the failure of his Septennate Army bill to pass in the Reichstag. The session of the Chamber of Deputies on the 24th was an exceedingly stormy one. Dr. Windthorst was the object of a bitter invective by Bismarck, before which he quailed. He was denounced by the fiery Prince as the Herod, the Pilate of the empire. This was another attempt at bulldozing, a role which Bismarck is peculiarly qualified to fill. The Chancellor laid down with special emphasis the fact that "executive power rests with monarchs alone." Before the Prussian Diet, he re-affirms the position which belongs to the Kaiser under the constitution. He reasons that if such great powers are granted the king, how much greater should be those of the emperor, whose responsibilities are so much greater. He most emphatically states that William is Emperor, not a figure-head.

THE WAR CLOUD.—The rumors of war recently published in all the leading papers have proved to have no foundation. The governments of Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Russia, have all determined what course to pursue relative to the Bulgarian difficulty and will endeavor to induce France and Italy to agree to their terms. England alone is undecided. The report that Prince Alexander would meet the Bulgarian deputies at Milan has also proved to be without foundation. The Austrian government favors the election of a new Sobranje or a new regency before a ruler for Bulgaria is determined upon. As to France, Gen. Boulanger, her war minister, declares that he is not making preparations for war and that the French people are not eager for war. The papers on the continent accuse the English journalists of stirring up these war rumors from motives of self-interest. It really seems now that the Eastern trouble can only be settled to the disadvantage of Bulgaria, and that a ruler unacceptable to the people will be forced upon Bulgaria. We do trust that some arrangement satisfactory to those concerned can be arrived at. It is one of our dearest wishes that the Balkan States may at last receive that independence that their patriotism and valor merit. Also we hope that in the complications that will necessarily arise, it may seem best, as was thought a few months ago, to relieve Poland from her stupor and allow her once more to proudly rear her head among the nations of the earth, in defiance of Russia's Czar.

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.—All is expectation in England as to how matters will stand when Parliament reassembles. This British political fight is of peculiar interest to us also, who sympathize so strongly with the down-trodden Irish. The present Cabinet are confident of success, and not at all despondent at Lord Randolph Churchill's secession from the government, but have filled the vacancy occasioned by his resignation by Mr. Goshen, the Liberal Unionist, who, by the way, has failed to be elected to Parliament. The speech to be read from the throne on the opening of Parliament, has already been prepared and approved by the Queen. Mr. Gladstone, all along the route from Hawarden to London, has been enthusiastically cheered by the people. It is not known what arrangement will be made at the conference between the Union and the Gladstonian leaders. Mr. Gladstone, however, has prepared a resolution reaffirming the principle of home rule, which, if acceded to by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan, will be submitted to the "House." We trust some action will be taken on the Irish question by the present Parliament. We long for the day when Ireland shall be free. The Irish people deserve it, their patriotism, their valor demand it. From the day their country was basely sold to Henry II. by Pope Adrian, the Irish have been consistent, untiring in their resistance to oppression of every kind. When we contrast the time when Ireland was not a reproach to her sons, with her present lowly and ignoble position, we

can but send up our petition to that mighty Ruler on high who decides the fate of empires, that the land of Emmet, the once proud Ireland, be

snatched from the billows of servitude in which she is rocking, before she becomes a sea-tossed wreck beyond restoration.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, F. H. MANNING.

MR. R. L. PATTON, of Morganton, has in charge one of the best high schools in the State. It is a newly organized school and Mr. Patton has christened it Amherst Academy, in honor of Amherst College, of which he is an alumnus.

REV. DR. W. G. ELIOT, late Chancellor of Washington University, died January 23rd at Pass Christian, Miss., whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his health.

THE next session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly will be held at Morehead City, beginning on June 14th and continuing to the 29th. The Assembly now numbers over twelve hundred members.

AT the recent session of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College in Raleigh, the present management of the Faculty was continued with Prof. Heitman as chairman. Dr. Jones, of South Carolina, who was elected President, declined.

THE last number of *The Prohibition Leader* gives a portrait of Rev. Dr. R. L. Abernathy, President of Ruther-

ford College, Burke county, N. C., along with a sketch of his life.

EX-PRESIDENT WHITE has presented Cornell University with his magnificent historical library, which numbers thirty thousand volumes besides pamphlets and documents, and is valued at \$30,000.

MR. JONAS GILMER CLARK, of Worcester, Mass., proposes to give one million dollars to found a university in that city. The legislature of the State has already been petitioned to grant an act of incorporation to the institution, which will be called Clark University, in honor of the principal contributor.

PROFESSOR EDWARD OLNEY was recently found dead in his bed. He had for twenty-four years filled the chair of Mathematics in the Michigan State University, and is said to have been an instructor of unusual ability. He was the author of a course in Mathematics.

THE FACULTY of Princeton College have agreed upon a plan to admit students to a share in the control of

the college. Under the plan a committee consisting of twelve undergraduates—six seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman—will be elected by the students for friendly conference with the Faculty, who, it is believed, will thus be enabled to administer the discipline of the college with greater ease and justice to all concerned.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

COMMENTING on the recent death of a brilliant young man from over-exertion on special occasions while at college, *The Independent* says: "Our special object now is to say again, as we have said before, that all *inter-collegiate games* of every sort should at once and forever be prohibited in every college in the country. The extraordinary excitement and dangers of all these contests are now far too great for safety or toleration." And we say, Amen!

THE *Religious Herald* of January 20 announces the magnificent gift of \$25,000 to Richmond College by Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York City,

whose benefactions to Wake Forest College amount now to \$70,000. Our warmest congratulations to our sister College! The friends of Richmond hope soon to raise an additional \$75,000.

THE first number of *The School-teacher*, an educational monthly published in Winston, N. C., has appeared. Messrs. J. L. Tomlinson and W. A. Blair, of the Winston graded school, are the editors and proprietors. They are to be congratulated on the strong corps of contributors they have been able to bring together, and their paper is likely to exert a wider influence than any similar publication which has issued from a North Carolina press.

THE FEELING seems to be growing that the \$7,500 which the University of North Carolina has been receiving for a number of years from the land script donated to the State by the general government, should be withdrawn and used for the equipment of an agricultural and mechanical college, as contemplated in the act.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—The autobiographical sketch, *Mere Egotism*, by Mr. John Burroughs, has appeared before the public.

—The *New Scribner's Magazine* met with wonderful success even on its first issue. Over 140,000 copies were sold.

—A history of the Confederate Navy is being written in Baltimore, by Capt. Thomas Schaif. We will gladly welcome the appearance of this book, for it supplies a want long felt.

—What should be of interest peculiarly to Southerners, is the announcement that a history of the United States from its earliest settlement to a period embracing the Civil War, is to be written by a distinguished Englishman of Southern tendencies.

—Mr. Phillip James Bailey, author of *Festus* published many years since, is now more than seventy years old and living in Blackheath.

—James Russell Lowell has a satirical poem of five pages' length in the February number of the *Atlantic*.

—It turns out that Mr. Phillip Haywood, who wrote "Life on the Alabama" in the *Century* war articles was never on that vessel at all and knew very little about it.

—A very interesting book is the *History of the Second Army Corps* in the army of the Potomac. It is the work of Gen. Francis A. Walker.

—Further along in the spring will be published *Diversions of a Diplomat* by Sunset Cox.

—The scene of Gen. Lew Wallace's new novel is to be Constantinople. The manuscript is already half done and will be published in March.

—In a few months the Memoirs of Charles Read will be published simultaneously in London and America.

—A large number of Longfellow's unpublished letters have been discovered, and the public will soon profit by the discovery.

—McMillan & Co. will soon publish the *Life of Bishop Fraser* by Thomas Hughes.

—The Henry Bill Company, the same which published his *Twenty Years in Congress*, will soon publish *Blaine's Speeches and Diplomatic Papers*.

—A hard worked man is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, author of Uncle Remus. He does all his literary work at night, being engaged in his editorial duties on the *Atlanta Constitution* during the day.

—Messrs. Harper & Bro. have secured the services on the staff of *Harper's Weekly* of Mr. John Ford, who it will be remembered was once managing editor of the *New York Times*.

—The *Century* war articles are to be issued in book form, under the name of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."

—Let us take comfort in this statement made by *The Quarterly Review*: "It is not too much to say that America's living poets may fearlessly challenge comparison with those of any other country."

—There will soon appear a new and enlarged edition of Professor Bain's *Composition and Rhetoric*.

—Edna Lyall, whose real name is Ada Ellen Bayly, resides in Eastbourne, England. She has recently written a new novel, the scenes of which will be laid partly in England, partly in Italy.

—*The Rise and Early Constitution of Universities* has been written by S. S. Laurie, LL. D., Professor of the Institutes and History of Education in the University of Edinburgh.

—Hon. C. C. Andrews, Ex-Consul General to Brazil, and formerly U. S. Minister to Norway and Sweden, has written *Brazil; Its Condition and Prospects*.

—A series of translations of several of Plato's masterpieces has been published by the Scribners. The first of the series, *Socrates*, contains a translation of the "Apology," "Crito," and parts of "Phædo"; the second contains translations from the "Protagoras" and the "Republic," its title

being *A Day in Athens with Socrates*; the third, lately published, is called *Talks with Socrates about Life*, and consists of translations from the "Republic" and the "Gorgias." The authorship of these "exquisite translations" has only lately been made public. They are the work of Miss Mason.

—Mr. F. J. Stimson is "J. S. of Dale."

—*Rodman the Keeper* gives its name to a collection of Southern sketches by Constance Fennimore Woolson, published by the Harpers.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold was presented by the schoolmasters of the Westminster district with a testimonial, on his retirement from the office of Inspector of Schools. In his reply, among other things, he said: "Though I am a schoolmaster's son, I confess that school teaching or school inspecting is not the line of life I should naturally have chosen. I adopted it in order to marry a lady who is here to-night, and who feels the kindness as warmly and gratefully as I do. My wife and I had a wandering life of it at first. We had no home; one of our children was born in a lodging at Derby, with a workhouse, if I recollect right, behind and a penitentiary in front."

—Of Dr. John A. Broadus' recently published *Commentary on Matthew* Dr. Alvah Hovey says it is the best commentary on the first Gospel that he has ever read, that its ample and exact learning place it beside the works of Meyer, Weiss, and Godet, that it is a great and model commentary. It is published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Phila., at \$2.25. 664 large pages.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

A LARGE DEVIL'S APRON.—To the devil's coach-horse, the devil's riding-horse, and the devil-fish of the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom adds the devil's apron. As is meet, the aprons are not all of one style or size. The family of plants furnishing them is known to botanists as *Laminaræ*. They are sea-weeds, but in marked contrast with the graceful and delicate forms commonly thought of in connection with that term. They are large and coarse plants, usually growing attached by root-like processes in the sea. To give some idea of their proportions, one species may be mentioned as varying in size from one to thirty feet long, and six to eighteen inches wide. So far as I know, the biggest "apron" ever seen was picked up not long ago by the sailors of a certain ship in the equatorial Atlantic. They observed an object floating at some distance from the ship, manned a boat, rowed to it, and saw that it was an enormous devil's apron. Upon measurement it was found to be over fifteen hundred feet long.

NATURAL GAS.—It is now some four or five years since a company of Pennsylvania oil drillers had their drill driven violently into the air by the sudden rush of gas into the bottom of the well which they were sink-

ing. They were alarmed and disappointed, but the gas-well thus discovered remains one of the most profitable to this day. But natural gas is not a recent discovery. In China it had been before this used successfully for the purposes of the mechanic arts, conveyed from the wells to furnaces through bamboo pipes. And burning springs had long been known in Persia, France, and our own Western States. It is said that when Lafayette visited this country in 1821, the inn of the town of Fredonia, N. Y., was illuminated in his honor by gas got from a neighboring well. But only in the last several years has it assumed any economic importance. The region of natural gas is that part of Pennsylvania west of the Alleghanies, extending into New York, Ohio, and West Virginia. It is said to be found in a limited extent in Illinois and Kansas. As to its origin, it seems to be a result of the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter imbedded in the rocks. It is probably stored up in porous strata overlaid by impervious strata. When the impervious strata are penetrated by the drill the accumulated gas finds an outlet and makes use of it with a force amounting to many pounds per square inch. There is a constant flow of it until the supply is exhausted. It is used for

lighting and heating. Pittsburg, which is near the most important natural gas locality, is supplied with gas from 107 wells through more than 500 miles of pipes, the total capacity of which is estimated to be 250,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. It is the only fuel used in the great iron and glass works of that city, and a large number of private dwellings are heated and lighted by it. A thousand cubic feet of gas are calculated to equal fifty-five pounds of coal in heating capacity. When it is used in heating a dwelling it is generally sup-

plied by a pipe opening at the bottom of the grate. The grate is filled with broken pieces of brick, or with slag, which the burning gas soon heats to redness; or there may be a clever imitation of the cheerful log made of some incombustible material, also of coals, and even of embers, which makes the illusion quite complete. Natural gas is described as a mixture of hydrogen, nitrogen, and marsh-gas, with occasionally higher carbon compounds. It burns with a flame nearly colorless, and gives off no odor or obnoxious fumes.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

=Two hundred students!

=Anniversary, February 11th.

=Of course all could not receive special invitations to the Anniversary exercises, but all are nevertheless invited to attend.

=We call the special attention of the gentlemen of the Faculty to the editorial in the October number of THE STUDENT on "Senior Vacations." We know that some of the Trustees are in favor of granting the seniors two or three weeks' rest spell before commencement. Gentlemen of the Faculty, what will you do about it?

=A new student recently speaking to a junior about the frequent expeditions to the North Pole, remarked, "I don't see why they are forever trying to find that cold place for, anyhow. Why don't they search for the South Pole where it's warm?"

=On Tuesday night, January 25th, Dr. Duggan delivered a highly entertaining and instructive lecture on "Fermentation," on which subject he has made special investigation. The lecture settled the fact beyond question that Dr. D. is among the first of the young chemists of the country, and with a well equipped laboratory,

we predict grand results for him in his line of work.

=Mr. J. M. Brinson, of Newbern, has decided not to return another year to take the A. M. degree, but will graduate with the class of '87, and probably read law under Hon. C. C. Clark.

=Rev. H. H. Williams, a theological student of Yale College, delivered an illustrated lecture on Martin Luther in the chapel, Tuesday night, January 18th. He is a pleasant speaker and pays special attention to enunciation.

=We understand that one of our students is engaged in the novel vocation of rat-raising, having a rattery in his room.

=While we sat quietly studying, Wednesday night, January 19th, we were suddenly startled by the cry of "Fire!" Rushing out, we saw the top of the wood-house in Mrs. I. O. Walters' yard in flames, and the boys bravely battling them. The flames soon yielded, and but little damage was done. It was thought that the fire originated in an ash box under the house. They say that a certain senior very much excited and panting for a hero's name, rushed wildly into the dwelling, where he was met by the young lady of the house, who told him that all the valuables she had were in her trunk. Seizing what in his haste he thought to be the trunk, the senior rushed toward the College, but soon found to his utter amazement and chagrin that he had carried

off, not the young lady's trunk, but the coal-scuttle.

=Wake Forest College graduates are in demand as teachers over the State.—*Biblical Recorder*.

=In the March number of THE STUDENT an article by Dr. Manly on the Study of Latin will appear.

=In our last number the printer made the writer of the editorial on "E. P. Roe's Novels" commit several grammatical errors, and also say one thing directly opposite to what was written. The printer made the editor say, they are not *artistic*, when *un-artistic* was written.

=The rooms of the cottage until recently occupied by the family of the Rev. Mr. ———, are now occupied by four of our students. One evening during examination-week, two young ladies, purposing to call on the family of the reverend gentleman, and ignorant of his change of residence, knocked gently at the door. "Come in!" shouted one of the occupants, thinking it one of the boys. No response. "Come in here, sir!" Stillness in the direction of the door. Then thinking it some children accustomed to play around the yard, he slips to the door in his "stocking feet" and warily opens it, expecting to be pelted with snow-balls at the hands of the urchins. "Excuse us, sir," said one of the young ladies, "but does Mrs. — live here?" "No, ma'am," he replied, looking sorrowfully down at his feet, "he lives over yonder somewhere." The young ladies

immediately took their departure, and we have not yet learned whether he got through on Greek the next day or not.

=Prof. John Lewis (col.), who has so long filled the chair of Bell-ringing, has been retired on account of long and efficient (?) service, and hence becomes Prof. Emeritus of Bell-ringing. Leonard Crenshaw (col.), of the Hill, was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Crenshaw is a young man, with life before him, and we think he'll fill his "lofty" position to the satisfaction of all.

=Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, of New York, will preach the sermon before the graduating class at our next commencement. To many it may be of interest to know that Dr. Armitage is Mr. J. A. Bostwick's pastor.

=Prof. Manly is announced to lecture February 25th.

=We offer our hearty congratulations to Richmond College on the princely donation she has lately received from the munificent J. A. Bostwick.

About the flood the teacher talked,
And of old Noah true;
And catechised his pupils all,
To see what each one knew.

At last he turned with manner mild,
Toward a studious youth
Whose words were almost always found
According to the truth.

But on the day this faithful lad
Had not the lesson read,

And so he had his Scripture texts
All mixed up in his head.

"Say, Mister B.," the teacher said,
"Will you repeat to me
The names of good old Noah's sons,
Who rode with him the sea?"

Then poor B.'s features kind o' changed,
And lost their wonted calm:
"Their names?—oh, yes, I know," said he,
Were Joseph, Hem, and Sham."

—*Bethune.*

=The handsomest ticket yet sent out by the Societies of Wake Forest College is that inviting us to be present at the 52nd Anniversary.—*Biblical Recorder.*

=The Phi's have adorned their Hall with a set of beautiful new chairs.

=A certain student sent a young lady an Anniversary ticket, and was surprised several days later at receiving it again. It must be a hot anger that can project a ticket back to the sender.

=The Education Board now has 34 beneficiaries under its patronage.

=The new year brought two new business houses to our little town, namely, Powers & Riddick, druggists, and J. M. Brewer & Son, cotton-buyers and general supplies. The former occupy the Edwards building, the latter the building formerly occupied by W. B. Wingate & Co.

=On the evening of February 3, Dr. William Royall, Professor of English and of Modern Languages, delivered an original and entertaining lecture on Speech Growth, taking up

most of the time on that part of the subject pertaining to utterance. He promised to speak at another time of the thing uttered.

—The Professor of Mathematics calls our attention to the following curious arithmetical puzzle in the *Wilmington Star*. It occurs in the editorial written to tell how the 95,000 Methodists in the State may endow Trinity College. The editor proposes that one-half of the number give so much, one-third so much, one-fourth, one-fifth, one-sixth, one-tenth, one-twentieth, and one-fiftieth so much. Although the sum of these fractions is $\frac{11}{10}$, he yet has left of the 95,000 as many as 1,615, who, he says, ought to give so much!

—There will be a special train from Raleigh to Wake Forest on the evening of the 11th inst., that those who desire to do so may attend the night exercises of the Anniversary. The train will leave Raleigh at 4 o'clock and return at midnight. A pleasant time is anticipated. Come and share it with us. Round trip ticket, \$1.00.

NAMES.—The following amusing story is from a student's composition on "Names," suggested by the number of significant names in the College roll of this session:

I met on the campus a *Farmer* boy, a *Christian* gentleman he was, who very kindly invited me home with him to see his *Beddingfield* and *Rangeley*. I consented, and started off humming a familiar *Carroll*. I soon find that he is a faster *Walker* than myself, and

I *Beck*-with my hand for him to wait, as I cannot keep *Pace* with him.

On nearing the farm, I saw a very large *Crab-tree* full of nice *Green* fruit. I picked up a *Stone* and threw it at the tree hoping to see an apple fall, but out flew a *Wren*, a *Martin*, and *Finch*, none of which have a *Copple-crown*. "*Shaw!*" said my companion, "the limbs are too *Woody* to be so easily broken as that." I saw two handsome *Peacocks* walking down the *Lane* which led to the house. The *Jordan* ran across the road, over which were several *Bridges*, as it was too deep to *Ford*. On one of them in the shade of a *Birch* sat a lad who wore a *Maske* while fishing. He interested me, as he diligently drew out handsome *Bass* and *Herring* with his net. He gave me a fine fish, which I carried *Holding* it by the *Gill* in one *Handby* my side. Beyond the *Sykes* on the hill, stood the ruins of the old *Mills* and the *Fort*, the only well-preserved parts of which now remaining are a *Hopper* and a *Cannon*. Near by were the *Graves* of those who fell by the *Ball* while *Manning* them. A *Pickett* informed me that a *Fowler*, who was the *Foster*-son of my friend the *Farmer*, had been shot in the *Cheek* by an unknown hand. The *Merritt* of the case demanded that *Justice* be shown to the guilty one, for judge *Lynch* would no longer be held in '*Spence*.'

About this time a *Vann* drawn by two *White* horses came along this *Holloway*, and the driver gave me a seat in his chariot. Arriving at my destination too *Early* for tea, I was pleased to see our kind hostess *Bowling* out to us hot *Coffey*, for the

Crocker had made the cups too small. I *Felt* much disappointed when I was told that the *Brewer* was absent, the *Broom* was broken, and the *Baker* had failed to send his usual supply of *Bunn* for that day; however, the biscuit were *Browning* nicely, and we ate *'Simmons* until the bread was *Dunn*. In came the *Joiner*, whose clothes were cut too short for him by the *Taylor* and sewed likewise by the *Tucker*, who said: "*Wilson* give the gentleman an *Olive* leaf before departing?" This was in token of respect for me. *Oliver* gracefully obeyed his father and politely conducted me to the *Boothe* near

the *Wells*, where I found a *Hackney* saddled for my pleasure. The *Smith* had just finished shoeing the horse and had blown out the *Smithwick*; but his *Price* was more than the *Farmer* would pay. A dispute arose between the *Highsmith* and my friend, and I used a very large *Cobb* to *Ward* off the blows. This *Royall* countryman owned many more fine horses which he received by the *Carr-load* from *Mitchell* county. I bade the old gentleman adieu, as it was beginning to *Sprinkle* rain, and therefore lost all my *Betts*, because it was not *Manly* to engage in such things. PHIL.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
 { F. H. MANNING.

—'58. Mr. B. F. Hester, one of the most prosperous farmers of Granville county, was elected Secretary of the Farmer's Convention of North Carolina at its organization in Raleigh, January 23rd.

—'74. Rev. F. R. Underwood recently located at Michaux, Va., has been called to Powhatan Court-House in the same State.

—'77. Rev. Edgar E. Folk goes to Albany, Ga., to be pastor.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farris spends the night in our village, returning to his

work in Raleigh on the early train. We are always glad to see him.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell has charge of a very promising field in Mount Olive, Wayne county. His entire time is occupied with the four churches under his care.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman's meeting with the Lee Street church, Baltimore, was a successful one and he made a fine impression on the community.

—'81. Several times during the present session, we have had among

us the genial presence of Mr. Carey J. Hunter, of Greenville, N. C. He is one of the most energetic of our younger alumni.

—'82. Rev. E. G. Beckwith, A. M., is Principal of a very flourishing school at Clayton, N. C. This school is becoming noted throughout the surrounding section of country for the thoroughness of its discipline.

—'83. Since leaving college Rev. C. G. Jones has settled at Martinsville, Va., where he has developed into quite an active worker. We often hear very pleasant reports of him.

—'84 and '76. Dr. I. G. Riddick has lately located at Wake Forest where, in copartnership with Dr. J. B. Powers, he has opened a large drug-store on the eastern side of the railroad.

—'84. We were glad to see in the *Biblical Recorder* not long since, a

letter from Rev. W. S. Royall relative to his work in Appomattox county, Va. He is pastor of two prosperous and growing churches. He writes tenderly of his *Alma Mater*.

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith, was recently a successful contestant for a scholarship at Johns Hopkins University. He won the scholarship on History and Political Science. He did not miss a single question on the History examination. These scholarships pay two hundred dollars per annum.

—'86. Mr. John E. Vann lately stopped over on the Hill while on his way to the Law school of Messrs. Dick and Dillard at Greensboro, N. C.

—Mr. Clingman Mitchell recently passed a night on the Hill on his way to the Farmer's Convention.

—Hon. C. M. Cooke has been for a good while in delicate health, but is now improved.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—The *Holcad* contains an interesting article on "Thinking Habits." It shows very clearly that not only our physical nature but our mental nature is in complete subjection to the law of habit. The last number we received had a good article in it on "Elocutionary Training."

—The only interesting feature of the *Roanoke Collegian* is an article by the President of the College. We are glad to see that the *Collegian* has carried out our suggestion and adopted the plan of indicating in some way that an article is written by one of the professors.

—We always welcome with much pleasure the *College Message*, of Greensboro. Its December issue contains an interesting discussion of the comparative merits of Home and Foreign Missions. We were particularly impressed with the article on Foreign Missions, and congratulate the Greensboro Female College on possessing such a fine writer among its fair students.

—The *Thielesian* does not contain a single article that does not reflect credit on its writer.

—The *Alamo* and *San Jacinto Monthly* is up to its usual standard, and contains some interesting matter. Its article on Jefferson Davis calls for our loudest praise. Our noble ex-President, the only true ex-President alive, is pronounced a "great statesman," a "hero," and a "patriot." We can heartily clasp hands with the writer of this article, and say with him that the ex-Confederate leader will never cease to enjoy posterity's praise.

—The December issue of the *South Carolina Collegian* is better than usual. We think it one of the best of our exchanges. We applaud the "pluck" with which it meets the unjust criticism advanced by the *Virginia University Magazine*.

—The *Adelphian* is as charming as usual. It contains evidence of culture as well as good judgment in the selection and arrangement of topics.

—The *University of New York* does not keep up to its standard. If it would preserve its literary tone, it

should have less about "sport" and more about literary subjects.

—The *Collegiate*, of Franklin College, is unusually interesting. Its article on Macaulay is especially noticeable. We are glad to note such manifest improvement in one of our best exchanges.

—The *Vanderbilt Observer*, in addition to interesting articles on Thackeray and Maurice Thompson, contains a learned dissertation on the genius of George W. Cable.

—The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is not only true to its motto, "Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum," but is making manifest advancement with every issue.

—We always read with pleasure the *Guardian*, of Baylor University and esteem it as highly as any exchange we receive.

—The *College Rambler* is before us. Its new cover causes it to present a much more attractive appearance. It contains an excellent article on Demosthenes the Patriot.

—The *Richmond College Messenger* is as usual full of thought and bristling with useful information.

—The *Northwestern Chronicle* calls special attention to the recent football trouble between Yale and Princeton. We have always considered these intercollegiate exercises nuisances and as powerful motors in disturbing the moral atmosphere of our colleges.

—We now have to perform what is an unpleasant duty,—to expose a case of plagiarism. We have always regarded stealing in its simplest form as contemptible; but when a man so far loses all character as to wilfully appropriate the thoughts, even the words of another, and pass them off as his own; when this too is done by one at an academy of learning where presumably he is devoting his time and his energies to the proper training of those faculties through which God raised him above the brute, we can find no epithet in our language suitable for such a person. In this act, he employs in his own degradation means intended by the Creator only for noble ends. He proves himself unworthy of the God-given gift of intellect and of the title of gentleman, and unfit to mingle with those whose honor is without reproach. Yet a man has been found whose nature allows him to stoop to such an act. He recently published in the Southern University *Monthly*, of Alabama an article, "There has been, there is, and there will be." Nearly one page is taken from a speech on "America" by Phillips in Lovell's United States Speaker. We publish below in parallel

columns a few sentences taken from the article and from the original. Lack of space prevents our showing the full extent of the plagiarism; but what we subjoin will convince any reasonable mind. We hope that in the future the *Monthly*, which is undoubtedly a good exchange, will be more careful as to its publications.

THERE HAS BEEN, THERE IS,
AND THERE WILL BE.

Who shall say that when the Old World may have buried all the pride of its power and pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New?

Troy thought so once, yet the Land of Priam lives only in song. Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate.

Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and America what Athens was? Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism has obscured its very ruins, that this mighty Continent may not emerge from the horizon to rule for its time, sovereign of the ascendant.

AMERICA, BY PHILLIPS.

Who shall say that when, in its follies and its crimes, the Old World may have buried all the pride of its power and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New?

Alas, Troy thought so once, yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate!

Who shall say, then, contemplating the past that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the Young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty Continent may not emerge from the horizon to rule for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

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THE STUDY OF LATIN.

The age of Cicero and Cæsar was the culminating point in the development of the Roman people. A great nation had struggled and wrought till it reached that high eminence. The great ideas that had animated the breasts of Romans for centuries were at last realized in the supreme power of the State and the glory which in every part of the known world rested upon her arms.

The thoughts and feelings of every great people have found expression in a national literature which has kept pace with all the varied forms of improvement, making a record of the general progress from age to age, and itself developing all the while toward perfection. Rome was not more re-

markable for her military prowess than for the noble language which she produced, and is not to day more admired for her wonderful system of laws than for her rich and instructive literature.

The supremacy of Rome in politics, as well as in literature and art, made Latin the medium of communication for the cultivated in all her wide realm, and when in the course of the centuries her political power fell into decay, her importance as the centre of ecclesiastical influence secured to Latin the continued supremacy in the field of letters. Latin became in the hand of the church a powerful instrument for the expression of her theoretical doctrines and

practical statement of popular truth; till finally it adapted itself to the nicest philosophical distinctions and speculations of the Schoolmen of the middle ages. It became the language of diplomacy and of the priestcraft, finding its way into the courts of kings and the cells of monks. It was the vital breath of all learning. All books intended for the learned world were written in Latin, while the various seats of higher education rested upon Latin as their foundation and counted its literature, in that day more widely extended and varied than ever before, as almost the beginning and end of all human knowledge. It became the language of the lecture room in the universities, as well as of the great books. Students listened to lectures, wrote essays, held disputations all in Latin.

At length the time came (1700) when professors began to break away from the use of Latin in their oral lectures and to employ their own native tongues. To-day the delivery of lectures and writing of books in Latin have become quite exceptional. This change was brought about in connection with the break which had been made with a past which had thrown obstacles in the way of free investigation, and had tyrannized with an iron heel in the name of the church over every department of learning. Still Latin remained in the schools of higher learning as one of the most prominent features of a system of broad culture.

But in recent years the right of Latin to this prominent place has been called in question. Let us no-

tice some reasons why it should form a vital part of a liberal education:

1. Latin is highly deserving of study for the sake of its *valuable literature*, which is full of striking thoughts which we find nowhere else so well expressed. Many a proverb and pithy remark from its literature have rung through the ages with great power and have influenced thought and life. These are invaluable. To translate them would but take away their force. Whole pages and entire books in many different periods of the extensive literature are loaded with the richest thought that a great people could produce. And not merely are they full of valuable matter, but they present also in their classic styles exquisite forms of beauty. Writing was cultivated among the Romans as a fine art, and they carried it to such a high degree of excellence that many of their compositions have become models of the highest types for all time. Shall we ignore these high attainments? They are our inheritance from the past; shall we refuse to accept them?

2. Not merely for its beauty of form and richness of thought should Latin find a place in a scheme of liberal studies, but also as a *means of mental discipline*. Its thorough mastery involves a strenuous effort of mind which draws out the mental powers and increases their strength. "But does not the mastery of any subject do the same?" Certainly; but some more than others, and the Latin is peculiarly adapted to this purpose.

(a) As a language it presents almost every conceivable *variety of*

thought. If a man is to be trained to think, what can help him more than the study of a subject which gives him the varieties of thought with quantity and depth? The study of language presents to him the methods and results of thought. Association with great and cultivated men is a means of culture; and in the same way to be brought into close contact with a great language full of great thoughts produces a high degree of mental discipline. Broad culture implies and presupposes a varied training. The best muscular development comes from a varied bodily exercise such as is represented by a system of calisthenics more or less extended. One kind of exercise involving only one movement is not sufficient. The muscles that are not called into play remain undeveloped. The compass of a man's ideas is measured by the number of words he can use, and in like manner his range of thought will depend upon the variety of thought in which he has trained his mind. Think of the extended series of thoughts implied in the different uses of the cases, of adjective and adverbial relations, and also of the many kinds of clauses embodying end, result, condition, concession, cause, time, comparison, etc., and imagine them combined in a thousand different ways and used in as many different connections, and it is seen at once what a great variety of forms and shades of thought are presented.

(*b*) It cultivates *imagination*. This is one of the most important powers of the mind because it has to do with the lofty ideals of the human race.

Latin furnishes a fine field for its cultivation by its beautiful poetry as well as by many passages of highly imaginative prose. In fact every image, description, and historical reference give play to this faculty.

(*c*) It cultivates *taste*. The contemplation of excellence in any of its forms produces in us an appreciation of what is excellent, causing us to imitate the best; and not merely this, but furnishes also a basis for original production. Independence is by no means destroyed. The mind is cultivated and prepared to do original work of a higher order than it could otherwise do. The world cannot afford to do over again the work of the past for the sake of being independent. It must take note of and accept the true results of the past, and show its originality by going beyond them.

(*d*) It affords special opportunities for the cultivation of *judgment*. With every sentence the student decides upon the exact meaning of his author, weighing the arguments which favor different renderings and often going into the finest shades of distinction. The system of syntax is complicated, and questions arise in connection with it which afford the finest opportunities for the exercise of judgment. Nothing else can furnish a better drill for this faculty. By this study the mind becomes sharp, accurate, and quick in estimating and deciding. The power of giving a true judgment is invaluable for all departments of life. It is one of the most important mental endowments which go into the making of success.

(e) It develops the *reasoning powers*. Its great writers observe a strict logical flow of thought. Sentences and clauses follow one another in accordance with a natural and necessary law. They are connected as the links in a chain. And the mind by the study of such writings catches their spirit and learns to observe in its thought the same logical connection.

In addition to this there are abundant passages of a highly argumentative nature, which call forth the student's highest reasoning powers. Such passages scattered through the literature present specimens of the most diverse kinds of argument on the greatest variety of subjects. Sometimes the argument is forcibly stated in plain terms and clear form, and sometimes it does not appear on the surface, but consists of an underlying current which is perceived only when one looks deeper. Practice in these different forms prepares the mind to appreciate and use them in after life.

(f) It cultivates *memory* in a most successful and beneficial manner. This is so obvious that we will only dwell on it to remark that it is not a cultivation of a memory for mere words, as some might suggest, but eminently for ideas associated with words and facts as well.

It is not necessary to carry this analysis farther. This much will suffice to illustrate and substantiate the point.

But some one objects to Latin in favor of a modern language. We reply that the substitution would not work good results. The modern languages are inferior to Latin in respect

to form and variety of clauses, and hence are not capable of the same fruitful combinations of thought. They are not complicated enough to discipline the mind.

Again, it is urged that a student forgets his Latin in a few years after leaving college. In reply it may be said that he does not forget it all. Even if his attainments were meagre he retains something. And if he has studied it thoroughly he carries with him all through life a knowledge of it that at any time could be turned to practical use. But grant that much is forgotten, he will not forget or lose the discipline he has acquired. His thought is vigorous, his expression forcible, his comprehension quick and deep and he attributes it perhaps to natural ability, when the fact is that a large part of it is due to the thorough drill in Latin, on which however he heaps only reproach, regretting the time spent in its acquisition.

3. Latin is *indispensable to a thorough knowledge of English*. Our language received such a large admixture of Latin words through the Norman French after the year 1066 A. D. that in order to understand the exact force and derivation of many of our most common words we must go back to the Latin. A flood of light is thrown on English by the study of the old Roman tongue. Many ask, "Why spend so much time studying a dead language, a thing of the past?" It is not a mere thing of the past; it also belongs in an important sense to the present, it lives to-day in Italian, Spanish, French, English, and other

modern languages. Men talk of substituting modern languages for Latin in our schools, when the fact is we can not fully understand them without the Latin. They can be properly and thoroughly studied only through Latin. The study of language to-day must go deeper than mere surface work of a light and unscientific kind. In some respects English is the noblest of modern tongues and it surely deserves to be studied in the fullest light which other languages both of the past and present can throw upon it. Prof. F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, says (as quoted by Professor Gildersleeve in a recent number of *Science*): "The thorough study of English literature as such.....is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome."

Latin is also well adapted to form a basis for the study of language in general.

4. Latin is highly important for a proper understanding of Roman history. No people can be fully understood apart from their language and literature. You may know a man from his general appearance, but you do not understand him until you

know what he thinks. In order to estimate the ethical character of an action we must know the motive that prompted it. And in like manner we must know the feelings and thoughts of a people, recorded in their literature from age to age, in order to understand their history. A great people's literature is the interpretation which they give to the world of themselves. The times with their manners and customs, their motives and movements are reflected in the literature.

Will any one say that the past is not worthy of our attention? We understand the present only in the light of the past. If it were possible to take away from the present all the knowledge and influence of the past, the present would be to us a perfect enigma. To ignore the past is suicidal.

It is well known that Latin has an important bearing on the terminology of the sciences of medicine, botany and pharmacy, but neither time nor space permit more than the mention of them in this connection.

In conclusion, permit the expression of the belief and conviction that Latin will hold its present position in our schools and colleges.

G. W. MANLY.

THE LOST CAUSE.*

When the direful storm has spent its fury and is past, it is sometimes pleasant and not altogether profitless to follow it in its dreadful course, to speculate on its causes, to mark its progress, and measure its results. In like manner let us to-night briefly review the causes, course, and consequences of that fearful war which as a mad cyclone swept over our fair land scattering death and devastation, sometimes termed "The Lost Cause." With something of awe do we approach it, this Lost Cause! Ah what a host of tender memories and blasted hopes are linked to it—memories that time can never, never efface.

I. First, as to the causes of the war. On this subject one theory after another has been published to the world. The defects in a republican form of government, the depravity of human nature, the general meanness and rebel instincts of the Southern people,—these have all been paraded before the world as causes of the war, but perhaps the most plausible cause and the one most generally accepted is slavery. Ask the average European what brought the war on, and he will tell you slavery. Ask the Northern politician, historian, preacher, and they will all say slavery. But in doing so they mistake the occasion for the cause. Slavery may have been—I will go even further—slavery *was* one of the occasions of the war, but 'twas only one link in that mighty

chain of circumstances which constituted the one great cause of the war. There were principles—deep underlying principles involved. The mere question of slavery could never have stirred up the whole American people and kindled the dreadful fires of revolution throughout our fair land. The true causes of the war must be sought further back. They were co-existent with our Republic.

(a) First among them was the doctrine of State Rights. This principle has ever had a deep and powerful hold upon the popular mind. In the infancy of our Republic, when the fathers of the constitution were endeavoring to shape the colonies just liberated from British domination into a mighty republic, no question provoked more protracted or more violent discussion and none in the minds of those grand old sages was fraught with more vital consequences to the liberty and well-being of their beloved Republic than this question of States Rights. How to consolidate free and independent States in a general government so as not to abridge the rights of the several States, and at the same time to construct a strong government—a united government—a government strong enough to brave the waves of opposition that had subverted so many apparently well-founded governments before, strong enough to outlive the subtle influences that

*Oration on the occasion of Anniversary, February 11th, 1887.

ndermined and overthrew the republics of Greece and Rome, strong enough to meet and silence internal discord and external foes;—how to accomplish this result was a question that filled the minds of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison with the gravest concern and apprehension. The constitution finally consummated by them did not solve this problem of States Rights. A compromise between the extreme States Rights views of Jefferson on the one side and the ultra central government ideas of Hamilton on the other, it served for awhile to allay, it is true, the agitation of States Rights, but 'twas only to increase the violence of that inevitable storm. The issue had to be met. The portentous clouds were already beginning to loom up above our political horizon; the muttering thunders that were destined to shake our country from centre to circumference were already sending their death-presaging echoes through all the councils of the nation.

That illustrious trio, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, standing like sentinels on the ramparts of the nation's defence, saw this gathering storm. Webster saw it and thundered, "Let us save the constitution though all else go down"; Clay saw it and shouted, "Let us make a compromise and avert the danger"; Calhoun saw it and said, "Let justice be done and the right will prevail." The Missouri Compromise, the Nebraska Bill, and the South Carolina Nullification, all betokened the fury of the coming storm and showed that deep down underneath our government a mighty

volcano was seething and boiling, begotten and nourished by this principle of States Rights, sending its lava-laden branches throughout the length and breadth of the nation, each year widening its influence and deepening its power, and destined eventually to startle the world with the violence of its eruption and to engulf our country in the dreadful vortex of revolution.

(b) Another cause of the war akin to this and growing out of it was the conflict of sectional interests. The North, the South, the East, and the West, each had separate and antagonistic interests. The North was a manufacturing section, the South an agricultural section. Measures that would conduce to the interests of the one would impede those of the other. The protective tariff, the pride and glory of the Northern manufacturer, was directly and radically opposed to the free-trade policy so dear to the Southern agriculturist.

The discussion of these questions was the prolific source of bitterness and discord in our national councils. A spirit of jealous distrust seemed to pervade the whole country. Public confidence was gone, and that union of spirit and sentiment and heart so essential to the well-being, yea even the existence of a republic like ours, was nowhere manifest. There was a clashing of interests, a war of factions.

(c) Here began the agitation of the slavery question. In the early years of our nation's history, as is well known, the institution of slavery was not confined to the Southern States, and it was not until it was discovered that slaves did not pay in New England,

that any tendency to move them down South became apparent. And then the South paid a high price for the slaves of the North.

The Abolition party was not yet known. But after awhile when the South began to prosper, when her influence began to be felt, when Southern brains and manhood and chivalry began to come to the front; when the voices of Calhoun, Benton, Hayne, and hosts of others ringing in the halls of Congress began to wield a telling influence and to shape the policy of the nation,—then it was that Abolitionism was born—born of envy and hate—begotten with the ostensible purpose of introducing a great moral reform, but really to check the material progress and development of the South. Consciences that had lain dormant, serenely unconscious of the stupendous wrongs of the poor African for more than half a century, were suddenly quickened by some celestial monitor into a state of the most intense sensitiveness; hearts that had regarded with sublime indifference the oppressions of the New England factory employees were thrown into a spasm of excitement and thrilled with the keenest sympathy by the exaggerated story of the rice-field darkey's sufferings.

Servitus delenda est was the universal motto. 'Twas the caption of the editor's article, the theme of the orator's discourse, the hobby of the demagogue's harangue, the supplement to the parson's text, and the burden of the poet's lay. Societies were formed,—ladies' societies, old men's societies, children's societies.

Books were written, lectures delivered. The gifted novelist Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a vile slander upon the Southern people and an effective agency in rousing the passions of the North. Rage usurped the place of reason, while passion and prejudice swayed untrammelled dominion over the hearts of the whole American people. Contention and strife became contagious. Our national councils were filled with wrangling and bitterness. Frantic declamation and venomous vituperation took the place of sober discussion and calm deliberation.

But it is evident that all this discord came not from the mere question of slavery and kindred questions, but from a principle far deeper, far broader than these. The constitution as interpreted by the ablest statesmen placed the control of slavery solely in the hands of the several States, and hence all interference on the part of the general government was unjust and unwarranted. When the government began to tamper with slavery, to restrict it and modify it, the Southern people saw that the blow was aimed not only at slavery, but at the fundamental principle of State Rights as well. Seeing the rights of the States disregarded, the constitution violated, and their reasonable demands spurned, they seceded. Were they right? Were they justifiable in the act of secession? Let the future historian answer, for no man whose mind and heart are swayed by prejudice and passion can rightly appreciate the motives that controlled our fathers in that crisis.

II. Now let us turn to the conduct of the Southern people during the war. We have nothing to fear here. No, indeed! The heart of every true Southerner, the heart of every true man of whatsoever country, should feel a thrill of pride as he reviews the record of the "sons of Dixie." Whatever may have been the causes of the war, whether just or unjust, sufficient or insufficient, one thing is sure, the devotion, the courage, the heroism of the Southern people during that bloody period can never fail to awaken admiration so long as a due appreciation for valor and noble deeds has an abiding place in the human soul. When duty called they came. Conceiving their cause to be just, they hesitated not to stake their lives, their fortunes, and their all. When the final hour had come and the ominous notes of war had been heralded from the blue waves of the Atlantic to the verdure-clad prairies of the far Southwest, when the thundering tones of Mars had echoed down the Mississippi and along the Gulf and up the Atlantic slope, the brave sons of our sunny Southland no longer faltered. No, heaven bless their memories! they came in solid phalanx. Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, and heart to heart in one united column, inspired by one mighty purpose, animated by one noble desire, and buoyant with faith in their cause, the soldiers in gray rallied around the stars and the bars, ready to sacrifice their lives on their country's altar. From the towering hills and picturesque valleys of the Old Dominion, from the spreading forests and smiling cotton fields

of the Carolinas, from the tangled everglades of Florida, from the Mississippi valley, from the grassy plains of Texas, from every part of our fair Southland they came. The pursuits of peace were abandoned. The ploughman left the furrow half finished, the mechanic threw down his plane, the merchant laid aside his yard-stick, the student closed his book, the clergyman left the pulpit, the doctor his patient and the lawyer his client, and all hastened away to the field of battle. Pruning hooks were fashioned into swords and common utensils molded into bullets. War! war! was the cry that rang from mountain to sea, and at its magic notes the hearts of the whole people were stirred, fired with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds and roused to an activity that could accomplish almost impossibilities.

Thus the war began. Nor was the zeal, the enthusiasm here displayed a mere transient sentiment, the effervescence of a kind of fool-hardy courage and fanaticism born of the "plantation manners" of the South and destined to fade into cowardice and failure at the first approach of danger. No. Manassas and Cold Harbor and Drury's Bluff showed that theirs was no "braggart's boast," but the deliberate avowal of men ready to lay their lives before their country's shrine.

Nor must we forget the noble women of the South. In those days of gloom and trial they were ever true. At home, in the hospital, on the field of carnage, everywhere, like angels of mercy, angels of light,

angels of hope, the heroic women of the South appeared. When all seemed lost and others were ready to despair and abandon their cause as hopeless, the women with a courage almost sublime would rouse the failing hopes of their husbands, sons, and brothers and stimulate them to fresh efforts. Whether at home with busy hand making garments for the far away veteran, or in the hospital soothing with gentle touch the fevered brow, or on the field of death moving like an angel of mercy amid the dead and dying uttering words of hope and cheer, her mission was ever one of love and her influence a mighty power in the prosecution and prolongation of the war.

Historians have written and orators have painted and poets have sung of the heroism of the women of Sparta, how they trained their sons to despise danger and loathe cowardice, how they taught them to live and die for Sparta and to return from war bearing a victor's shield or borne on that of a slain hero; but infinitely grander than anything that Spartan women ever displayed was the heroism of those women who united the most stirring appeals to bravery with the utmost gentleness and tenderness, who with one hand smoothed the pillow of the dying brave telling him of the brighter life beyond and with the other waved his comrade on to victory; who though strangers to the savage passions that swayed the rough Spartan woman, yet dared to face dangers and endure hardships and sufferings never surpassed. Noble women! heroic women! Oh for the muse of a Homer,

the lute of an Orpheus, the brush of an Apelles, and the genius of a Praxitelles, to embalm their noble deeds in poetry and in song, to paint them even on the heavens in colors so glorious that all the world would be dazzled by their beauty and so enduring that they would outlast the destructive blasts of time; to carve a statue to their memory so resplendent and so lofty that distant nations and coming ages might behold it and recognize their merits. And it must be remembered that all these deeds of patriotism and words of encouragement on the part of the women were not lost on their brothers in arms.

The annals of history will be searched in vain to find a higher exemplification of courage, fortitude, and patriotism than the "sons of Dixie" displayed. At Marathon, Salamis, and Platea Greeks met and conquered superior numbers—patriotic Greeks battling for the liberty of Greece; but their foes were undisciplined barbarians, who fought under the lash and knew nothing of the sweets of that liberty they were trying to destroy; while in the late war our Southern veterans, battling as they believed for the right and for the success of a principle which they considered—and considered justly—as linked with their liberties, met and in many a hard-fought battle defeated, not barbarians, not raw and undisciplined troops, but the flower of the American nation—and in vastly superior numbers too—men supported by the resources of the nation, the navy of the nation, the money of the nation, led by trained generals, beneath

the national flag, with the sympathy and encouragement and aid of foreign powers. I boldly affirm that soldiers who could for four long years maintain a struggle against such tremendous odds, against an army ten times in number, displayed valor far more conspicuous and deserve far more honor than the heroes of Greece who have so often been praised. Half clad, half fed, and half armed they more than once routed their well equipped and confident foes. Led by such men as Lee, Jackson, and Stuart, they were almost invincible.

Shall we ever forget them? Shall we ever regard with scorn or indifference our fathers who fought and bled and died under that dear old flag? Will the time ever come when the young men of the South will be ashamed of their sires who wore the gray? Heaven forbid! To-day they sleep, many of them, in unknown graves upon the grassy slopes and in the smiling meadows of Virginia. No solemn pageant followed them to their last resting-place and no marble shaft marks the spot. The thoughtless ploughman turns the hallowed sod and the dashing steam-horse shakes their quiet dust. No gentle hand e'er comes bearing the floral tribute and no pitying tear is ever dropped above their sleeping ashes. But the modest violet blooms unseen above them and the wild flowers weave themselves into tangled wreaths, and evergreens planted by nature's own hand uncared for smile upon them. The zephyrs chant their funeral lay and the drear north winds sound their mournful dirge. But

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Dead? They are *not* dead. Think you that the men who fell at the pass of Thermopylæ have ever died—can ever die? No, *never*. Ages have rolled by on time's ceaseless tread; the glory of Greece has faded, and she is remembered to-day only in her literature, paintings, and statues; but that faithful few who stood at the pass and met the great hosts of Persia are not dead yet. They will never die. The work of that deathless epitaph of Simonides rang in the ears of Greeks for centuries; they have been ringing through all the ages and they will continue to ring as living, soul stirring sounds while love of liberty and patriotism dwell in the human heart. Noble deeds, heroic courage, can never die. The very fitness of things precludes it. They are a priceless legacy bequeathed to the whole world. The men who fought and fell in the late war are not dead yet. They fought for a cause they believed to be just, they fought for their liberties, they fought for their wives, their children, and their homes; and on men fighting thus death can only confer immortality.

But at last after four years of toil and battle and sacrifice superior numbers and boundless resources did their work. The dear old flag that had been borne triumphantly through so many conflicts was furled, but not dishonored; their trusty old muskets were stacked; Lee who had led them through so many hard-fought battles,

for the last time led them out to—surrender. *Their cause was lost.* Did they despair? No theirs was a victory even then that outshone that of their conquerors. Without repining they started homeward.

William Tecumseh Sherman with a lawless horde had just swept through the Southern States committing depredations that would have shamed the far-famed Genghis Khan. The rolling clouds of smoke from the fair city of Columbia had scarcely been scattered; devastation and want had taken the places of prosperity and plenty; famine, gaunt and ghastly, was threatening thousands of poor women and children; homes once illumined by the sunshine of happiness were filled with mourning and gloom; fences were burned, horses stolen, property of all kinds destroyed. This was the scene that greeted the faithful few who survived the lost cause. What was their conduct? I challenge the world to show a parallel.

They went to work. And while the sages of the nation were reconstructing the South and bringing men who had fought four years to get out of the Union and failed, back into the Union, the men of the South were reconstructing their fences. Houses, factories, academies, churches, colleges, were rebuilt. The ring of the spindle, the clank of the anvil, and the roar of the locomotive were again heard in the land. The bustle of activity and the thrill of enterprise found their way into every department of human labor. The grit, industry, and enterprise of Southern character asserted themselves.

What is the result?

Scarce two decades have passed since the war ended, and to-day our Southland stands higher than ever before. Her interests are on a firmer footing; her people more prosperous and happy. Her Vances, Ransoms, Lamar's and, last but not least is her *Carlyles* are again coming to the front in our national councils, and we may reasonably predict that she will soon eclipse her more favored sisters in the race of progress.

III. Now briefly as to the consequences of the war.

(a) The war has strengthened the Union. Paradoxical this may seem, and yet 'tis true. The very men who fought four years to destroy the Union would to-day fight thrice four years to preserve it. The very elements that brought about the rebellion are now the most conservative forces in the country. The people of the South see as a result of the war the partial subversion of the States Rights doctrine; they see in the continuance of the Union and a strong government a safeguard to their liberties and an advancement of their interests, and hence they are willing to defend the Union. The war was not a failure. Its principles were not lost but were victorious even in defeat.

(b) The war brought about the abolition of slavery,—slavery that had been for long centuries a stain upon the fair name of America and a shame to our grand civilization; a result that, apart from any moral considerations, is likely in the end immeasurably

to advance the material interests of the South.

(c) Another result of the war may be seen in the elevated character of our Union in the estimation of the world. Other nations had regarded our Republic as a kind of temporary experiment built upon the sand, subject to the whims and caprices of the people, and doomed to destruction before the first determined wave of opposition that should strike her, but the late war showed them that the old Republic is built upon a rock full of vigor and life and strength ready to meet and overcome any influence tending to weaken her power and endanger her interests; showed them that the old Republic is destined to live and grow yet mightier and grander and more terrible to the foes of liberty in spite of internal dissensions.

Now, what is the duty of the people of the South—the young men of the South towards this Union?

Heaven forbid that we should ever cease to cherish, to honor the memory of those who fought for the lost cause; or that we should ever cease to love that cause or to stand by its principles!

On memory's fair pages let there be a bright spot
Unblurred by erasures, unmarred by a blot,
Kept sacred to fathers who suffered and died
For a cause they loved more than all else beside;
And oft as the spring time with music and bowers
Makes all our fair land an Eden of flowers,
Let us hasten with wreathlets and tokens of love
Our ever increasing devotion to prove.
Let us deck with bright garlands the wide scattered graves
Of Jackson's and Lee's and Beauregard's braves
Let us sing of their valor in story and song
And such a grand pæan of praises prolong
That all the world's millions enraptured shall
pause
To learn of the heroes of this our lost cause.

But should we while thus cherishing their memory keep alive the hate and prejudices of the war? No, never! Let these be forgotten—*buried*, never, never to be resurrected. We still have the same freedom that our forefathers in the revolution helped to gain. We still have the same Union—grand old Union—that Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—Southern men all—helped to frame; we still have that same old banner under which our forefathers so often rallied, and why should we not be loyal to the Union?

I rejoice to know that the old feelings of prejudice and hate between the North and South are giving way, that the bloody chasm is almost gone; that the great American people are becoming one in heart as well as in name. Happy, glorious day when this result shall be attained! when there shall be no North, no South, no East, no West, but one united nation; when wranglings and factions will cease, and all will be at peace in the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty. This is no idle dream. Tokens of its consummation greet us on every side. Great-hearted philanthropists are reaching across sectional lines. A Peabody with his princely fortune is scattering knowledge throughout the South, and lately another Northern philanthropist has by his munificent gifts to Wake Forest and Richmond colleges greatly advanced educational interests in this section of the South. An era of good feeling is dawning. Let us strive to hasten its coming.

At the battle of Leuctra, when all was at stake, the brave Epaminondas

turning to his comrades shouted,
"Only one step onward!" That one
 step saved the fortunes of his country.
 To-night, would that I might climb to
 some giddy mountain summit and
 with a voice so loud that all the peo-
 ple of this broad land might hear,
 shout, not *one* but *many* steps onward
 and upward, forgetting the past with
 its sorrows, its failures, its disappoint-
 ments, its animosities, and only think-
 ing of the future and eager to realize
 its grand possibilities.

Still onward and upward, let the motto go forth
 From the groves of the South to the marts of the
 North
 From the plains of the East to the hills of the
 West
 From the ocean's wild roar to the mountain's blue
 crest,
 And as it moves on with its wide-spreading sweep
 Let the people awake from their lethargic sleep ;
 Forgetting the strife and the sorrows behind,
 Let them look far ahead and see there outlined
 The glory that yet in the future must be
 For this "land of the brave, 'this home of the free.'"

J. BETHUNE CARLYLE.

A SECRET.

'Twas faint, so faint,—
 But still, ah ! still
 I feel its pressure.
 Like summer winds
 From budding pines,
 It wafts me treasure.

Here while I sit
 Before me flit
 The years dividing ;
 And still I fain—
 Forgotten swain—
 Would seek her guiding.

How may I not ?
 Her face forgot,
 Must I go singing ?
 While in me bides,
 What knows no tides,
 The ceaseless ringing

Of one rare hour,—
 One brief, glad hour,—
 When, ere my leaving,

Upon my cheek—
 Ah! shall I speak?—
 My bosom heaving,

 Broke waves of breath—
 Soft, fragrant breath—
 As near me leaning
 She spoke of hopes.
 Thus gentle opes
 A soul's warm meaning.

 'Twas faint, so faint,—
 But still, ah! still
 I feel it pressing;—
 On this left cheek
 Still do I seek
 Its subtle blessing

FLACCUS.

February 2nd, 1887.

PROHIBITION.

The cause of prohibition probably engrosses the public mind as much if not more than any other subject of the day. Men of worth and genius have written and spoken in its behalf, while men not devoid of talent—we are sorry to say—have upheld the monster intemperance, and have tried to strengthen its hold upon the men of the present generation. But the cause of right has triumphed in some of the States of our Union, and the time is not far distant when the noble, patriotic men of our country will rise up in their might and declare that this tyrant shall be dethroned. The doom of intemperance is sealed, and

time will prove that its sway is at an end. Public sentiment is aroused, and before its mighty power the demon cannot stand.

One of the principal arguments produced by the Anti-Prohibitionists is, that, if we have prohibition, whiskey will be sold and drunk clandestinely. Admitting this to be true, those who will take pains to get it when it is under the ban of the law and when they have to go into subterranean cellars and dens to procure it, are in most cases already confirmed drunkards, men who have fallen into the snare of the demon, around whose souls its coils are fastened, and with-

out whom the world will be just as well off. But prohibition keeps the liquor shops in cellars and will not admit it to be sold at the street corners, where under the protecting wing of the law it could with its siren voice entice the unsuspecting youth of our land. The youth whose soul is still unfettered will not go into the filthy dungeons where prohibition puts it, in order to procure it. But when it stands on every highway, where gorgeously decorated saloons stand and invite him in he will be more than apt to fall a victim to its blandishing smiles; these will in many cases overbalance the tears and prayers of mother and father, will cause him to leave the endearments of a happy home for the beer saloons which are slowly but surely dragging his soul to perdition.

If prohibition will save our youth, let those confirmed sots who have degraded themselves below the level of the brutes, seek their beverage in filthy back streets and cellars. If they will have it, let them get it clandestinely; but let us for the love of Heaven and for the love of those young men on whom the hopes of our country rest, banish this mighty tempter from our midst, banish it to the dungeons and dens of those degraded brutes who are intent upon spoiling their lives, crushing their hopes, and damning their souls; surely there is no fitter home for it to dwell. Your son if he respects himself, if he honors the name that you have transmitted to him, if he respects your counsel, will not seek the association of such men.

It is the rum-seller's chief care to tempt the youth of our land into drunkenness, get the habit of drink fastened, and then they can be counted as his. Full well he knows that if he once gets the demon's arms well around one, it is well-nigh impossible for him to escape. Then he can stand off and with the contented laugh of a demon see his victim rush headlong down the road of sin, regardless of a widowed mother's tears and prayers. Men of this generation, how long will you permit this wild demon to bring ruin upon your country and shame upon your house? How long? Let us transmit to those countless millions who are to dwell in this fair land of ours, which has been hallowed by the sacred blood of our ancestors, a noble government, and one that is not contaminated by the demoniacal sway of alcohol.

Now, who is to bring about this all desired change? Let us not sit supinely and say, "Well, it would be a good thing, but let some one else bring it about."

What! you sit still when this demon is stalking abroad in the land seeking whom he may devour, when he is knocking at your own door, and only waiting to take that noble son in whom your hopes centre, and who is your only pride and consolation, and change him from a prince of light into a demon! You sit still and see this havoc going on right in your midst, yea, inside of your own doors, and you wait for some one else to bring about the desired change! O thoughtless man, if you would have

this end accomplished, if you would save your own family from the deep humiliation of having a drunkard and a sot in it,—“be up and doing,” put your own shoulder to the wheel, give some of those talents with which an all-wise Creator has endowed you, to the bringing about of this blessed revolution.

To the ministers of the Gospel is in a large degree entrusted the cause of prohibition. These men who have been called to advance the kingdom of God among the children of men, should unite in one mighty phalanx, and present a front so imposing that King Alcohol with all his cohorts would be swept away like the vernal blossom by the Alpine avalanche. It is their Christian duty to use their influence to crush the liquor traffic, and by this means elevate from the lowest degradation thousands of immortal souls made in the image of their Creator and for high and noble purposes.

The bar-keeper himself, were he to look at prohibition in its right light, would support the abolition of the liquor traffic. Is it not, sir, the great aim of your life to elevate your family? Are you not daily dispensing the foul poison to gain the almighty dollar that you may raise your sons and daughters into a higher circle of society? Well, take it for granted that you make a fortune by taking the bread from the mouths of crying children, and homes from the more than widowed women, know you not that there is a time of punishment coming? Do you not know that He who said, “Vengeance is mine, I will repay” will visit terrible wrath upon

your head? He who holds the world in his right hand will not allow the prayers of the least of His saints to go unanswered.

But suppose again that you fear not God, neither regard man; suppose that you can look on the ruin that you have wrought without a pang of remorse; do you not know that envious rivals will taunt your daughters with, “She’s only a bar-keeper’s daughter;” and do you not know that they will be neglected by those whose parents have elevated themselves in noble and honorable professions? Do you not tremble for your sons who think that everything you do is right, and think it noble to follow your example, and will thus get their minds warped by prejudice before they get old enough to see the error of your ways? Imagine your feelings at sight of your own son wallowing in the gutter. Think you that your conscience would not lash you then? Still it is your profession to take noble boys, the pride of families and the hope of their country, and transform them from their high estate into demons incarnate. It behooves you, sir, from a worldly point of view, if from no other, to use your best efforts to help drive out the curse of our land.

Every man who loves his country and has an interest in her future welfare should join the ranks of prohibition, from a personal motive, if from no other. Admitting that you do derive real pleasure from your Christmas “dram,” still would you not willingly give this up to save your boy from a drunkard’s grave? Well, do

not set the example before him and he will not take the first drink till he has attained a sufficient age to see the terrible curse of whiskey. But be you ever so moderate a drinker, if he sees you drink *at all*, he will think it right and will probably get the habit fastened upon him before he is old enough to see the wrong of it, and will in the end fill a drunkard's grave, and thus instead of being a good,

useful citizen, will help to degrade our fair land, besides bringing your own gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

When King Alcohol is dethroned and when the lovely goddess of virtue and temperance sits in her place surrounded by a happy, noble, and free people, then the millennium will dawn, and the brightest dreams of poet and patriot will be realized.

E. H. BOWLING.

WHY LEAVE NORTH CAROLINA?

It is usual at this season of the year for the cars to be crowded with people who are leaving North Carolina to seek homes in the South and West. They raise the cry that "North Carolina is worn out," while, as a matter of fact, it is they who are "worn out," and too lazy to work for a living. They go expecting to have an easy time and obtain riches without work; but life is real, and they soon find that they have to contend with stern realities. The scene changes after a time and the cars are bringing back the chaff which they carried off. Of course there are exceptions, for *many* energetic and valuable men have left us; but when we see such men bidding us adieu we are sure they are not going away to misrepresent us and our good State; and we are sure also that they are going to succeed, for they will succeed anywhere.

That sentiment expressed in days long gone by is still applicable to the people of North Carolina. Emigration is our bane to-day. The emigrant, or rather slanderer, who says that North Carolina is worn out does not know what he is talking about; and instead of being allowed to leave and misrepresent our State, he should be sent to the Blind or Insane Asylum as soon as possible.

It is a fact that a majority of those who leave North Carolina to seek homes in the South and West are its worst characters. The people of other States have learned not to trust them too far. In many sections they put the question to the new-comer, "What mean thing did you do to make you leave North Carolina and come to our State?"

Young men have been taught that it is honorable to forsake the "Old North State" to make their home in

a distant State, but that day, we hope, is fast passing away. God grant that our people may seriously reflect before they shall make up their minds to cast their lot in a far country with the expectation of finding a better one. If the man born and reared in eastern North Carolina should become dissatisfied with the lands on the sea-shore, or become tired listening to the roaring of the waves, and prefer a more quiet place, let him visit our western border and there "list to nature's teachings" as the majestic mountains tower far above him. And let him reared among the mountain scenery of our State, should he become discontented with his lot, come to the eastern section, and contemplate the advantages still held out by North Carolina. Let him who inhabits the middle division take a circuit and view the rich corn and rice lands of eastern North Carolina, with her rich forests of pine which furnish quantities of "tar, pitch, turpentine, and timber." Here also are the famous herring and mullet fisheries; besides the waters teeming with an almost numberless variety of other kinds of fish. Following on his circuit he will find the section that raises and manufactures the finest tobacco in the world, and he will also find that she is not behind in the raising of wheat, cotton, rye, oats, potatoes, etc.; but that she is *fully* equal to the task of raising her supplies within her own borders.

Let him not forget the many and rich mines of our beloved State, which cannot be surpassed by any other in the Union, and then contemplate the

varied climate, the many sources of water-power, and the facilities for manufacturing; and after all this, with a great deal unmentioned, comes the religious and intellectual prosperity of our people. The religious features are as good as any; and while our educational interests have in days gone by been neglected, yet the present outlook is as bright as any of her sister States has.

Lastly let him take a retrospect of the history of our grand old State, as she stands head and shoulders above all her sister States in proclaiming our independence, and think of the many other instances in which she has not only equalled the other States but surpassed them in many respects. After such a tour, and a more lengthy contemplation, I think our friend will be fully persuaded that at home is the place to stay. True, we have been depressed for a number of years; but to a great degree we brought it on ourselves by our dependence on the Northern and Western markets to the neglect of raising our own supplies, developing our resources, and manufacturing our own goods. If we *neglect* the one and *do* the other, we again will renew our strength to keep it.

Then, citizens of North Carolina, let us not be discouraged because some will leave her; but let us encourage the spirit of liberty, though she assume a frightful shape, develop our resources, encourage home industry, home manufactures, and home economy. Then will the good spirit of liberty return, and our people will again be free, prosperous, and happy.

J. B. NEWTON.

TRUE TO BOTH, FALSE TO ONE.

CHAPTER IV.

Alas! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above,

—Byron.

It was a matter of some discussion among the fishermen as to where the nearest and best shelter from the storm could be procured. Some were for going to Mr. W's., who lived not more than a half mile distant ; others favored wrapping up in the blankets under their shanty ; but Jack, the same Jack who helped catch the terrapin, said he was going to try the virtue of his old hat and let the rain come. At length all agreed, however, to go to Mr. W's., except Jack, who proved unflinching in his resolution to take the rain ; and off they went in full speed, one after the other through the tangled bushes and copse-wood, which gave them not only considerable trouble in progressing, but also several falls and black eyes ; so that on emerging from the cover of the forest they were all of one opinion that drenching would have been better. Imagine their chagrin, too, mingled with no little delight, when on observing the elements again it became evident that the storm was going round. The tumultuous clouds had parted to the right and left, disclosing through their rifted curtain, a single star pillowed on a bed of azure.

"Well!" exclaimed all with a blank look on their faces, but which was not long changing.

"Doesn't that make you feel good, boys?" asked Tom. "Let's go back, beg Jack's pardon, and crown him captain of the fishermen."

"Agreed!" was the unanimous response ; and so with hearts once more glad, they sought their first love—named from that time by them, "Jack's Honor."

On their approach, that glorious hero was seen kindling a fire, with his hat on the back of his head as indifferent to the night, the clouds, and his silent surroundings as though he were monarch of all that was. After being congratulated on his bravery and good sense and informed of his recent election to the position of presiding officer, Jack proceeded to give orders.

"Thanking you, gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me," said he, "I shall now require strict obedience. First, then, coats off, and every man to a fish!"

Immediately every one was to his post, and how the scales flew ! An old cat-fish fell to Edgar's lot—an old black cat that raved and jumped so furiously that he called upon the captain to furnish him an axe or fence-rail or something with which to end his tantrums.

"Ha! ha! laughed the captain ;
"don't you know how to skin a cat?"

"Oh yes," said Edgar, "I know how to 'skin the cat,' but don't know very much about this kind of animal."

"Take him to the fire and warm him up a little, and he will graciously yield you his skin," said the captain.

"O yes, captain," broke in Edgar, "I know now. Excuse my stupidity."

Accordingly lifting his fluttering ward by the tip of his tail, Edgar sought the fire. How to "warm him up," though, as the captain suggested, was a mystery to him. Yet he didn't wish to be thought ignorant, and so asked no more questions, but racked his brain to invent some plan of his own. At length he struck upon one of the most brilliant inventions in piscatory tactics, and I would just like to give it to the world. It was this: He tied a string around the fish's tail, and attached it to a pole, and then took his stand some distance off holding it over the fire like some one fishing. But, alas for all his planning! his first attempt brought not its deserving reward. The string burned in two and down came his fish into the fire, who finding himself in such an uncongenial element did his best to let Edgar know that every spark of patriotism was not gone from his breast, and that he was determined on vengeance. He plunged and jumped and cut up all kinds of antics, scattering ashes and cinders helter-skelter, and leaping over brush as if trying his hand at "leap-frog," until he literally put out every spark of fire. Edgar noticed, however, that after finishing this devastating project he seemed willing to take a resting spell, and on examining him more

closely found that, unlike the Hebrew children, the miserable fellow was actually dead, and best of all, without a bit of skin on him. "Hurrah!" he shouted at the top of his voice; "boys, I've run him out of his jacket."

"Run him out—who"? asked the captain.

"That fish—you just ought to have seen him kicking out the fire. There's not a spark left. Upon my word he was worse than a mule." Edgar then explained his plan to them all, and proceeded to remark further, that while such was taking place he was not one of the actors—only an astonished observer. "Once," said he, "I started to take a flail pole to him, as Walter did to that terrapin; but, bah! before I could collect my senses enough to act, he had turned everything topsy-turvy, and stretched himself upon the ground, as I thought, to deliberate what fort he should next besiege. With much hesitation I at last summoned up courage enough to inspect more closely this demon of fire and water, when, lo! he had jumped clear out of his skin."

Loud shouts of laughter succeeded his narrative of the contest with the cat-fish. The captain looked like he would (allow me the expression) split his sides, as he rolled on the ground overcome with laughter. "Boys," said he, "this is the best out: did you ever hear its equal? a fish tearing down a log-heap and putting to flight a grown man! ha! ha! ha!"—and again he went off into one of his hysterical spells of laughing.

This was soon over though, and the captain announced that if each one

would bring a turn of wood apiece, they might be excused until supper. In a few minutes this task was performed, and Tom and Edgar were seen arm in arm taking a stroll in the quiet of the gloaming, while the others lay themselves down to watch the progress of the cook or captain, just as you like, for he was both.

As may be imagined, Edgar was glad to get away from the others and be alone with his old friend who had something to tell him about which he had been kept in suspense so long. By this time a feeling of dread and despair had gotten hold of him, and he imagined all the horrible things that a person with a vivid perception and excited brain can conjure up. Murder stood before him for a certainty—murder! and fraud, and dark-designing. But these did not worry him so much as another thought—that something was wrong about Miame. May be she didn't love him, and Tom knew it; or perhaps Tom himself had fallen in love with her and stolen his treasure. "Great God!" he thought, "can that be so! It seems rational. At first he upbraided me for loving her, then said she was the sweetest creature in the world—he saw her too last week. Wonder if *he* isn't that enemy. Since I've come to think about it, he looked queer and sneaky when he told me. I'll just keep my hand on this pistol as he advised me."

Such wild theories and unjust suspicions were not characteristic of Edgar, and how he reached them can only be accounted for on the ground that he was out of his normal state, urged on by the dark creations which spontane-

ously arise from blind, irrational fancy and a sudden reversion of feelings. Had Tom known what was passing in Edgar's mind, he could not but have shuddered and drawn back from him in wounded astonishment and mortification. And Edgar on collecting his senses somewhat was afraid of himself that such unjust thoughts had been tormenting him.

"Fool, fool!" he thought, "how could I suspect him! I *know* I didn't mean it. Wonder what he would think if he knew how I have injured him! Pity but some one *would* shoot me. I never knew how mean, how low, how vile, how much his inferior I was until now. Fool that I am!" Silence, suspense, and such hideous imaginings were getting to be anguish, so,

"A penny for your thoughts," said Edgar, looking up at Tom with an unnatural expression on his face.

"You shall have them for nothing, Tom replied."

"Where are we going?" asked Edgar.

"To the old mill," he answered; "its only a short distance."

Just then they caught a glimpse of a sheet of water glimmering through the bushes. Turning to the left they entered a thick cluster of trees and undergrowth, which was so gloomy a spot and so awe-inspiring that it seemed a fit resort for all the demons. Here not a single star lent its radiance, so thick was the umbrage of the trees, and the sable goddess reigned supreme. Suddenly Tom stopped, and touching his companion on the arm, "Hush!" said he in a low whis-

per. "I think I hear foot-steps. Stoop down!" In a second after he had spoken all was still as death.

"What's the matter?" thought Edgar, as he crouched behind some bushes, following Tom's example. For some minutes they waited listening. Every sound, whether the crack of a limb, or the rustle of a leaf, seemed oppressively loud and distinct. All at once an old owl screeched out his doleful notes, which made their flesh crawl and cold chills run over them—not that they were afraid of an owl, but 'twas so solemn. Soon another and another screech broke out upon the night, and echoed across the gloomy hills. Another minute and oh! horrors! a sight which froze Edgar's very blood. That same fiendish-looking brute he had seen just at night, went creeping across the path behind them, and vanished in the bushes on the opposite side. 'Twas all he could do to keep his heart from choking him as he observed this, though he knew not who it was, nor what his object could be in sneaking through those ghostly woods. He felt somewhat relieved too when Tom arose and said, "Come on," for action in such a place is much more preferable than sitting still. One feels as though he could give a shout that would rend the skies, and a leap that would land him over the moon.

In a few minutes they emerged from that home of hobgoblins to Edgar's very great relief and reached an open space adjoining the sheet of water they had some minutes ago observed. And how very different everything appeared! Before them

lay a beautiful lake, as clear as crystal, encircled by weeping-willows; wild rose-bushes, and tall ferns which bathed their heads in the pure, sweet water. All was quiet here, too, but so differently quiet—not a sound broke the stillness save the song of the breezes. How placid, how unusually placid slept the glassy lake, as the queen of night broke from behind the scattered clouds, and smiled at her own reflected glory in its crystal depths, and how gracefully bowed the pure and spotless lily as now and then a silver ripple floated by, lingering, it would seem, as though it could never kiss its snowy cup too fondly.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" exclaimed both of them. "But we can enjoy it better farther up where a seat may be procured." Then following the path a few steps farther round the edge of the pond they came to a small promontory which ran down into the water in such a manner as to give to it a crescent shape. Through this promontory babbled a small stream, which leaped tinkling into the lake just at the foot of an old solitary oak which stood there with its brawny limbs and cyclopean trunk, sole guardian of the tender beauties at his feet, and proud in the honor.

"This is Lillie's retreat," or "the Fatal Rock," remarked Tom.

"The first name," said Edgar, "would seem appropriate; but the last—why, I see no rock." "We are on it now," explained Tom. "The soil here is not more than half a foot thick, and all under it is solid rock. This lonely tree has stood here, they say, for over a hundred years. Right

at the terminus of the promontory is a fissure in the rock filled almost with earth in which they say a bleeding-heart springs up every year."

"But why," asked Edgar, "do they call it fatal? Has it killed any one, or any one killed it?"

"Come take a seat," said Tom, "and I will tell you all I know," seating himself as he spoke upon what until then Edgar had taken to be a rude stone. And so it was; but such an elegant place for a tete-a-tete with your friend or sweetheart, or wife, if you chanced to have one. It was just large enough for two. It was not artificial—oh! no; it had escaped that calamity. What rustic of wood or hewn stone could have compared with it? Could an improvement have been made on such a fairy rustic cushioned with moss more beautiful than the finest brussels and as green as emerald? What touch of art could have twined above it such romantic fretwork as the typical ivy which clambered over it and clung to the snarly old oak-battler of a century?"

"Surely," said Edgar, "this is a spot clipped from fairy-land. At every step something unexpected appears, something with the grand touch of nature's disordered order about it. Like some master painting, the more you gaze upon it the more of beauty you see. But say, let us know what you were going to tell me of that enemy; for I am worse than on pins—I'm tortured and not fit to enjoy the scenery or anything else."

"Well then, listen," said Tom. "Do you remember a little girl you once knew by the name of Nettie Lee?"

"What is he striking at?" pondered Edgar, as he began recalling the many, many happy hours he had spent with Nettie—dear, sweet little Nettie, almost the best friend he ever had.

"Yes, of course I do," he answered. "Why do you ask me?"

"You will see directly," said Tom. "Next, do you remember ever to have seen Knowles Jenkins?"

"Well, I think I do. How could I forget that low, sneaking, lying, viper, who was not only mean enough to use ground-work against an enemy, but was a born traitor to a friend. And he thought no one knew but that he was just the best fellow in the world—the most faithful friend and constant Christian. He always wore the garb of peace with me; but I knew him nevertheless, and kept prepared for him accordingly. A friend indeed! He was not capable of such a noble feeling. I don't like to criticise a man's religion; but if he had any, I have no fear that the blackest villain can enter the pearly gates. I've never done anything to him, though, to make him ——. But is he the enemy?"

"I didn't say he was," replied Tom.

"I hope he is the man," Edgar went on. "I know he's the man, by the way you look. Here take your pistol. I don't want anything to protect me against that cowering wretch—the first time he crosses me, I'll smash his mouth as I have felt like doing many a time before. He used to love Nettie, too,—Nettie, who was too good for such a rascal as he was even to speak to."

"But hold," said Tom; "you are

not in possession of the facts, and he may have a proxy to do his work for him, for all you know. You think you know Jenkins, as indeed you do pretty well, but not fully. So let me disclose a few things which it will be well to take into consideration.

First, then—

“Holloa! halloa! Mars’ Tom!” just then rang out.

Tom immediately recognized his valet’s voice, who was also named Tom; but could not imagine what he wanted. He shouted back though, and then waited a short while. Directly Tom No. 2 came up, bowing and scraping, holding his hat in one hand and two letters in the other.

“Tilligram, Boss,” said Tom No. 2.

Tom hastily opened it and by the light of the lamp which his valet carried, read that he would be wanted in New York in a few days to attend to some important business.

But on opening the letter, something greeted his eyes which was not altogether a surprise but was nevertheless portentous.

“Edgar,” said he, “here’s a letter enclosed in mine for you.”

“Who can it be from? Give it here.”

One glance at the handwriting was enough to make him tremble and shudder to open it.

It ran thus:

“My once loved, but now lost Edgar:—

When you get this I will be far on the boundless ocean, which I have always hated; far from the land of my happiest dreams—the land of my home and my curse. Edgar, I had

more faith in you—I thought you true; but alas! you fooled me. All the time you pretended to be loving me, you were loving Nettie Lee! I have found you out at last, but will not curse you. What I have done to-day I have done not because I love the man, but because he will take me from the land which shelters you. I heard that you returned this morning from Italy, and as Mr. J. K. was willing and anxious, we hastened up the marriage, and to-day we shall leave for other climes. May God bless you, and may you be happy with Nettie Lee, who Knowles Jenkins long since told me had supplanted me in your affections. Mr. J. K. says you never did care for me; but I could not believe that, were you yourself to tell me so. But it is of no use to say more. You have broken a heart which never knew aught but to love you, but which now has not even pride left to sustain it. Would it do any good, either for the making of yourself or me better than we are, I would curse you; but that is of no avail, so whenever you think of me, if such should ever be the case, think of me kindly, for though grossly injured by you and deeply conscious of my injury, I will try to forgive and—but no, I cannot forget. Oh, for some Lethe in which to bathe my fevered soul! But again God bless you.

Adieu.

MIAME.”

“Great God!” exclaimed Edgar. “Here is treachery somewhere! What have I done? Lost Miami! Miami married! and to ——! Because I deserted her—Knowles

Jenkins told her so—her husband—curse him!—said I never loved her. And she is gone—married!—married!!—married!!!—Tom just look here. Come tell me what to do, what is best to do, and what this letter means. Man, look here, Miami, *Miami* is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed Tom.

"Yes, as good as dead to me, she's married and gone to some unknown place. What—oh, Tom, Tom, look at the most wretched mortal beneath the sun. Gone are all my hopes. Gone, gone, gone! O, curse, curse, Jenkins. If ever I see him,—mark what I say for I am desperate and mean it—if ever I meet him, *one of us dies.*"

"But you must look to yourself. He is not in this country, but 'Black Dick' is, and he is looking for *you*. So be cautious. I have good authority for what I say. Yesterday I found a letter marked '*Private*,' and addressed to 'Black Dick,' as everybody calls him. On opening it I found it contained a bank note for one hundred dollars, also instructions that he should strike his victim on first sight. 'Blood,' the note read, 'blood and nothing else will satisfy me.' Your name was mentioned in it as the per-

son he was to take vengeance on. It cautioned 'Black Dick' to *burn* it as *soon as read*. And he said further that he would not have written it but he knew the messenger would be sure to deliver it and that 'Black Dick' would burn it immediately. He mentioned London as his place of retreat, at which place he could be written to. 'But don't use any names,' the letter went on; 'nor state any facts; but go by hints, for the letter might get lost. Don't write anyway until you *kill him* and then simply say '*Factum est.*'"

"Where's the letter?—and the money?" asked Edgar.

"I have them both, and we will just proceed to catch the tricky gentleman. This was not the first money he had paid 'Black Dick' to do the deed; but simply a stimulus, as the letter stated."

"Well how came the money in the letter?" enquired Edgar.

"Why, 'Black Dick' lost it. It was open, and had been read. But soon the day will come when 'Black Dick' shall condemn and the gallows bear Knowles Jenkins."

"But what of Miami!"

GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

(To be Continued.)

A HOLIDAY.

By the time the sun had made the first streaks of gray and crimson above the eastern hill-tops, a party of school-boys and school-girls were on our way to the distant mountains to spend our holiday amid their deep solitudes. The day had been given by kind teachers, who also favored us with their company. It was one of those golden mornings so peculiar to the last of October. A heavy frost lay spread out over hill and dale. The breeze from the ærial summits ahead greeted us, giving us a hearty welcome to their mountain gorges by pinching our noses and ears. But soon the glorious orb of day was peering above the tree-tops, making the towering crests and stately columns refulgent with golden light, while the sparkling crystals of frost melted away before the genial rays, which also brought relief to our red-nosed party. Every heart beat with exhilarating emotion, and every countenance was radiant with joy and freedom. Decaying nature never seemed so beautiful. The woods had put their robes of glory on, while the poplar and gum had already shed their rich foliage of yellow and crimson, which, withered and sear, was rustling along driven by the morning breeze. The hickory, the birch, and others, still retained their variegated hues of amber and scarlet, contrasting most favorably with the evergreens and denuded poplars.

These autumnal days, when a silent hand is changing the leaf, yellowing

the grass, and taking the fragrance of the flowers; when Æolus, with his sylvan harp, plays in low, plaintive strains the requiem of decaying nature, possess a peculiar charm and awaken pure and holy thoughts. They raise man above the world and make him think of God. He seems to commune with beatific spirits, to be guided to the Beulah Land, and to drink of its perennial fountains. But, says a gleeful maiden: "The autumn is beautiful, but I love the spring, when earth is putting on her green robe, when flowers bloom and emit their ambrosial fragrance, when refreshing showers pass over, followed by the bursting sunlight, and when all nature is animated. This spirit of death, when I am alone, makes me sad. I cannot throw off its melancholy. I sigh to see nature clothed again in her bright, gay garments and wearing her sweet, glad smile. I sigh for the life-giving spring, when these withered leaves shall be replaced by others fresh and green, and the moaning of these zephyrs shall be changed to sweet, animated music."

Thus we talked of spring and autumn as we travelled through woods, across creeks and purling brooks, which flowed in graceful curves through fertile lowlands, or washed the base of some impending cliff, adorned with the holly, balsam, laurel, and long, graceful ferns. As we were passing a school-house our discussion of spring and autumn was checked by the shriek

of an urchin and the successive falls of a lithe twig. Glancing in through the window, we saw the grim pedagogue with the little loiterer by the arm, evidently trying to lead him along the flowery path of knowledge by the use of the blackgum. This seat of learning, nestled among the hills of the Dan, attracted special attention; from its appearance, however, one would judge that it was not abreast with the general prosperity of the community.

After a journey of nine miles, we reached the base of the mountain. Our horses were left in charge of a hospitable old farmer, who sent one of his sons along with us for a pilot. Soon, with baskets in hand, we were off for the heights above. The first three-quarters of a mile is a gradual ascent, down which flow pellucid streams, sufficient to turn a mill of considerable power. The ascent finally becomes steep and rugged, while the rivulets come plunging down in foaming cataracts, forming in a few cases beautiful cascades, walled in on both sides by beautiful cliffs, which are thickly decorated with various evergreens. We at last emerge from the heavy forest of pine, poplar, and chestnut, into a little plateau at the fountain of one of these streams. Here the water bursts forth cool as ice and clear as crystal. Some amuse themselves by going to the brink and viewing the vast panorama which unrolls itself to the eye, extending and rising far in the distance until it meets the skies.

Resuming our journey, we climb slowly and steadily from rock to rock,

pulling up by bushes or clinging to the clefts in the stones. "Look! O look up yonder!" cries a lovely school-girl, the paragon of our company, as the summit of the great wall is seen by her through an aperture among the boughs, rising in all its abruptness and sublimity, seeming to pierce the very sky. After a long and fatiguing ascent, we stand at the base of this colossal superstructure of the Great Architect, and gaze silent and awe-struck upon it, stretching away in a semi-circle to the right for more than half a mile, and rising perpendicularly more than three hundred feet. The pen of the greatest orologist cannot describe this sublime scene. Passing around to the west end, we ascend at first between two perpendicular walls, rising so high that they seem to come together at the top, shutting out the rays of the sun. We emerge from this cavern, and finally stand upon the summit. Our goal is reached.

What a vast panorama greets our eyes as the vision sweeps away in every direction! The world seems spread out beneath our feet in calm repose, with a sleepy, dream-like haze overshadowing all. Yonder we see a pond glittering in the sunlight. To the south the serpentine Yadkin winds his graceful curves between hills, now and then disappearing behind them, perpetually rolling onward to the ocean. On the north we can trace the Dan soon after he leaves his hidden nooks on the summit of the Blue Ridge to where he washes the base of the mountain beneath our feet. Dashing down the mountain-side, like a sinuous line of silver, is the little

brook from whose fountain we have drunk. There seems to be nothing to mar the ineffable glory around us. The sun pours down his effulgent beams from his zenith. Not a cloud is to be seen, save here and there a cirrus fringed with silver floating lazily in the aerial regions far above. The old Pilot deserves special notice, as he stands all alone in a vast plain, with his hoary pinnacle reared heavenward to battle with the thunderbolts of Jupiter. There he has been standing through many ages, a faithful sentinel, watching the vicissitudes of the seasons. There he stood when all around was an unbroken wilderness, and guided the Indian's footsteps as he chased the flying deer; there he has stood and seen the red man driven beyond the Mississippi, the forest felled and converted into fields of golden grain, one generation die and another spring up; and there he will continue to stand until the archangel's thundering blasts shall awake the sleeping dust of the Mound-builders and slain Indians.

Twelve o'clock has come. The eye and the soul have each enjoyed a glorious feast, and still there is one in store for the palate. The baskets of the different parties are brought to a large flat rock, and the contents spread thereon. A picnic dinner was never more enjoyed, nor were appetites ever more ravenous. The ambrosial feasts of Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Venus could not have surpassed this of ours.

Dinner being over, boys and girls sallied forth to reconnoitre for quartz crystals, festoons of evergreens and

moss, as precious mementoes of the day. Occasionally we were walking on a rich, luxuriant carpet of moss, gemmed only by the stones glittering with mica, and shrubs around which the ivy twined its green tendrils. Parting the moss, we picked up the glittering quartz of different hues. It was not long until we started a timid fawn from his mossy bed, and next a fox. These seemed to be the sole occupants of the mountain's crest, except an occasional raven which soared above us, giving forth his hoarse croaks.

The memorials having been gathered, each gallant might have been seen with the maiden of his choice, stealing quietly away, and finally perched upon some eminence overlooking the country. No more ringing laughs are heard. Silence except the low murmuring of voices here and there, again reigns supreme on the majestic summit. Is it strange to say that Cupid, with all his snares and environing power, dwells among the rocks? O elysian hour, would that thy bliss were not so ephemeral!

The declining sun indicates that it is time for us to leave our elysium. With our precious mementoes, we bid adieu to the lofty summit, leaving it to the fox and deer, and commence our homeward retreat. But ere we reach the Institute the sun sinks placidly to rest throwing a flood of golden beams over the landscape and lighting up the craggy heights behind us with streaming effulgence. By the time the twilight fades, the full moon walks forth like a fair shepherdess upon the azure fields with her flock

of stars. This affords the bashful youth another opportunity to pour out his soul to her by his side, but he falters, and continues speaking of the beauties of nature. The canopy of heaven is thick set with stars, and we naturally wonder if they are worlds

like ours, or palaces of angels, or the eyes of the seraphim.

At last we reached our boarding-houses, wearied but not sad. Our holiday was over, and we turned from its exhilaration and enchanting scenes, but not to forget them.

J. W. OLIVER.

EDITORIAL.

REV. JOHN KERR, ORATOR.

In the February *Century* occurs a portrait of Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, "the Boston Bethel preacher," accompanied by two sketches of his life and genius. One of the writers sees the necessity of letting people know in the beginning to whom he refers; so little known is this "perfect orator," and one may read between the lines the prophecy of his quiet passing into oblivion when those who heard him are dead.

The case of the Massachusetts preacher is strikingly similar to that of a great Southern preacher dead now some forty-five years. We refer to the Rev. John Kerr. He was born, August 4th, 1782, in Caswell county, N. C. While a preacher he was elected a member of Congress from Virginia, holding his seat during the war of 1812. From 1825 to 1832 he was pastor of the First Baptist church of Richmond, in which city it is interesting to note the Boston orator was born. The latter part of Mr. Kerr's life was spent in evangelistic work mainly in the border counties of Virginia and North Carolina. He died September 29th, 1842, and was buried in his native county in the Baptist cemetery at Yanceyville. His hardly less distinguished son, Judge John Kerr, lies in the same spot, a simple marble shaft marking the resting-place of father and son.

The old men of Caswell who heard the great preacher by the hour—sometimes as many as four—refuse to admit that any man in any age of the world's history wielded the wand of the orator with greater power than he. We call to mind at least three very old men whose eyes would fill with tears and whose whole frame would vibrate with emotion as they recalled some instance of this mighty magician's power over the great crowds that flocked to hear him, the occasion and often the very words of the preacher being as fresh in their minds through thirty-five years as those of yesterday. Rev. Mr. James, at one time editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, a gentleman of large acquaintance and wide reading, heard Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, but considers that in native gift and power to move men, Rev. John Kerr was superior to any of these. We once heard the late Dr. Jeter, editor of the *Religious Herald*, say that he had never read any evidence of the power of Cicero or Demosthenes that would lead him to consider these stars of the ancient world greater orators than Mr. Kerr.

His name is a brilliant heritage to North Carolina and the whole country, and it would seem a grievous misfortune that the memory of his splendid powers and career should perish with the generation now so rapidly passing away.

W. L. P.

A CRITICISM ON CRITICS.

We have seen that some one writing on this subject has made two divisions of this class of persons. One of them is represented by the braggart who writes and speaks his criticisms, not for the sake of giving valuable assistance to others; not for the good that may accrue from the needed corrections that he offers free of charge to all, but he criticises only to let the world know that he has attained accomplishments and learning, and "knows it all." He has been called the "*little critic*," and his contemptible braggadocio justly entitles him to this *encomium*. He should also be styled the *murderer of intellect*, for many have been the sensitive minds that have been smothered by him, who, caring not for good, nor looking for merit, only seizes upon demerits, and holding them up to public derision and scorn, nips timid talent in the bud and drives a diffident genius into humiliating obscurity, writhing under the heartless castigations of this intellectual highwayman. Would that the motives of such critics might be as apparent as the results of their work.

The other class of critics are those whose efforts in this line are for the improvement of those whom they criticise. But even from these, a thoughtless criticism has often been the cause of damaging results. An old gentleman recently averred that he had not yet recovered from a sarcastic criticism made by his aunt upon a crude attempt of his at drawing while a boy. Instances of this kind

of criticism and its results cannot have failed to come under the observation of any one who has seen much of the workings of any literary society, especially one whose membership is mostly composed of young tyros. A case of this kind has often been noted: a young and new member makes his maiden effort in debate, or composition, or declamation, and a thoughtless critic makes his blunders the butt of ridicule for others to enjoy, without a word to encourage him in his humiliation. If he be sensitive, and bright minds often are, he shrinks away in disgust at himself, and resolves never again to expose himself before such a battery, and most generally he stands by his resolution. The position of critic, with such subjects as these, is indeed a most responsible one. Of course he should know something about grammar, rhetoric, articulation, and pronunciation, but most of all he should know the disposition of the object of his criticisms. It is true there are characters whom a sharp criticism will so arouse with indignation and resentment that they will be driven to revenge themselves by showing what they can do; but far oftener the harshly criticised will keep out of the range of the critics darts, and allow their minds to waste in rust and decay. Let critics beware; lest they blight and destroy, instead of improving and building up.

FRED. H. MANNING.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

In a recent meeting of the Farmers' Convention held at Raleigh, among

many other things the establishment of an Agricultural College was proposed. Many farmers strongly urged it upon the attention of the law-makers, pointing out the fact that the efforts made for the promotion of our agricultural interests were not sufficient. And the question is now being asked, Shall we have an agricultural college? We have schools to give young men special training for law; no man is permitted to practise medicine without some special training in a school established for the purpose; the minister goes to the seminary; but who thinks of sending a boy to an agricultural school to learn how to farm? or where would he send him did he think of it?

But in the very beginning some one might pertly say, you are advocating a measure that has no opponents. Yes, that is the way it is every time a measure is proposed for the benefit of agriculture. No opponents! Apparently no one opposes the establishment of an agricultural college; but by temporizing, dodging, substituting something else, and directing attention in a different direction a measure is frequently more effectually defeated than by direct opposition.

The agricultural college has at least two classes of opponents. The first, are those who, not being farmers themselves, think it useless to give a special training to any one who intends to devote himself to the pursuit of agriculture. Believing that the interests of the farmer antagonize his own, he sees in the effort to strengthen agriculture the probability

of injury to his own vocation. The other class, while they do not openly oppose anything tending toward reform in agricultural affairs, yet by their indifference throw their influence against such a measure as the establishment of an agricultural college. It is to be regretted that these are to be found almost entirely among the farmers themselves. With much energy and a good deal of common sense they often make more money by pursuing old methods than their more progressive neighbors who lack judgment and energy. If you talk about an agricultural college to such a man he will, with a significant shake of the head, say: "It takes more mules and niggers to run a farm than book larnin'." Eminently practical himself, he knows nothing about theory, and cares less about theory and practice united. We are willing to grant that there is some truth in the "mule-and-nigger" doctrine; but we need something that will give to agriculture more theory. Not that theory alone is needed; but, as the chemist fits his theory to facts, let us have an institution where many unclassified facts in agriculture may be made the bases for theories which shall direct attention to new facts, while giving shape and utility to heretofore detached and useless bits of knowledge, and thus through a union of the theoretical and the practical produce better *practical agriculture*. J. J. LANE.

A GREAT EVIL.

It is an obvious fact that our State legislatures contain, even our national

legislature contains a great number of men who are so entirely ignorant of the law that they are forced to rely on members of the legal profession for transacting the ordinary business of the session. This unnatural state of affairs is one to be deprecated. People seem to think that whatever relates to jurisprudence is altogether professional, and none but lawyers should know it. This is, of course, an erroneous impression. Legislation and law are indissolubly connected. Consequently it is absolutely essential for every man who is a legislator or intends to be, if he would look to the interests of his constituents, to understand what the law is. Certain it is, that no man without knowing what the law is can perceive how it should be improved.

Ours is essentially a representative government. Though from one point of view, every legislator represents the entire community, yet as a matter of fact he should act with a special view to the interests of his own immediate constituents. And when owing to ignorance of the law, he has to rely on the ability and fidelity of some other member, he confides to another a power entrusted to him by his constituents, a power he can rightfully delegate to no man. It is a mischievous error that a man ignorant of the law can be an efficient law-maker. One must know what the law is before he can intelligently determine what it should be. We do not propose that members of legislatures should become regular members of the legal profession, become licens-

ed attorneys, but that they should know what the law is. So far from thinking it best for our legislatures to be composed of lawyers, we think their number in said legislatures should not be proportionately increased. We think their influence is as great as it should be. We regard the legal profession as one of the most honorable. It is the effectual defence of the weak against the strong, it is a great bulwark of liberty, it has been, and is, composed of men, many of whom are noted for their devotion to the cause of justice and truth. But we think that in a legislature too much reliance should be placed on no profession, but that every member should be so acquainted with the principles of jurisprudence as to be an intelligent, efficient, independent legislator.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

MIGMA.

FIRSTLY, A WORD in regard to "senior vacation." If the present class are to enjoy the advantages of a much needed vacation before commencement, the matter must be acted upon before long. The present class, however, are not the only ones anxious for this arrangement to be made; the ladies (God bless 'em) seem specially concerned. The writer has quite recently been asked by twenty-five, if he has been asked by one: "Will you have a senior vacation?" We had of course to answer that we did not know; upon which each one would say earnestly; "O, I hope you will. You need it so much after working so

hard." Our estimation of woman has increased fifty per cent. since hearing these sentiments expressed.

Now what are the objections to granting a senior vacation? We have heard of but one, solitary, single objection, which, even if not met, will surely die of pure loneliness. The objection is, that it will be some trouble to prepare special examinations for the seniors before the regular examinations. In reply, we can safely say that in nine cases out of ten, each professor has to prepare a special examination for students who have been prevented by sickness or otherwise from standing at the regular time; and yet we've never heard that objection raised. Why then is it raised in this case?

* * *

WAKE FOREST is "on a boom." We almost feel like saying to its detractors, "We told you so." But we will not. They cannot harm the College now, for it is at last on a sure and firm basis. It does seem a little strange, however, that the College which represents the great Baptist denomination of North Carolina, the College which has done so much for the cause of Christian education, should not have been more prominently recognized by the State, until the munificence of Mr. Bostwick had put it in a position where it could not be well ignored. But let by-gones be by-gones. The future demands our attention. And what a future is before the College! Who can tell what grand possibilities its vista hides from our sight? Never before has it attracted such attention in the State.

Why, in many sections it has been for some time almost the sole theme of conversation. Never before have its graduates been in such demand; and when they go to other schools, to the Seminary and the Universities, they always stand in the first rank. The hearts of its friends are beating with joy. But however much those away from the College may rejoice at its prosperity, we are sure they do not go further in their rejoicing than those who are within its walls receiving its instruction. And it is to add our congratulation that this is written. We believe there is only one thing wanting to make this the greatest college in the South, and that is a three weeks' senior vacation for the present and succeeding classes.

* * *

ONE of the greatest events in the history of California, or, indeed, of America, was the grant made by Senator Leland Stanford, the 11th day of November, 1885, founding and endowing what is destined to be the grandest University in the world. This grant was made in memory of Senator Stanford's only son, who is dead, and hence the University will be called the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. It consists of 83,200 acres of land in the most fertile section of the whole State. This will be a University indeed. Everything will be taught—arts, sciences, and mechanics. There will be a school of medicine, to which will be called such men as Jenner, of London, and Brown Sequard, of Paris; a school of law, presided over by the best legal talent to be obtained; a grand conservatory

of music, directed by the most famous masters of Italy and Europe; a school of mechanics, a school of agriculture, colleges, and seminaries of higher learning. Among the adjuncts will be a grand museum and libraries containing books in all departments of learning. This institution will be the greatest in the world, and through it Senator Stanford's memory will be perpetuated through ages yet to come. America's greatest men are her Peabodys, her Corcorans, her Johns Hopkinses, her Peter Coopers, and her Leland Stanfords. We would rather be Leland Stanford than king of England. In conclusion we would humbly suggest to Senator Stanford not to forget to instruct the faculty in the collegiate departments to give the seniors a vacation—*i. e.*, if they have to make special preparations for commencement exercises, as we do here at Wake Forest.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

AN ISSUE OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

In a recent issue of one of our most popular weeklies, the surprising fact was announced that a New York woman had actually demanded and been granted the privileges of the ballot in the late elections. This is peculiarly significant, having occurred in our great "Empire State." We have often indicated our position on this question of woman suffrage, but as it seems that the question is soon to be forced into particular prominence, we have two more suggestions to offer concerning it.

It is evident that it is incompatible

with marriage in its true sense. When a woman marries she gives up her name, she surrenders herself, her interests, her all, to the care of that pitiable mortal on whom her choice has fallen. This is marriage in its true sense, as we accept it, and as most women desire it to be. When you raise this woman, who really belongs to another, into a separate, independent, political unit, you do something in direct contradiction of the spirit of marriage. For marriage always presumes that the interests of the two united are one and inseparable. Consequently, woman suffrage is wholly incompatible with marriage in its true, its holy sense.

To grant women the right to vote is to make them more and more like men; and this is not at all desirable. To become better mothers, to adorn that sphere for which God designed them, to purify our social atmosphere with their modesty and delicacy, it is not at all essential for them to take part in the affairs of men. The history of the world from the first recorded date down to our own times impresses us with the fact that the more a woman becomes like men the more unfitted she is to discharge the duties incumbent upon true mothers. What nation of antiquity was more famed for its mothers than Greece in the time of its greatness, when her ships ploughed every sea, when her merchants sold their wares in all civilized lands? Yet these Grecian mothers were not even regarded as companions by their husbands, they were not allowed to see their husbands' friends even when they visited their homes, they never attended any public cele-

bration, did not have the slightest share in the government. But these modest, retiring Grecian mothers gave to the world such sons, such true noblemen, such pure-hearted, honest patriots, as the world has elsewhere seldom seen. Their work was productive of a glory that is far more enduring than brass, that will last with the ages. But after awhile women began to be sought in marriage for other than their domestic virtues, and a great race sadly terminated. If we study Roman history we are taught the same lesson substantially. May God, who revealed his mercy and loving kindness by preparing for the oppressed of all nations, this land of refuge, this temple of freedom, who sustained our fathers in those days that tried men's souls, when they were loading the scroll of fame with their illustrious deeds,—may He forbid that the pride of our Southland, the hope of God's creation, our beautiful, high-minded women, should become, through our own legislation, unworthy of that lofty position which, by their purity and virtue, they now occupy.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

SUCCESS.

When we succeed in hopes long cherished, we all invariably find created within us longings for yet brighter laurels. We feel able to accomplish anything. Our ambition is animated; our aspirations are nobler, we regard the future with beaming eyes. But when the storm of adversity comes on, instead of continuing to hope, how often do we permit doubt and fear

to obtrude upon us their melancholy forebodings, and drive us to the depths of despair, forgetful of the fact that success in this life depends upon continued, unremitting labor. Often we see men fall in the intellectual arena before those naturally their inferiors, but who by persistent effort have acquired the mighty power of application. There is no success without labor—labor persistent and unremitting. In our college life we have advantages that we must accept if we would succeed. Our success depends upon our being well-grounded, symmetrical men. And if we all do our duty here at college, we shall leave this institution well-grounded, symmetrical men, we shall have engrafted in our very natures the elements of success. Joyful will be our thoughts in after days if we avail ourselves of our present opportunities. Bitter will be our thoughts, deep our regrets, intense our longings, if in coming years we fail to succeed because of our failure to do our duty while at college.

To achieve success we must not neglect college work for society duties, for we would thereby fail to acquire that continuity of thought that comes only through a severe course of mental discipline. At the same time we must not neglect society duties. For of what avail is all knowledge if one is unable to communicate it to others. The world judges us by what we can tell, not by what we know. Consequently our success at college—in fact, our future success—depends on our combining in a just proportion society work and college

work. We must strike the happy medium between the two extremes.

To succeed, one must endeavor to sustain a sound moral character. One cannot rise unless he possesses the public esteem and confidence. Mirabeau, that great man who swayed at will a vast audience, whose magnetic

influence over his hearers was marvelous, failed to be the greatest man in France from lack of a moral character. The Creator does not endow all men with greatness, but he denies to none the privilege of being good.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, J. M. LANE.

ANOTHER VETO.—President Cleveland has won for himself a wide reputation as the vetoing president. But of the many vetoes of this able statesman none have been more favorably received than that rejecting the Disability and Dependent Pension bill. It seems that this bill would have doubled our present pension burden, making it foot up the very small sum of \$150,000,000 per year, and it is estimated that it would have created a host of pensioners four times as large as the standing army of England. How this bill ever came to be passed by Congress is a mystery to all thinking people. Perhaps it passed at some thinly attended night session as do nearly all pension bills for special cases. However it "got through," we owe to President Cleveland the defeat of a measure which would have done incalculable harm. Not only should the South rejoice at the course pursued by the President, but

every veteran who wore the blue should feel glad that this veto has saved from disgrace the honest representatives of the men who bore the flag of the Union to victory. Indeed, many expressions of approval have come from the old war veterans irrespective of party.

THE STRIKER STRUCK.—Or by adding a little college polish (?) we might say that he had "stuck." It really seems that the Knights of Labor organization is going to pieces, that Labor must give up the struggle and yield the palm of victory to capital. Every now and then an individual declares himself dissatisfied; a lodge refuses to obey orders or withdraws from the union; the strike of the longshoremen at New York has about collapsed, and the worthy Knights have vented their spleen, not by buckling on their swords and hieing them to the field of honorable

conflict, but by resorting to dynamite, the usual instrument of Socialism. The Grand Order gives indications of weakness in the very means employed to accomplish its ends. In the early days of the order the uniting of workmen into bands and their issuing general orders for the stoppage of work was the usual method of procedure, but later the boycott was added, and now dynamite comes in to blow up the property of the employer after his laborers have refused to serve him themselves or to permit others to do so. Perhaps Labor justly demands some changes in the existing state of things; but we hope she will try some other plan to bring it about than through her belted Knights with boycott in one hand and dynamite in the other.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE.—One of the results of the late fishery dispute has been to point out the "defenceless" condition of our coast, and to indicate to Congress a way to dispose of some of the surplus in the Treasury. "Millions for Defence" might be said to be again heard coming from our national capital, and according to Senator Frye, not one cent for fish. Several bills have been passed in Congress to provide means for the protection of our sea coast cities. It is proposed to build large war vessels after the most approved patterns, to construct floating batteries, to forge cannon, and to man forts. One might think that a fleet of English ships commanded by Sir Peter Parker's ghost was about to make its appearance in American waters. We are to

fortify the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida so that the New England fishermen can catch a few fish in Canadian waters and keep the Canadians on their own side of the line.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—"As many men so many minds;" for every prophet a prophecy; and yet it seems that no two prophets can agree to prophesy the same result to the tangled affairs in Europe. Whatever may be the result, it is evident that the present state of things cannot exist long. The immense increase in their fighting forces and the necessary outlay for munitions of war adequate to equip their troops will force the powers of Europe to fight each other, or to suffer themselves to be torn to pieces by internal dissensions; for a people rarely submit to war taxes when their patriotism and enthusiasm are not kept up by action against a foreign foe. The real cause of the present state of things seems to be hard to find. Bulgaria has ceased to be the apple of discord; and it looks as if we should attribute the present bad feeling to causes lying back of the "Bulgarian Difficulty," and which it only brought into play. An American, whose opinion deserves some respect from his ability and the experience he has acquired by a practice of a number of years in Europe as an international lawyer, says: "The mainspring of the difficulty is pretty hard to find; but it seems that the principal factor of the unsettlement is the necessity felt by monarchical governments to engage their people in war with foreigners in order to prevent a movement

for the overthrow of the government at home." If this be the true cause of the European turmoil it is evident that the storm will burst in terrific fury sooner or later. If the principles of freedom are to clash with those of monarchy we may look for a conflict worthy of the name. However long monarchy may divert the attention of

the masses from the real cause of trouble, the popular mind will at last find it. It is to be hoped, if bloodshed must come, that the champions of truth and freedom will not be arrayed against each other; but that they will fight side by side for the success of their common cause.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, FRED. H. MANNING.

A UNIVERSITY for girls is to be founded in New Orleans.

THE Legislature of South Carolina has recently repealed the law allowing free tuition at South Carolina college.

MERCER UNIVERSITY, Macon, Ga., is the recipient of a legacy of two thousand dollars from Mrs. Amanda B. Johnson for the education of poor young men. There are now 140 young men present at this institution.—*Western N. C. Baptist.*

CHOWAN BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE begins the spring term with an addition of fifteen young ladies to its number of students, which runs its present attendance up to one hundred boarding pupils. The success now being achieved by this school is but a necessary consequence of the indefatigable energy and excellent business tact of President Brewer.

A CIRCULAR has been issued to the friends of Mr. Moody appealing to them to raise, in commemoration of his fiftieth birth-day, \$100,000 as an endowment for his schools in Northfield. Cash and pledges to the amount of \$29,007 have already been received by the Treasurer of the fund.

ONE of the most efficient schools in the State is the Shelby Female College, Shelby, N. C., as is shown by the excellent preparation of the young ladies graduated from this school. This institution is under the supervision of Rev. Dr. Mallory, one of the best college presidents in the South, who was attracted to our State from Georgia some five years ago.

AT THE examination for the degree of B. A. at London University the women took some of the highest honors. The first class in French they had entirely to themselves, the

male contestants being in the second and third classes. Five of them received classical honors, three obtained honors in German, and one in the third class in Mathematics, while several carried off honors in the study of the Scriptures, which pre-supposes a pretty thorough knowledge of Hebrew.

WE ARE in hearty sympathy with President Battle on the unsettled shape that affairs at the University have taken, caused by the uncertain outcome of the agitation of the University question before the present session of the Legislature. He has our best wishes that the final settlement of the question will be for the lasting benefit of the institution over which he presides. Since the above was written it is learned that the Legislature has withdrawn from the University the Land Script fund (\$7,500 a year) and repealed the law giving a free scholarship to each county in the State.

OUACHITA COLLEGE (Baptist), Arkadelphia, Arkansas, began its second term with 200 students. There is a widespread enthusiasm throughout the State in reference to this college. More room is in great demand, and strenuous efforts are being made to secure the erection of a more commodious building.

AN EFFORT is being made in Missouri to raise from the children \$500, to be called the Children's Endowment Fund and to be used for the education of poor young men in William Jewel College. From August, 1885, to December 29th, 1886, the sum of \$214 was raised.

THE Legislature of North Carolina has passed the act establishing an Agricultural and Mechanical College. It will probably be located at Raleigh.

THERE has been some agitation as to the establishment in this State of a Baptist college for girls co-ordinate with Wake Forest. A good move.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—There will soon be published in England another series of "The Best Plays of old Dramatists."

—It will be of interest to scholars to know that Prof. Mayor is to edit a periodical called the *Classical Review*.

—It is said that Mr. Gladstone's article on Tennyson's "Locksley Hall sixty years after" is attracting as much attention in England as the poem itself.

—The youngest brother of Lord

Macaulay, Charles Macaulay, died recently.

—The queen of Roumania, well known to the reading public as "Carmen Sylvia," had recently to stand an examination before she was allowed to lecture to the girls of the high schools in her own capital.

—Mr. Froude intends writing another book similar to *Oceana*. To gather material for the work he will visit what was formerly the Spanish Empire in America. He will pay special attention to slavery as it exists in Cuba.

—A book by Justin McCarthy giving an account of Irish History since the union with Great Britain is announced.

—Dr. Haskins has written an interesting monograph of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He considers especially his maternal ancestors and gives some pleasing reminiscences of him.

—*Twenty Sermons* by Phillips Brooks is gaining a wide reputation and justly.

—Austin Dobson after rescuing Fielding, now comes out in a book on Richard Steele and shows how unjustly Steele has been abased by Macaulay and Thackeray to the place of second fiddle to Addison.

—Mr. Froude in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the teaching of English literature in the universities, also emphasizes the importance of a close attention to classical literature, though, as he says, the Scandinavian is really the cradle of our own literature.

—Miss Hattie Tyng Griswold in her *Home Life of Great Authors* in brief chapters presents many great literary characters, chief among whom are Goethe, Madame De Stael, Lowell, and Ruskin.

—A fascinating book is that lately published called *The Midnight Sun—the Czar and the Nihilist*. It records the impressions of its author concerning people and places after a journey of ten thousand miles through Norway, Sweden, and Russia. It contains many illustrations and is written in a simple and direct style.

—A very interesting book is *The Aztecs—their History, Manners and Customs*. This is essentially a history of Mexico of the past and in it are described the country, its characteristic products and geographical peculiarities, manners, customs, laws, and religion.

—Before the war the Southern States, and particularly Georgia and the Carolinas, were the "Eldorado" of the book-trade. Any good book, or good edition of standard works could be sold there.—*N. Y. Cor. Publishers' Weekly*.

—Prof. W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, a native of North Carolina, has an article in the current *Century* on "The White Man of the New South."

—There has been a vote in England to determine who are the forty immortals worthy of a seat in an English Academy. Among others we recall the names of Gladstone, Tenny-

son, Huxley, Ruskin, Spencer, Tyn-dall, Froude, the Duke of Argyll, Browning, J. R. Seeley, Freeman, Farrar, Fred. Harrison, Lecky.

—*The Publishers' Weekly* reports the total number of books issued in this country last year 4,676, the gain over 1885 being 646. Of the depart-

ments of literature Fiction takes the lead with 1080. In Law there were 469; Juvenile books, 458; Literary History and Miscellany, 388; Theology and Religion, 377; Education, Language, 275. The lowest number is given to Mental and Moral Philosophy, *i. e.* 18.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE "CIRCULATION OF SAP."—We are to conceive of the larger flowering plants as made up of variously modified cells. These cells are sacks with a wall of cellulose enclosing, if they are living cells, a mass of protoplasm. They differ in size in different plants, and also in different parts of the same plant, but they are generally so small as to be seen only with the aid of the microscope. Water is essential to all the living parts of plants, it being found not only in the protoplasm of the cell, but in the cell-wall as well. It constitutes about 75 per cent. of the weight of ordinary herbaceous land plants. According to Nägeli, the cell-wall is not a membrane separating the water in one cell from that in its neighbor cell, but it is composed of solid particles, not in contact, between which water freely passes. So that the water of one cell is continuous with the water in the

next, and even that in the soil surrounding the rootlets is continuous with that inside of them. There are several ways in which, during the growth of plants, the equilibrium of water in the various tissues may be disturbed. Of these the most important is the evaporation through the leaves. To supply the amount of water lost in this way, it is evident there must be considerable movement of water through the roots, stem, and branches. Simple experiments show that not all the tissues are equally good conductors of water. The greater part of it passes up through the elongated "wood-cells," and through the substance of their walls, rather than through their cavities. The force that raises the water is believed to be the attraction of the solid particles of the cell-wall for the layers of water which surround them.

Now when the word "sap" was first

employed it was imagined that there was a regular circulation of a fluid of constant composition from roots to leaves and from leaves back to the roots, like the circulation of blood in animals. But from what has been said it will be seen that there is no continuous set of tubes in plants analogous to the animal blood vessels. Nor is the fluid of uniform composition. While there is an upward movement of water to supply the loss by

evaporation, there is no downward movement as is popularly supposed. It hardly needs to be added that the belief that in autumn or early winter "the sap goes down into the roots" and "rises" again in the spring, has no foundation. As a matter of fact there is more water, i. e. "sap," in an ordinary tree in winter than there is in spring or summer, leaving out the watery new growths.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

—We're commencement bound.

—Anniversary has come and gone, leaving many *sad* hearts behind.

—Sunday evening, February 13th, Professor Poteat lectured on "The First Chapter Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge." The lecture completely reconciled the scientific theory of creation with that given by Moses.

—At a recent session of the Euze-
lian Society the following gentlemen were elected to compete for the Essay medal: Messrs. W. P. Stradley, F. H. Manning, L. R. Pruett, E. J. Justice, E. C. Robertson, and H. E. Copple.

—Mr. Arthur L. Butt exhibited his celebrated panoramic views of the Bible here February 14th and 15th.

These paintings are beautiful and in-
structive and were very much enjoyed
by the students.

—The Wake Forest Missionary So-
ciety is doing excellent work. At its
February meeting highly interesting
papers were read by Messrs. J. M.
Brinson and F. B. Hendren.

—Rev. J. W. Lynch occupied the
pulpit of the Second Baptist church
Sunday morning and evening. His
sermons were most highly enjoyed.—
Biblical Recorder, February 16th.

—Professor Rayhill, of Illinois, is
teaching a large class in elocution.
February 19th he gave a reading in
the college chapel which was much
enjoyed.

—We are very sorry to have leave

us Mr. W. L. Ward, of Wilson county, who has been called home by the death of his father.

—Dr. J. W. Ford, of Alabama, who has recently been called to the Second Baptist church of Raleigh, spent February 21st on the Hill. He expressed himself as being very much pleased with the College.

—On Thursday night, February 24th, Dr. Manly lectured in the small chapel on "Some Ancient Cosmologies," treating of those which show the development of the materialistic theory. We notice that the Doctor is writing a series of interesting articles in the *Religious Herald* on the German Universities. He is announced as one of the special lecturers of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at Morehead.

—At the last regular meeting of the Missionary Society, the following officers were elected: President E. F. Tatum; Vice-President, Walter P. Stradley; Recording Secretary, D. A. Davis; Financial Secretary, G. L. Finch; Treasurer, Mrs. A. V. Purefoy.

—Hon. W. E. Bond, of Edenton, an old student of the College, has been writing for the *Biblical Recorder* some interesting reminiscences of his school days here.

—Prof. Poteat gave us a lecture, Sunday afternoon, February 27th, in the same line with that delivered two weeks previous, the subject being, "The Story of Eden in the Light of Modern Knowledge."

—Rev. J. B. White, of Greenville,

Illinois, died on Saturday, February 12th, in his 77th year. He was at one time president of Wake Forest College, and did a good work in North Carolina.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—The contract for the Chemical Laboratory has been signed by Ellington and Royster, of Raleigh. It is to be of the best quality of "Penitentiary" brick (not pressed), a turn-key job ready by October 1st.

—Much work has lately been done on that part of the campus back of the buildings. The whole will present a finer appearance this spring and summer than ever before.

—President Taylor, who has been away from his customary duties in the College ever since last November, in the interest of the new building, will in a few days resume them to complete that work by correspondence and occasional visits. We are glad to welcome him. Dr. Simmons has taught one of his classes and Dr. Duggan the other; his presidential duties fell to Professor W. B. Royall.

—One of the saddest providences that ever afflicted our community occurred on the 7th inst., in the death of Mrs. Richard Battle.

ANNIVERSARY.—The 52nd birthday of the Euzelian and Philomathean Literary Societies was celebrated on the 11th of February under the most auspicious circumstances. Despite the evil weather traditions from former occasions and the ill-omened yellow flag on the present, the day dawned brightly, the wind blew brisk-

ly, and the boys went busily to and fro. This is the students' gala-day, and every boy belonging to the Societies hails it with delight. The faculty surrender to the pupils, and as "trust begets trust," no student loyal to his Society or to his own sense of honor forgets to play well his part and be on his best behavior when Anniversary comes.

The morning mail train considerably augmented the number of visitors on the Hill, besides bringing the Cornet Band from the "City of Oaks," which soon made the campus resound with marshal music.

By two o'clock p. m. an unusually large audience had assembled in the spacious Memorial Hall to listen to the debate. Mr. B. F. Hassell, Tyrrell county, N. C., the president elect, called the house to order, made a brief speech of welcome, and explained the expected vote. Mr. D. A. Pittard, Granville county, N. C., read the proceedings of the last Anniversary, and announced as the query for discussion this afternoon, "Was the Introduction of the Negro into the United States Production of more Good than Evil?" Messrs. W. F. Watson, Wake Forest, N. C., and J. W. Lynch, Leaksville, N. C., appeared in behalf of the affirmative; Messrs. L. R. Pruett, Cleveland county, N. C., and D. O. McCullers, Clayton, N. C., defended the negative.

Mr. Watson opened the debate by saying that he was conscious of representing the unpopular side of this question. So he begged the audience to dismiss all prejudices as far as possible. The Negro was taken from the wilds

of Africa a barbarian, and raised to the elevation of human slavery, and finally given the rights of a free citizen in a higher state of civilization than he had ever dreamed of. He was put under the purifying and elevating influence of a Christian people, and to-day the Negro has the same God and religion as we have. So that he has lost nothing by becoming a slave in the United States, but has gained much. Since his emancipation the progress of the Negro as a financier has been marked. After showing what rapid progress the Negro was making in education and how the States helped him in it, he told us that the Negro had cleared the forest original and made our beautiful Southland prosperous and productive.

Mr. Pruett met the argument of the gentleman by saying that the Negro came from the "Dark Continent" without morality, without education, without civilization, without Christianity, and could not have been otherwise than a clog on the wheels of progress. He claimed that the Negro was still unfit for many of the industrial pursuits. Although he had been under the influence of the white man for nearly three hundred years, it was still a doubtful question whether he could be made an intelligent citizen. Slavery disorganized the Union and involved the country in a bloody war. The emancipation and freedom of ballot to the unprepared recipients was an enormous failure. The two political parties may threaten and intimidate the black man and deny him political rights; yet he occupies as

much space in the ballot box as Gen. Gordon or Zebulon Vance. The Negro intensifies the illiteracy in the South. The Negro without the white man is like the mocking-bird without the songs of other birds.

Mr. Lynch claimed not to belong to that ultra class of persons denominated "Negro worshippers," nor to that other extreme known as "Negro haters"; but he believed the African was a man with a soul and mind, with a mission, and that the temperament and capacity of the black man was peculiarly suited to the country and situation he occupies. The South would not exchange laborers with California or with New England. The Negro is lazy and careless, but he never boycotted a store, stopped a factory, or threw a bomb of dynamite. We have been freed from the scum and poison of Europe by the presence of the black man. There is no danger of amalgamation, nor any foundation for fears of the Negro as a factor in our social system. He will never get above us unless we get below him. This speaker showed the reflex influence upon the Negro arising from contact with a higher civilization, a superior race, and a purer religion. He touchingly reviewed the "Lost Cause," followed the slave into freedom, and showed how our people had accomplished the greatest mission work in the history of Christianity. The ultimate outcome of the race movement is the salvation of Africa.

Mr. McCullers said that from the time of the introduction of the Negro until now, he had been a source of trouble. He said that the "Negro

Problem" was the most difficult, dangerous, and uncertain the American people had ever had before them; that slaves caused the late four years' war, and now the black man continues to be the occasion of great disturbance. Half of the enormous debt resulting from the war remains unpaid. The history of the race goes to prove that it is incapable of self-government and that when left alone to work out its own destiny without the aid of a higher race, it has invariably degenerated. Politically, the black voter is a curse to the land. The majority of them are illiterate and possessed of little character; these are led to the polls to cast votes they cannot read, and often they do not know or care for whom they are voting. He claimed that there was danger of amalgamation, and that "Negro Rule" might oppress the South.

The speakers were allowed a reply of ten minutes each. The gentlemen acquitted themselves admirably, and the audience showed appreciation of their efforts by giving them the best attention. The vote was taken, resulting in favor of the affirmative, standing 133 to 33. A selection was given by the band, and we resorted to the depot.

A very large number of visitors arrived on the special train from Raleigh chartered by the Societies. Among them came strangers, legislators, friends, and blushing beauties, all as merry and as welcome as could be.

By seven p. m. the large auditorium was well filled with a handsome and intelligent assembly, to hear the two

young orators representing their respective Societies, who now sat on the rostrum under the beautiful silk banners, with marshals by their sides in blue and red regalia.

Mr. R. B. Lineberry, Chatham county, N. C., chief marshal of the Philomathesian Society, introduced as the orator of that society Mr. J. B. Carlyle, St. Pauls, N. C., giving as his subject "The Lost Cause." This gentleman in the opinion of some was unfortunate in his subject, yet he gave us a treat.

Mr. J. L. Josey, Scotland Neck, N. C., chief marshal, introduced Mr. W. P. Stradley, Oxford, N. C., as the Euzelian orator, and announced as his subject "The Grand Old Man." Mr. Stradley possesses rare oratorical gifts. Each of these young men did themselves credit, their subjects justice, their societies honor, and gave their appreciative audience satisfaction and pleasure. THE STUDENT will publish both of the speeches, and relieve me of an attempt to report them.

Mr. Lineberry, in a few well-chosen and clear cut remarks, beaming with fun, highly entertained the audience, politely thanked them for their presence and excellent attention, and

kindly invited them to the literary halls where the exercises would be concluded in a social gathering.

All who have experienced a similar occasion at Wake Forest can form some idea of the pleasures attending and awaiting the social chats in these gatherings. The halls and galleries in the library were filled to overflowing with those who sought to make merry and to be merry. The band played in the Reading Room below. Cupid was evidently busy. There were quite a number of accomplished and popular young ladies present. I hear of a few *lengthy engagements*, some *early retirements*, and a little *talk of the sun, moon, and stars*. The prolonged whistle of the locomotive called the excursionists to the depot at twelve o'clock, which was many hours too soon for some to leave, and all went away with pleasant memories of Wake Forest and her boys. Others lingered in the halls until the wee small hours of a new day passed away and sealed forever the pleasures of one more Anniversary, which can safely be claimed the grandest in the history of the "twin sister" Societies of Wake Forest College.

ROB.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
F. H. MANNING.

—'54. Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard has been preaching lately in Chapel Hill, holding a meeting with the Baptist church there.

—'57. There is soon to be established in California a large Female Seminary, and prominent in this commendable work is Mr. H. D. Fowler, an old Wake Forest boy.

—'73. While in Henderson recently, we spent a pleasant hour in conversation with N. B. Cannady, Esq., one of the most prominent members of the Oxford bar, who entertained us very highly with many pleasing reminiscences of his college days.

—'77. Rev. J. R. Jones has lately accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Toisnot, N. C.

—'79. N. Y. Gulley, Esq., suspended the publication of the *Franklinton Weekly* with the issue for Feb. 24th.

—'79. There recently appeared in the *News and Observer* an account of the brilliant wedding of W. N. Jones, Esq., and Miss Sallie Bailey, both of Raleigh. The happy pair immediately sought the land of flowers and orange groves.

Upon the heels of this success came another, which is referred to by the *News and Observer* as follows: "We congratulate Gov. Scales on his admirable selection of Mr. Wesley N. Jones,

of this city, as the head of the bureau of Labor Statistics established by the Legislature at its present session. Mr. Jones is a man of sterling worth and fine capacity, equal to the discharge of any duties he may undertake. We rate but few men of his age in the State as being more worthy, more conservative in views, or more correct in principle. Beginning life poor in purse, he has improved his opportunities in a way to commend him to the highest consideration. When a boy he served full apprenticeship as a printer at the case, and eventually saved enough money to complete his education at Wake Forest; then he studied law and began a career which has always been marked by honorable and scrupulous dealing. Personally he is popular, and he counts his friends on all sides. His appointment we regard as a most excellent one." The appointment was confirmed by the Senate March 5th, and Mr. Jones entered upon his new duties on the 7th. His salary is \$1,500, and he is allowed a clerk at \$900. Our heartiest congratulations, Mr. Jones, upon both events!

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat, now a student at Johns Hopkins University, has recently accepted the call to the pastorate of Lee Street Baptist church, Baltimore. He began his new work

March 1st. He has preached as regular "supply" for that church since October.

—'82. Mr. W. J. Ferrell of the Wakefield High School, recently paid us a pleasant visit. We always feel better to be with such a man.

—'83. Mr. W. R. Walters is now devoting himself entirely to farming in Granville county. He was one of the visitors at the late Anniversary celebration.

—'83. We often hear the most pleasing reports of our friend, Rev. E. S. Alderman, who, as is well known, has been in charge of the Baptist church at Chapel Hill since his graduation from the Louisville Seminary last May.

—'84. Prof. J. C. C. Dunford, of Judson College, was lately elected Superintendent of the Hendersonville Baptist Sunday-school.

—'85. We hear that our friend "Jimmie" Lucas is taking life easy at his home in South Carolina since leaving his Alma Mater. We remem-

ber him as one of our most studious boys.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson has recovered from his recent illness, and is again at his work in the Louisville Theological Seminary.

'85. Mr. J. R. Hunter has lately been chosen principal of the Academy at Rutherfordton, N. C.

—The State has lost an able servant in the retirement of Hon. C. C. Clark from the State Senate. His seat in that body was contested from the first, though no decision was reached on the question till near the close of the session.

—We were pleased to see among the visitors at the last Anniversary Hon. Mr. J. L. Webb from Cleveland county, who is a prominent member of the Senate branch of the present Legislature. Mr. Webb was a student here about 1870.

—Messrs. A. C. Livermon and S. W. Gregory, students of last year, but who are now attending the Dental College in Baltimore, recently passed a few days on the Hill.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—*The Thielesian* contains some well written articles chief, among which is an article on "Physical Exercises."

—Valuable suggestions are offered in the article the "Best Time to Study," in *The Holcad*.

—The *Southern University Monthly* contains some excellent articles in its last issue. It is a good exchange.

—The last number of the *Roanoke Collegian* is a great improvement on its former issues.

—Over the printer's unimportant mistake on THE STUDENT cover the *Greensboro College Message* has a little harmless fun and is welcome.

—Our readers will remember in our last number the remarks on plagiarism and the example cited. We have received a letter from the author of the article criticised, and desiring to do none an injustice, we gladly publish the letter. It speaks for itself.

GREENSBORO, ALA.,

February 10th, 1887.

Editors Wake Forest Student.

DEAR SIR:—I notice in your magazine under the head of "Exchanges" an article criticising a contribution of mine to the *Southern University Monthly* and accusing me of plagiar-

ism. The article is of such a type, as had it been unjust, would have necessitated my calling upon you for an apology. You are perfectly correct in stating that a great part of the contribution was quoted, but allow me to explain and then to ask you to retract what you have said in your next issue. I delivered an oration recently at a celebration at this University and from there being a scarcity of time for its preparation, I asked and received permission to insert in the latter portion of the same those sentences you have noticed. Some time after the oration had been delivered I was asked by the Editor in chief of the *Southern University Monthly* to allow him to publish it. The original manuscript was turned over to a friend to be copied and in doing so he omitted a portion of it in order to send in this that you have noticed, overlooking the marks of quotation and thereby causing the unfortunate mistake. The matter has afforded both myself and the Editors much trouble and as you have detected the plagiarism (apparent) I felt that an explanation was necessary. * * *

Very Truly Yours,

WILL. W. MANGUM.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

APRIL, 1887.

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No. 7.

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LOUISVILLE LITERATI.

Whatever may be the preconceived opinion, Louisville is not all tobacco, leather, plows, and whiskey. There is left no small modicum of beauty, culture, and wealth. Beauty, I might say, both of home and of feature. For, while the Blue-grass paints the lawn in green, nature has put a glow upon the cheek of the Louisville belle hardly surpassed anywhere. But, waiving the consideration of these inviting topics, there is a phase of Louisville life not often adverted to in a general estimate of the city's status. There is a considerable intellectual atmosphere here of no mean flavor. Whether Louisville will ever become the literary centre of America is left for future prophets to decide. Boston has been the "Hub" of thought, but

it is an open secret that she has a coming rival in New York. The march of the intellectual empire is westward. Louisville is within seventy miles of the centre of population of the United States. And the *Courier-Journal* recently showed that it is the hub of the railroad system as well.

Louisville is not a western wild. The congregation of so much wealth and power is sure to cause the gravitation of mind. Cities are centres of all kinds of power, political, financial, literary, spiritual. The passing notice given to the city by Charles Dickens in his *American Notes* would likely be expanded, could he visit it to-day. "There was nothing very interesting in the scenery of this day's journey, which brought us at midnight to Lou-

isville. We slept at the Galt House; a splendid hotel; and were as handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris, rather than hundreds of miles beyond the Alleghanies. The city presenting no objects of sufficient interest to detain us on our way, we resolved to proceed next day by another steamboat, the Fulton, and to join it, about noon, at a suburb called Portland, where it would be delayed some time in passing through a canal." And then, after a description of the dismal appearance of the city, he gives more space to the pigs than the people.

It is noticed that he complimented the Galt House. No doubt he was surprised to find anything more than an English inn. The story goes that the proprietor had made extensive preparations for the distinguished guest, and, after his installation in his state-rooms, with due formality went up to pay his respects to Mr. Dickens. Said gentleman gruffly inquired who the intruder was, and, when informed that it was no less a personage than the hotel proprietor himself, said: "Ah! the inn-keeper. When I need your services, I shall send for you." That curt behaviour Louisville has never gotten over. But to return to our purpose.

A few hours' investigation revealed a rather astonishing wealth of material for such an article. All that can be attempted in so short a compass is a general classification with a few meagre details.

1. As to the poets. I mean not mere boyish or girlish ebullitions, but some real poetry has come from the

Louisville muses. Perhaps the most celebrated songster of these parts is Mr. Will. S. Hays, whose *Songs* especially, and many of his poems, have floated far down over the Southern breezes, and are familiar to many a heart. They are songs of passion and of pure sentiment. He was for some years connected with the River Transportation business, when he was River Editor of the *Courier-Journal*, in which he had his famous "funny column." Some of his songs show a tinge of this phase of his life, as "Roll Out, Heave Dat Cotton" and "We Parted by the River-Side." He is a master of the Negro lingo, and his darky songs are sung all over the corn-fields of the South. The more common ones will occur to many, such as "Evangeline," "Mollie Darling," "Angels, Meet me at the Cross Roads," "Take This Letter to my Mother," "Shamus O'Brien," "Susan Jane," "I'll Remember You, Love, in my Prayers," "Keep in de Middle of de Road," "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," etc. Of his poems many will recollect "The New Magdalen," "His Last Trip," "The Faithful Engineer," etc. Mr. Hays is still living, and as genial as ever.

Marcus Blakey Allmond is known quite beyond the limits of Kentucky. His exquisite little poem, *Estelle: An Idyl of Old Virginia*, has drawn unqualified praise from such authority as Noah Porter. There is a sweetness and freshness and genuine feeling in his verse that is fascinating. He is decidedly ideal and imaginative. He is also the author of a smaller poem, *Agricola: An Idyl*, and of many fugi-

tive verses for the papers. His lecture, "The Wrath of Achilles," is of some local note.

Howard Miller created something of a ripple some years ago by his volume of poems, *The Student's Dream*. It is still in demand. I have never read them, and so cannot pass judgment.

Hawthorne Leaves were scattered by Miss Alice Hawthorne. A pretty booklet, this, with an entirely excusable pun.

The mills of the muses have ground out one more volume of no mean dimensions. This time it is from the heart of Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller. She called her sentiments *Songs of the Heart*.

This enumeration does not embrace the usual stock of spring poetry, but only such as has survived. Perhaps the poem of Douglas Sherley, *The Valley of Unrest*, ought to be mentioned. But this notable poem more properly belongs to the following class.

2. Of novelists there are a few. Mr. Douglas Sherley has aspirations in this direction. His novelette, *Love--A Story without a Woman*, was novel, to say the least. This venture of his was the occasion of much comment favorable and otherwise, possibly mostly otherwise. It called forth two burlesques, one by Mr. B. H. Ridgeley entitled *A Lenten Leaflet*, *Mr. Sherley's Horse*, *A Book without a Dagger*, the other an anonymous publication by a member of the Pendennis Club, styled *Love Instigated*, *Story of an Ivory Umbrella*. It is worth while to say that his general

habitué is in keeping with this freak. He is, in a word, an oddity, though quite an interesting one. His house and grounds would attract the attention of a casual observer as belonging to one who affected the æsthetic, and so he opened his arms to Oscar Wilde. While a confirmed bachelor, he has strong affinities for the gentler sex, and is first to entertain the female poets and orators who may chance this way. He is a little too old to be called a dude. In fine, whatever his rank as a novelist, he stands out a unique character.

A recent novel is *An Ideal Fanatic* by Mrs. Hester Edwards Porch, a denizen of this burg.

Mrs. Flora McDonald Williams is the authoress of a patriotic story, *Who's the Patriot? A Story of the Southern Confederacy*.

3. Theologians.

Primus inter pares is Dr. John A. Broadus, the most distinguished divine of the city. His *Preparation and Delivery of Sermons* has become a text-book almost the world over, and is translated into several languages. He is the author of a *History of Preaching*, the only book of the kind ever published. His volume of *Sermons and Addresses* is in rapid sale now. But perhaps the crowning work of his life so far is the *Commentary on Matthew* just out. It is the fruit of twenty years' toil, and has come to stay. It may be of interest in this connection to say that Dr. Armitage's new *History of the Baptists* will have Dr. Broadus' picture on the front.

Dr. J. P. Boyce will in a few months

give to the public his revised *Systematic Theology*, which is awaited with interest.

Dr. Basil Manly will about the same time bring out his book on *Inspiration*, while Dr. Wm. H. Whitsitt is drawing to a close with his polemic on *Mormonism*.

Dr. A. A. Willits is a lecturer of much note. He is bright and witty. So is Dr. E. P. Humphrey as a writer of tracts and pamphlets.

Of the Baptist pastors, Dr. T. T. Eaton besides some famous lectures has in press a volume of *Talks to Children*, Dr. J. M. Weaver is the author of the "Myrtle Series" for children, and Rev. H. Allen Tupper is working on *The Characteristics of Great Men*.

4. Medical matters. Four medical schools, which graduate annually about seventy-five doctors apiece, make Louisville notable in the medical world. Some of the professors have more than ordinary reputation, as Drs. Marvin as a microscopist, Yandell as a surgeon, Ireland in obstetrics, Reynolds as an oculist. Dr. Cowling is the author of *Aphorisms in Fracture*, and Dr. Holland of a booklet *Died for the Sick*.

5. Miscellanea.

"Faith Latimer," who writes so charmingly for the *Sunday School Times*, lives in Louisville. Her name is Mrs. Miller.

Many know that Mrs. Woodbury, who prepares the Primary Lessons in the *Kind Words Teacher*, is teacher of the infant-class of the Walnut Street Baptist Sunday-school.

Henry Watterson is known by all advocates of Free Trade. He is a fair speaker, a better lecturer than stump speaker. But as a journalist and humorist he has made his name famous. His paper is a great power. He wrote *Oddities of Southern Life*, which made something of a hit. He is a great sportsman and bets recklessly at the races.

Readers of THE STUDENT will recall allusions in it to *The Electra*, a literary magazine of real merit, edited by two enterprising young ladies here. But, like so many similar attempts at the South, it has suffered death from lack of support and sympathy.

The Southern Bivouac is on a solid footing and is making for itself a distinctive character. It is published by the Averys, of *Home and Farm* fame. This latter paper has a circulation of one hundred thousand.

The famous *Christian Observer* has been in the Converse family for about sixty years.

So it is apparent that Louisville may be excusable for pardonable pride in her literary talent.

A. T. ROBERTSON.

Louisville, March 9th, 1887.

 THE GRAND OLD MAN.*

The 8th of April, 1886, will be long remembered. The annals of English history, prolific though they be in great events, furnish no grander or more imposing scene than the one enacted on that day. From early morn members of Parliament thronged into the House. Now every seat is occupied, and the galleries are one vast sea of human faces. The streets of London leading to Westminster are crowded thick with vehicles and a multitude of hurrying people wildly jostling in their haste to move along. On their faces, as they eagerly converse one with another, we read that something of importance is about to happen. William Ewart Gladstone leaves his residence in Downing street, and makes his way as best he can through the surging throng, amidst the wildest cheering and hurraing, toward the House. As he enters and takes his seat, he is greeted on the one hand by the jeers and groans of his enemies, and on the other by the rapturous applause of friends; applause and jeering striving for the mastery. He rises to speak. The jeering and applause redouble in fury, and the air is white with waving handkerchiefs. He stretches forth his hand, and a stillness as of death falls on the multitude. Then in tones of silver sweetness he begins to plead for down-trodden Ireland. There he stands, the Grand Old Man, having outlived the time allotted to man on

earth; for the years of his life are threescore and ten and six. There he stands, undaunted in the face of the bitterest opposition, with the eyes of the Tories turned in scorn and hatred toward him, and the frown of England's Queen upon him—stands firm and unmoved while the mad waves of opposition and scorn and hatred dash against him, friends waver, and grim defeat stares him in the face. But still he stands by the power of truth alone, nerved by the strong conviction of right; and for three long hours pours forth a torrent of eloquence like streams of lava from Ætna's burning depths.

But who is this Grand Old Man with eagle eye and giant mind? As he stands and bravely, eloquently pleads for Ireland, come with me, ladies and gentleman, and let us together briefly review his wondrous life, for wondrous indeed it is.

William Ewart Gladstone was born at Liverpool, December 29th, 1809, son of John and Ann Gladstone. He did not spring from the lowest walks of life, nor yet from the aristocratic, but from that middle class which constitutes England's backbone, and which has furnished to all countries so long a list of poets, patriots, and sages; the Gracchi to Rome, a Solon to Greece, a Kossuth to Hungary, a Cromwell to England, a Washington to America, and to the world a Luther. Hence he escaped alike the

* Oration on the occasion of Anniversary, February 11, 1887.

temptations of a life of ease, under which so many of aristocratic birth have fallen, and the buffetings of a cruel poverty, which, like a biting frost, has nipped in the bud so many geniuses from the lowest walks of life. He was fortunate in his birth. The hum of industry greeted his infant ears; for the famous old town of Liverpool is noted for its enterprise. Upon his infant mind were impressed lessons of honesty and thrift; for his father was a fine example of the practical man, whether in business or in politics, several times representing Liverpool in the House of Commons, being a member of the same Parliament in which his son made his maiden speech—a speech which must have made glad the heart of the father; for in it he saw the budding of that genius whose blossoming was to make forever famous the name of Gladstone. Thus, under the influence of business activity and political agitation, the latent talent of the young Gladstone began to develop. He himself tells us an interesting incident of his boyhood days. It was from the balcony of his father's house that the great Tory minister, Canning, once addressed the electors of Liverpool on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. Little did the people know that a greater than Canning was there; but 'twas even so; for in the window of the balcony his nurse held the embryo statesman, with his big, brown, wondrous eyes and chestnut curls, who listened with childish wonder to the eloquence of the speaker, or clapped his hands in childish glee at some wild outburst of applause from the

crowded street. That incident he has never forgotten.

Out of these surroundings he passed at the age of twelve, to enter upon his studies at Eton, the school which has furnished to England so many illustrious statesmen and authors. Here was his genius burnished by contact with other geniuses, ever and anon giving off sparks of brilliancy, tokens of the brightness with which it so steadily shines to-day, just as the grey streaks of early morning herald the brighter glory of the noonday sun. Starving on the meagre curriculum of Eton school, it sought other fields in which to roam; wooed and won the Muse, and sang, by her inspired, of England's giant hero, the gallant Cœur de Leon:

"So where the Moslems rushing to the fight,
Back bear their squadrons in inglorious flight,
With plumed helmet, and with glittering lance,
'Tis Richard bids his steel-clad bands advance;
'Tis Richard stalks along the blood-died plane,
And views unmoved the slaying and the slain.
'Tis Richard bathes his hands in Moslem blood,
And tinges Jordan with the purple flood."

From Eton to Oxford—Oxford, the inveterate enemy of all innovation; the preserver and defender of England's ancient institutions; the hot-bed of Toryism, of intolerance and bigotry; and yet withal a Pierian Spring, from which many a thirsty mind has drunk long and deep of the waters of knowledge—not least among whom is William Ewart Gladstone. Here, under the inspiration derived from communion with the grand old spirits of classic lore, drinking in the perennial charms of "the blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle," and breathing the atmos

phere of reverence for the past, he became conscious of his powers of oratory. His soul burned within him; and on the floor of the Oxford Union debating society, the thoughts moulded in that fiery furnace were given utterance. There he measured strength with other giant minds, and found his own not wanting. There the glowing spark of eloquence in his bosom was fed with fuel—that spark which has grown brighter and brighter, hotter and hotter, ever sending forth thunderbolts at the very head of Tyranny and Oppression.

In 1832 he came to the foot of the ladder of fame and began to climb. While at Oxford he was intimate with the Duke of Newcastle's son; and when the borough of Newark, which belonged to the Duke, needed a representative, the son recommended to the father his college-mate, the brilliant young Gladstone. He was elected, and entered the first Parliament assembled since the passage of the memorable Reform Bill, which extended the franchise to so many who formerly had it not—a bill which is an Ebenezer stone along the rough and rugged road which the English people are travelling from kingly despotism to constitutional liberty.

Lord Macaulay speaks of him at this time as “a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished Parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor.”

But time would fail me in enumerating the deeds of this wonderful man. Whatever measures looking toward the interest of humanity have been advanced during his public life, he has helped to carry—among others, the Repeal of the Corn Law, Free Trade, and the Extension of Franchise. Volumes have been written about them, and the record of them is the grandest monument to his name. His voice has ever been raised against injustice and oppression enthroned in high places. He is an everlasting monument to the fact that truth will always prevail in the end—prevail against all opposition—prevail against all sophistries—prevail in spite of the seeming triumph of error.

I know that Gladstone entered Parliament a Tory of Tories, a firm believer in and no less firm supporter of the established church of England; and some, seeing that he is now a Liberal after the strictest sect, and a warm advocate of disestablishment, have laid the charge of inconsistency at his door. If there be any of like mind among this audience then I say, “Let him that is without sin at this point among you, cast the first stone at him.” What is inconsistency? It is the maintaining at the same time, either by word or act, of two contradictory propositions. This Mr. Gladstone has never done. The charge of fickleness might indeed be urged against him with some degree of plausibility. But I deny that he is fickle even. He had every reason to be what he used to be; he has every reason to be what he now is. In his young days he breathed the very at-

mosphere of Toryism and reverence for the past and its crumbling institutions. A Tory of Tories was his father, and thus he trained his son. A Tory of Tories was the eloquent Canning, and Gladstone revered his memory. Oxford University was the nest of Toryism and the nurse of Tories, and at Oxford he was educated. What could he have been but a Tory? But he is not a Tory now. Even from the first there crept slowly but surely into his mind the conviction that what had been ought not necessarily to be; that freedom was the birth-right of man; that social position, and ancestral prestige and lordly estates and the heritage of a name could not make a manikin a man. And hence he slowly drifted farther and farther from Toryism. Yet it held him as with a grip of iron. It was as if some strong man were endeavoring to shackle a vigorous and muscular boy in his arms. He slaps the chains upon this arm and then upon this, and the boy strikes them from the one only to have them put upon the other—strikes them from his arms only to have them fastened upon his feet; but still he writhes and struggles, impelled by despair. Fear lends him strength, and soon from the arms of his captor he leaps to turn and give him battle. Even, so against the influence of tradition, Gladstone fought, impelled by the slow inworking of truth—fought and won; and when in 1865 he stood before the electors of South Lancashire as a candidate for the House of Commons, having been defeated by Oxford University, in words never to be forgotten, he said: "At last, my

friends, I have come among you, and I am come among you '*unmuzzled*.' " And when he was taunted in the House of Commons for being a Liberal, whereas he had formerly been a Tory, he replied: "I am come amongst you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from their ranks, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and *resistless force of conviction*." The man who never changes is either a consummate egotist or an idiot. The man who encloses himself in an adamantine shell of self-sufficiency, shutting out every conviction, is to be despised; but I reverence the man who heeds conviction's voice, lead it where it may.

Moreover, it is by the power of conviction that Gladstone is enabled today to oppose nearly the whole of that nation whose proud boast it is that upon her dominions the sun never sets. Friends have deserted him, England's Queen frowns upon him, and England's haughty aristocracy, almost to a man, is arrayed against him. But he seems never so strong as when alone. The oaks of the forest, thick-crowded, yield to the tornado's blast and prostrate fall, because their roots take not deep hold. The oak which stands alone defies the hardest gale, and its branches chant defiance to the winds, for its roots descend far down into the ground, and hold with grip that knows no yielding. Even so, by the courage of his convictions, Gladstone stands, deserted by his friends, almost alone in his defence of the helpless Irish nation.

And it is of this, the crowning work of his life, I desire especially to speak;

for in it the man is seen in his true light; and, just as his work surpasses that of contemporary statesmen, so this last act towers far above his others, noble though they be.

I do not believe in England's foreign policy. It is based on the accursed principle that might makes right. There is scarcely a country in the world that has not felt, at one time or another, the British lion's paw resting heavily upon it. I admire the king of beasts for his strength, and yet at the same time I remember that it is not the Angel of Mercy that is compared to a roaring lion going about and seeking whom he may devour. England bleeds one colony to death by taxation in order to wage a war of subjugation against some other colony; and in return for all this, literally crams civilization down the country's throat, will she, nill she. I grant you that good has come of England's conquests: commerce has been opened up, civilization spread abroad, and, above all, the way made clear for the preaching of the Gospel. But the method savors much of Mohammedanism, with this difference, however: that, whereas Mohammed propagated his religion with a sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, John Bull goes with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, a tickler of whiskey in one pocket, and a package of opium in the other—much more use being made of the sword and the whiskey and the opium than of the Bible. Indeed, Archdeacon Farrar says that in India England has made one hundred drunkards to one Christian. Moreover, with it all I can but remember

that "not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

But however dark the record of England's dealings with other nations, the blackest page of that record is the story of her dealings with the Irish. Search through and through the dark annals of tyranny, and this black page is the blackest yet. Many of the other nations over which England has swayed the iron sceptre, have been inferior to herself; the Irish yield not one whit in any point of greatness to England, save alone in point of numbers; yet for centuries the foot of England has been upon her neck, grinding her into the very dust; and if the Irish were not a nation of pluck and grit and determination, long since would they have disappeared, exterminated by Tyranny's relentless hand.

In order better to appreciate Gladstone's movement for her relief, let us briefly review Ireland's history. Amid the dark shadows of tradition the weird and mystic figures of the days of yore flit before us like visions of the night. There is a shifting, fleeting panorama of kings and heroes and stately women battling and loving and then dying, giving place to others, who flit before us battling and loving and dying like the rest; the shifting scenes growing plainer and plainer as the years roll by, till they come out at last with something of distinctness in the dawn of the morning which ushered in the sad day of Ireland's history. Then the good St. Patrick went among them. In his youth he had been a slave in Ireland, but escaping to Rome, he became a Christian, and rose to eminence in the Romish church. Yet,

though far away, his heart ever yearned toward the Irish, and he longed to tell them the story of the Cross. So in 432 he returned to Ireland and preached to them the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. Everywhere chieftains and princes and kings forsook their idols and learned to worship the true God, until ere long the spirit of Christianity was diffused over the whole island. There was then a bright future for this brave and hardy people; for the germs of civilization were already seen among them. Agriculture was in its infancy, 'tis true; but they were skilled in the working of gold ornaments and in the making of weapons. They built massive round towers and repelled the invasions of hostile nations. But more than in all else the germ of civilization was manifest in their treatment of woman; for woman's condition ever marks a country's degree of civilization, and in Ireland "they were invested," says Justin McCarthy, "with a respect and dignity not common in the early history of races. In legends women always receive from men a tender and gracious submission that rivals the chivalry of the Arthurian romances; and there is every reason to believe that this is not confined to legend."

But the budding hopes of the Irish were soon to be blighted. Upon Erin's fair and fertile fields the eye of an enemy rested with avarice. Henry II., king of Normandy and conqueror of England, had received from the Pope a bull of authority over Ireland and only awaited opportunity for executing it. He did not have long to

wait. Dermot McMurrough, the giant king of Leinster, whispered seductive words into the ears of the fair Devorgilla, Erin's Helen, the wife of Tiernan O'Rorke—and she yielded. O'Rorke pursued his betrayer, who, hard pressed, appealed to Henry II. for aid and Henry gave it, seeing that this was his time to gain control of Ireland. He sent over an army, which after a hard struggle succeeded in conquering the country. The entrance of England into Ireland, thus made in defence of sin and shame, has entailed upon this hapless nation a heritage of misery and woe.

Henry confiscated the lands of the Irish and gave them to his followers. The barons living on these confiscated estates had all power given into their hands. They made arbitrary laws which the wretched tenants must obey for weal or woe. This was the beginning of Landlordism in Ireland, her bane through the long, weary years of her history.

Nor was the condition of the Irish bettered in the reign of the virgin queen. She is spoken of in history as a wise and beneficent sovereign; but these qualities were not displayed in her Irish policy.

In 1653 Cromwell began to rule England and oppress Ireland. The country was infested with English adventurers, horse-thieves, forgers, connivers at murder; who cheated land-owners of their property, or murdered them, if they resisted. At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the outraged and wronged inhabitants, goaded to desperation, rose up in their might in what English historians are

pleased to call the massacre of 1641; and James Anthony Froude, the prince of exaggerators, calls it thus, endeavoring, by slurring over the wrongs England has committed against Ireland, to make this rising appear in horrid contrast with England's justice and mercy. Indeed, thus it has been all the while. England sends hordes of bandits into this beautiful Ireland, who destroy its trade, confiscate its lands, desecrate its altars, deface its shrines, murder its inhabitants, and sell its women into worse than slavery; and yet, if the Irish dare to rise up in the face of these cruel wrongs, in defence of what is dearer to them than life, they are branded as a race of assassins and murderers. *It is unjust.* From time almost immemorial England has taught them the lesson of murder, and it is not strange that they sometimes put it into practice.

The dawn of the eighteenth century saw Ireland hopelessly sunk into misery. Cruel oppression had done its work. They accepted their fate in abject submission. Hope was dead and buried, and the darkness gave no token of the dawning of its resurrection morn. Providence seemed to have hid his face; and, to give full measure to their allotment of woe, in 1741 a terrible famine swept over the land as with the besom of destruction. The earth forgot to give her increase. Gaunt-eyed Starvation entered alike the hovel of the peasant and the castle of the lord, laying his bony finger upon sucking child and radiant maiden and rollicking youth; upon old and young and middle-aged; and eyes grew sunken and cheeks grew pale

and flesh withered away. The child begged of its mother,—

“ Give me three grains of corn, mother,

Give me three grains of corn;

’Twill save this little life of mine

Till the coming of the morn;”

and the mother sighed to think she could not give them; so ere the morning dawned the little life went out. And the hillsides were covered with graves, and the land was full of wailing.

Right upon the heels of this devastating famine, greedy England began to deluge the unfortunate country with worthless copper money. Swift's “ Modest Proposal” averted this evil. He modestly proposed “that the children of the Irish peasants should be reared for food; and that the best of these should be reserved for the landlords, who, as they had already devoured the substance of the people, had the best right to devour their children.”

But why should I continue the recital of this mournful story? The sufferings of the Irish, gathered into one volume, would swell it into such gigantic proportions that a life of threescore years and ten would be too short a time in which to read it. Their slavery is far more galling than the negroes, for the Irish, unlike the blacks, are a superior race, brave, generous, noble, capable of self-government; and yet upon them powerful and tyrannical England has for centuries imposed a degrading servitude. Well might they say in the language of Rienzi:

* * * * “ You know too well

The story of our thralldom; we are slaves!

The bright sun rises to his course and lights
 A race of slaves ! He sets and his last beam
 Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
 Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
 In that strange spell—a name."

Doubly good and great appears the Grand Old Man in the light of his efforts in behalf of this people. This is the crowning work of his life. Grand picture of unselfish work does he present to us—this man upon whose head the snow of life's winter has fallen—pleading with eloquent tongue for justice, where injustice has long held sway—knowing as he must that ere long the solution of the question either way cannot affect him—going from one end of the country to the other uttering his terrible yet just indictment against England.

Listen to him: "Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literatures of all countries, and find, if you can, a single voice, a single book—find, I would almost say, a single newspaper article—in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation."

But it is not my purpose to enter into a detailed discussion of the Home Rule Question. Indeed it is not properly a question of details, but one of justice. Shall Ireland, under well considered regulations, govern her own affairs? Shall the many wrongs perpetrated against her be righted? Or shall injustice and oppression and coercion, which have

so long held sway, still be England's policy? That's the question. Gladstone is pleading for justice pure and simple—justice first, justice last, and justice altogether. The opponents of the measure come with sophistries and pleas of expediency seeking to evade the question.

They tell us that the Irish are degenerate, incapable of self-government, citing in support of the argument, a long list of murders, assassinations, and dynamite explosions. Now I would not utter a breath in favor of Phoenix Park murderers or London dynamiters; but why judge Ireland by the worst of her inhabitants—by the low wretches who flock to our own shores? You would not have America judged by her vilest? You judge not France by her communists, Germany by her socialists, nor Russia by her nihilists. Then judge Ireland by her best. Names adorn the pages of her history of which any country might well be proud—poets, statesmen, orators—a Moore, an Emmett, a Burke, a Sheridan, a Grattan, a Parnell, and a host of others. They are not degenerate. In the name of some of the best blood of America, I deny it. In the name of Chester Allan Arthur, I deny it. In the name of Abram Ryan, I deny it—of Ryan, who sang so sweetly of "The Conquered Banner," and "The Sword of Lee," poems which will live forever in the memory of all who love the Southland and "the Lost Cause." In the name of Henry McDonald of Atlanta, I deny it. They are not degenerate.

Then God speed "the Grand Old Man" in his work for Ireland. Surely she hath need to regulate her own affairs. One-third of the whole island is owned by landlords who have no interest in its welfare save to grasp with greedy hand the hard-earned substance of its peasantry. The Irish are a "Homeless Nation." They live upon a soil, their own by right, of which they have been deprived by the hand of Power; and I have sometimes thought that John Howard Payne's sweet melody "Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!"—that tender, plaintive melody which meets with a responsive echo in every soul, must awake in an Irishman's soul nothing but a ceaseless longing. O how long shall Ireland be at the mercy of England's haughty aristocracy, who live in ease upon the very blood of the toiling masses, they who dress in purple and fine linen, but whose purple is soiled and linen unclean—great only in that strange spell—a name!

"I know a duke, well—let him pass—
I will not call his grace an ass;
Though if I did, I'd do no wrong—
Save to the asses and my song.
The duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,
And at the age of twenty-four
Was worn and battered as threescore.
I know a waiter in Pall Mall,
Who works and waits and reasons well;
Is gentle, courteous, and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.
What is it makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey out of place?
What makes a waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?
Perhaps their mothers! God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident, or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not my pen!—
We can breed *horses* but not *men*."

Against the power of such as these is Gladstone fighting, and in the end his work must succeed, perhaps not in his life-time, but yet some time—for it is the cause of Truth, and

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers."

Well may he say to his enemies as he once said before: "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debate does not for a moment impede or disturb—these great social forces are against you. They are arrayed on our side, and the banner which we carry in this fight will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the unknighthed people of these three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and to a not far distant victory."

A story is told of a hunter in some frozen clime—Iceland, I believe—who, when he tried one day to call his dogs together by a blast from his horn, found, to his utter amazement, that, blow he never so loud, it still gave forth no sound. He could not account for the strange phenomenon, but took the horn to his hut and hung it in its accustomed place,—when he was almost startled out of his wits by a most tremendous blast. The air had been so cold—so the story goes—as to freeze the sound, so when it began to thaw in the warm air of the hut, the whole volume of sound concentrated by his fruitless efforts, was given forth with startling effect. I do not vouch for the truth of the tale, but it re-

minds me of something I do not believe to be fanciful. For centuries the unfortunate Irish have prayed for deliverance it would seem in vain; yet all their groanings and wailings and dying prayers have only been frozen in the cold air of indifference; but the whole civilized world is now beginning to be stirred by the story of Ireland's wrongs, and this frozen air of indifference, surcharged with centuries of lamentations, melted by the hot breath of indignation, will discharge them in thunder tones. Yes, the day of Ireland's redemption draweth nigh. Even now in the east are seen the grey streaks of its dawning. God speed the day, and God speed thee, Grand Old Man, in this noble work. Thy name shall live through ages yet to come, more enduring than marble or brass. Children's children shall rise up and call you blessed. Brightest star in England's bright galaxy of celebrities, art thou—thou grandest man of the age, at once, poet, patriot, scholar, philanthropist, statesman, orator, sage, Christian; Hater of Shams, Champion of Liberty, Friend of the Oppressed, Defender of the Faith. Well rounded is thy character, symmetrical, with no sharp angles or unseemly protrusions, beautiful as some chiselled thought of Angelo's. Let us build his monument; for he stands

with one foot in the grave, and even now must sometimes hear the murmur of the waves from that shoreless ocean. Where shall we build it? In England? Shall he have a resting-place with the poets and patriots and sages whose ashes slumber in Westminster? Not there. Great, indeed, has been his work for England, but greater still his work for Ireland: so in Ireland we'll build it. But of what shall we build it? Of pure, white marble, emblem of purity? That were fitting, for spotless is his character; but rather let us take the massive boulders of the Giant's Causeway, rough-hewn by Nature's hand, strong and enduring as his character is. Lay the foundation broad and deep; pile boulder upon boulder, and boulder upon boulder; raise it higher and higher, and higher yet, till its summit shall kiss the clouds. Then place upon it the Goddess of Liberty, holding in her right hand Liberty's torch, whose rays, bright as electric light, shall penetrate the darkness of Ireland's night till it shall be lifted evermore. And every breeze that kisses her fair brow will sing the praise of Ireland's Redeemer.

"And the graves of her dead with the grass overgrown

Shall yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right."

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

THE LAWYER'S WORK AND SPHERE.

No truth is more frequently illustrated than the fact that the innocent are sharers in the punishment of the guilty. So careless, in fact, are men in their bestowal of censure that they do not pause to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving, nor are they slow in denouncing a whole class if only a few are seen to be unworthy. This comes partly from the haste and eagerness with which men jump to conclusions, and partly from man's predisposition to judge evil of every one. In this way lawyers are often judged. Because, perchance, a few of their number—just as of every other profession—have acted unworthily, a storm of censure is heaped upon the whole legal genus.

The lawyer's motives are ever suspected and wherever he goes, whatever he does, or whatever he thinks, he goes, acts, and thinks, according to the popular notion, solely for the furtherance of some sinister purpose. He moves in an atmosphere of odium. He is considered a combination of deceit, lying, and villiany, and incapable of a noble feeling or an unselfish act. Of course there are exceptions, but this notion of the lawyer certainly has, in some sections at least, a very strong hold on the popular mind.

Now, this is wrong. The lawyer has in all ages and nations played an important part in the drama of life. In the case of the ancient Spartans the work of the lawyer may be seen. Lycurgus, the great law-giver and ex-

pounder, fashioned and developed the whole fabric of Spartan society. Finding a few tribes disaffected, barbarous, and lawless, he united them in a compact so strong, ruled them with laws so just, and trained them with precepts so wise, that from the crude and discordant elements at his disposal he founded and built a government destined for long years to brave the momentous crises of the times, and to startle the world with its military renown. Sparta's laws and Sparta's valor made her one of the proudest nations of antiquity. But when no longer she enjoyed or heeded the wise counsels of Lycurgus her glory faded and her power collapsed. What Lycurgus did for Sparta Solon did for Athens, Charlemagne for France, Peter for Russia, and Alfred for England. In fact, when we look back over the history of nations and see their greatness and splendor and the achievements of their heroes, we can discover that as a basis for their grand deeds they have possessed and heeded some kind of code written or unwritten which, serving as a foundation for social and political compacts, at the same time gave tone to their civilization and stimulated them in their onward march.

Now, the establishment, the regulation, and the enforcement of this code lay within the legitimate province of the lawyer. 'Twas his to make laws for his people, to lead them from a state of semi-lawlessness to a right

conception of right and to instil slowly but surely into the popular heart a proper regard for the great principles of rectitude and order. Look at the great Blackstone of England. His work in perfecting and systematizing the laws of England in no small degree contributed to the formation of the English character, the moulding and crystallizing of English thought, and the establishment of a high standard of action in England. And in our own country see what the lawyers have done! A mere cursory review of our history will reveal the fact that our country's lawyers have not only framed her constitution, simplified and dignified her laws, and given her a character in jurisprudence never surpassed in any nation, but that they have also been, in a measure at least, the exponents of our national character, the guardians of our society, yea even the pioneers in the great work of contriving and perfecting our grand civilization. Snatch from American history what the devoted disciples of Blackstone have thought and said and done, and you will remove from the coronet which graces Columbia's brow some of its brightest gems. Blot out from our political firmament, resplendent and glorious as it is, the lives of those who have done homage at the shrine of the law, and you will sadly dim the lustre of our nation's glory.

That some lawyers are mean and contemptible is true. Sometimes forgetful of every principle of truth and justice, they exert all their talents to screen the guilty from the law's stern penalties. Sometimes they lie, cheat,

and deceive until having forfeited every claim to recognition at the hands of good people, they deserve only their contempt. Sometimes leaving the high plane on which they should labor they condescend to play the unmanly role of the demagogue, and by compromising principle and pandering to a base public sentiment, get a wide reputation for lying and villany simply to get some petty office.

But be it remembered that when they act thus they are not doing the work or filling the sphere of the lawyer. For in the language of the great Hooker it may be said: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least, as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all admiring her with uniform consent as the mother of their peace and joy." If this be true, and no one doubts it, how can that man who studies and practises law in all of its operation and phases be otherwise than ennobled? How can that man whose whole being is permeated with the spirit of the law be otherwise than a blessing to society? The true lawyer does not confine his thoughts to the narrow limit of the written code. To him man's imperfect system of laws even when elaborated with all the skill and wisdom that finite minds can exercise—to him even then man's grandest laws are but

the reflex influences dim and uncertain of that grander, more comprehensive system which rules the universe. For him the Creator himself is the Great Law-giver. And in studying,

explaining, and enforcing the written code so far as it agrees with this higher system of laws, the lawyer finds his true sphere and work.

BETHUNE.

PANCRACTIUM.

Deep in a tangled copsewood,
On the river's moistening brim,
Sunbeams fell an exiled batch,
And rootlets drank from a golden rim.

Wild, in timid fragrance,
Pancratiun bloomed one night;
And her crown and six-rayed gossamer
Resplendent shone in the dew and light.

The proudest water-lily
Ne'er had cause, I ween,
To nod or flaunt more airily
Than had this humble ooze-born queen.

Woven of mist the whitest
Was her fibreless, dew-washed veil;
Sweeter than Eastern attar the breath
She gave each passing gale.

* * * * *

Her, bending toward the river
In fanciful reverie,
My Nina saw, who stooped and said,
"Ah, queen of the solitude, come with me!"

Plucked by hands the tend'rest,
That night on Nina's breast
My flower died with the fair and sweet,
But was fairer and sweeter than all the rest.

M. H.

FORT HAMBY.

There has never been a more critical period in the history of the South than that which followed close upon the surrender of Gen. Lee in the spring of 1865. The sable war cloud had risen, gathered, and burst in unmitigated fury over her bosom. The faint light shone through the rifts of the passing cloud only to show men the desolation and social chaos around them. Stout hearts which had hitherto entertained some hope of their country while her battles were being fought on the plains of Virginia, now sunk into gloomy despondency. Scarcely a vestige of the old institutions remained.

During the turmoil and confusion which ensued, laws could not be enforced nor justice exacted. Military commands and Federal edicts superseded municipal and State laws. Perhaps the only redemption from this condition of things lay in the temper of the Southern people themselves. They had amply shown their valor on many a hard-fought battle-field; now it remained for them to exhibit the other noble qualities of their character in restoring order out of chaos, in building up out of the wrecks of the old institutions a new South, and in adapting themselves to the new order of things. The history of the past twenty years will show how nobly they have done this.

The war had served to develop, as war ever does, a class of the basest and most desperate men, who are ever

ready to avail themselves of every opportunity of depredation and crime. Moreover, at the close of the war, there were found in nearly every locality in the South, renegades from the Northern army who openly and boldly plied their mischievous calling of robbery and plunder. These were men of the basest characters who frequently became leaders of bands of freebooters.

At the close of the war in the spring of 1865, there might have been seen situated on a sharp eminence or bluff on the left bank of the Yadkin river about ten miles southwest of the little town of Wilkesboro, an ancient looking dwelling house, constructed of heavy logs and weather-boarded. On the south of the bluff lying along the bank of the river was a sandy plain of some two hundred yards in width. From this plain the bluff on which stood the house, rose almost precipitously a hundred and seventy-five yards, and then terminated in a beautiful plateau of only a few rods in extent. On the north of the bluff flowed a large creek which emptied itself into the river a few hundred yards distant. The place was further protected on the south and west by a dense wood of pines and a thick copse of under-growth, so that altogether it was fitly adopted for a fort. A chivalrous baron in mediæval days could not have desired a more suitable spot upon which to erect his castle. On the north there was a narrow and

steep road leading from the creek up to the house, but from every other quarter it was very difficult of approach. At the time of which I write, this was known as the "old Hamby Place," it having been occupied in earlier days by a family of that name.

Not far from the close of the war, a man named Wade, representing himself to be a Federal soldier from the State of New York, made his appearance in the neighborhood of the old Hamby place. He was shrewd, cunning, daring, and possessed of just those traits of character calculated to enlist in his cause the very basest elements of a thoroughly demoralized society. His mission was one of plunder, spoil, and murder, and at that time of social disorder there were not found wanting men to join him in his thievish and murderous designs. As above intimated, all civil laws were practically dead letters and the affluent homes along the rich valley of the Yadkin offered a surpassingly fair field for robbery and plunder. Ere long, five other men as desperate as himself had joined him, and there were perhaps thirty or forty others guilty of the deepest complicity in their crimes.

Wade and his followers at once chose the old Hamby House as their head-quarters, and it has ever since been known as Fort Hamby. Perhaps a stronger or naturally more defensible position could have been chosen and they immediately availed themselves of every means within their power to still further strengthen it. Numerous post-holes were made in the building so that from the upper story those within might have free

and open range to shoot in every direction. They provided themselves with the most improved rifles of the longest range, navy revolvers, poniards, and an abundant store of ammunition and provisions. They captured the best and fleetest horses which the forrays of Gen. Stoneman's men in their march through the country a few months previous had left to the farmers.

This band of freebooters or guerillas, now comparatively secure in their stronghold in a secluded and almost inaccessible spot on the western bank of the swiftly flowing Yadkin and possessing all the necessary equipments for their nefarious calling, commenced an active career of robbery and plunder. They became a terror not only to the immediate community but also to the country for fifteen or twenty miles around. Mounted on their spirited steeds richly caparisoned, they would sally forth in the night-time, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, penetrate the quiet of some neighborhood, and fall with all the suddenness of an Alpine avalanche upon unsuspecting and defenceless families, robbing them of whatever valuables had remained to them during the long, dreary years of the war, and return ere the break of day with their booty to the fort where they spent the day in close concealment. Several weeks passed away before their rendezvous was discovered. No determined effort was made to capture them until about the middle of May. Prior to this time they had robbed a number of families, had murdered several persons, and com-

mitted other outrages. One evening they fired a shot in mere sport at a party of persons riding in a wagon on the opposite side of the river, killing a woman at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the fort.

It was about this time that they made a nocturnal incursion into an adjoining county for the purpose of robbing a country store in which there was reported to be a considerable quantity of ammunition. But they were frustrated in their designs by being fired on by an old farmer and his quondam slaves and returned to the fort without accomplishing the purpose of their incursion. But their daring raid opened the eyes of every citizen in the community to the grave necessity of more vigorous and determined measures for their capture. Next morning when it became generally known that Wade and his followers had made a bold descent into the neighborhood, no little excitement prevailed, and it was proposed that a party should be formed for the purpose of pursuing the robbers, and, if possible, capturing them in their fort. A cavalcade of forty men, led by Col. F—— and Capt. E—— was accordingly formed. It was composed of veterans of the lately disbanded Southern army who “recked not of danger,” of old men who, actuated by patriotic motives, wished to rid their country of such desperate men, and of boys some of whom, alas! were never to return from that fatal pursuit. On that bright and lovely Sunday morning in May (about 17th), the party began to collect at a church more than a dozen miles from the fort

where their destined victims lay. Every man came well armed and many, sad to say, with flasks of whiskey in their pockets. Naturally enough, these men, many of whom had faced cannon on many a field and witnessed carnage and blood in heaps and torrents, looked upon the capture of a band of some half-dozen guerillas as a most easy task. No troupe of hunters ever set out on the chase with greater hilarity or more sanguine hopes. The day was far spent when they reached the river in the vicinity of the fort.

It now remained for them to decide on their plans for the attack on the fort. The company was divided into two equal squads of twenty men each, one led by Col. F——, the other by Capt. E——. They were to march in a body up the right bank of the river to a point considerably west of the fort, cross the river and then make a detour to the ford of the creek about two hundred yards north of the fort and out of sight of it. One squad was to dart by the fort so as to gain a position on the south of it, while the other remained on the north of it and at a given signal both squads were to charge the fort simultaneously from their respective positions and surround it.

In the execution of the foregoing plans, the party now moved up the bank of the river opposite the fort, and as they proceeded they beheld the freebooters conducting away a number of women and children who were spending the Sunday afternoon at the fort, and it became apparent that they had no intention of surren-

dering the fort without a struggle. The party now became more serious and thoughtful. The danger of attempting to take the place by direct assault, although its strength, compared with their own, might be weak, began to be more fully recognized.

When the party reached the ford of the creek it separated into two squads, one dashing along a circuitous path to a point beyond the house and charging from that quarter, while the other dashed up at the same moment in front of the house. The men in the fort now opened fire upon them and drove them back in confusion. Their horses being unused to the tumult of such affrays, became frightened and unmanageable.

It was at once seen how futile would be any further attempt to take the fort by storm. Every entrance to the building was made secure as possible, and from port-holes in the upper part of the building the men within might shoot down any number of men while striving to effect an entrance. Two of the attacking party had already fallen, both young men of promise who had left their homes that morning the merriest of the company. It is said that coming events cast their shadows before them, and so it seemed in the case of one of these boys; for he appears to have had a presentiment of his impending fate. It is related that on the evening of the fatal day on which he fell, he took from his pocket a flask of brandy and flung it to the ground, declaring that he should never touch another drop. A little later in the day he received a shot

from the guns in the fort, from which he instantly died. The other—a bright, noble boy, of good family—was shot dead in a few feet of the fort, while endeavoring to follow his retreating companions. The mule which he was riding became intractable, and he was left behind to be carried away four or five days afterwards, a mangled and neglected corpse. Thus ended the first attempt on Fort Hamby—an attempt which exhibited the folly of a direct attack with small arms, in the hope of effecting an entrance and dislodging the freebooters.

It was next determined to lay siege to the place as the speediest and safest way of reducing it. Accordingly, a few days after the first attack, a number of the same party, together with many more, returned to the fort and closely invested it, in the hope that a scarcity of water and provisions would quickly compel them to surrender, but in the interval between the first attack on the fort and its later investment, the freebooters anticipating a siege had taken every precaution to supply themselves abundantly with both water and provisions. They were thus prepared to endure a siege of many days or even weeks. A more speedy method of dislodging them must be devised and several plans were proposed. One was to open a battery of small cannon upon the fort, but the cannon were not easily to be obtained, and so this plan seemed impracticable. Every plan proposed seemed alike inexpedient, until finally a man named Sharpe, proposed a plan and offered himself

to put it into execution. It was to set fire to a small building a few feet distant from the building which was used as the fort and from which the fort must necessarily take fire.

Several stories as to how he reached the building in safety have been told. One is that he filled a barrel with sand and rolled it before him while he crawled to the kitchen. Others say that it was a large basket filled with blankets through which the balls would not penetrate. Perhaps the truth is that he crept unobserved through the darkness to the kitchen and stealthily set fire to it. The building was set on fire just before day-break; the besiegers had formed a line completely around it. The kitchen was soon completely wrapped in flames and when the denizen of the Brushy mountains beheld the golden-tinted dawn peeping above the eastern horizon he might also have beheld, reflected on the western horizon in far more glaring hues, the eager flames that swiftly swallowed up Fort Hamby.

When the unhappy wretches saw that the fort was hopelessly doomed to the flames, they inquired what quarters would be granted them upon their surrender. They received the prompt but terrible answer that they would be summarily shot at the stake. No terms of course, could be harder, but it indeed seemed that no other possible alternative remained to them. Five of them surrendered unconditionally, but the leader of the band succeeded almost miraculously in making his escape despite the vigil-

ance and activity of the besiegers. The men composing the line around the fort were placed a few yards apart and at some distance from the house. Wade, well knowing the fate that awaited him if he fell into the hands of his indignant assailants, determined to make the most possible of the one almost hopelessly slender chance of escape that he saw. He calmly walked out of the fort with his trembling and pale companions and then with the swiftness and agility of a Mohawk Indian, bounded beyond the line in the direction of the river and although shot after shot was fired at him with the most deliberate aim, succeeded in reaching the river untouched and unhurt. He was closely pursued, but no trace of him could be seen after he plunged into the river. Most diligent search was made for him along the banks of the river as well as for his body at the bottom of it, but it resulted fruitlessly. Two stories are told as to how he made his escape in the river. The first is that he carried with him from the fort a hollow reed which he had obtained for the purpose, and upon reaching the river sank himself to the sandy bottom of it beneath several feet of water and placing one end of the reed in his mouth and keeping the other end above the surface of the water, used it to breathe through and thus sustained his life beneath the water until his pursuers abandoned the search. A much more plausible theory, however, and doubtless the true one, is that he crept up under the hollow bank of the river, beneath the

roots of a large beech tree, and there remained until his pursuers left off the pursuit. He is said to have made his escape afterwards to Tennessee and thence to New York. His wretched companions were carried through a mock trial before a court-martial

and condemned to be shot at the stake. At noon the sun shone down alike upon the smouldering embers of the fort and upon the new-made graves of five of its late inmates.

FRANCIS BYNUM.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Since God breathed upon the lump of clay which his fingers had fashioned into his own image, the earth has not been destitute of inhabitants. Some have lived in the present and for the present, some for the future, and others have lived for naught. Possibly the last class might have been excused in ancient times for the space they occupied in the world, for then a man could well afford to labor a hundred and twenty years preparatory to one rainfall, or two thousand men could spend a few years in moving one stone from the quarry to its resting-place in the walls of an Egyptian pyramid. Then a man could work seven years for a companion, and play the part of a slave an additional seven years to obtain the object of his love; and the venerable patriarch could muse over important events of his life that had occurred seven, eight, or even nine centuries before. But now should a man lay out his plans and begin preparations for his protection a few centuries hence he would be called an idiot. Rip Van Winkle was not long being con-

vinced that in these latter days life is too short to take many twenty years' naps on a mountain-side. Instead of serving fourteen years for the desired companion, Hymen's altar must be visited within as many months, else the whole country is filled with bachelors and old maids.

Where the wigwams of the aborigines of the United States once stood, framed of bent saplings, covered with turf, the fire-place in the centre, and the chimney an apperture in the top, now stand magnificent cities whose paved streets stretch for miles, and whose avenues are crowded by men rushing on full of the business of the day, while their walls reëcho to the neighing of a thousand iron-horses. From the mountain-side, the coffers concealed by Nature are now yielding their hidden treasures of precious metals. The swamps and wildernesses which were once frequented only by croaking frogs and howling wolves are teeming with produce that fills the storehouses of more than fifty million people.

A few years ago representatives to

Congress from the remoter sections of our country might set out several days before the time of meeting and then be in time for little more than the closing scenes. Now only a few hours are required to penetrate the recesses of the great caves, scale the most lofty mountain peaks, and roam over the great prairies;—nay, we may almost keep pace with the sun as he emerges from the foaming Atlantic, and sinks to rest beneath the placid waters of the Pacific.

Newton has read to the world the system of the universe, and the handiwork of the Creator is set forth in the well-ascertained harmonious coöperation of the heavenly bodies, so that now we may read if not hear “the music of the spheres.” The steam-engine which combines in itself the powers of performing more delicate operations than ladies’ fingers can achieve, and of driving the most powerful machinery; which can draw out threads finer than cobwebs, and propel ships of ten thousand tons against the mighty tempest; which can sharpen pin points, and forge anvils, was undreamed of by our forefathers. The great railway system covering the United States as a net work, quickens exchange, enlivens trade, loads our tables, and fills our storehouses with the products of every part of the Union, while our steamers traverse the trackless seas bringing in luxuries from all parts of the earth. Villages, towns, and cities are springing up in every quarter. Where the red man a few years ago chased the deer with his bow and arrow, and the squaw tilled the soil with a crooked

stick, cotton-fields now present the appearance of extended snow plains. Corn is growing along the war path. Schools and colleges are springing up where the council fires have blazed and gone out, and the broad valleys of the West, where the buffalo and mustang once roamed, unharmed, unmolested, unknown by man,—rich harvests are waving their welcome to the joyous reaper.

As Americans, there are still grander possibilities before us. The day is not distant when our highways will be filled with steam-engines instead of two-wheeled ox carts; when the soil will be cultivated largely by inanimate agents; when we shall mount up as on wings and ride as securely through the air as we now do on our terrestrial railways, and when electricity will cut our wood, turn our spindles, and run our trains. This is no wild fancy when we remember that nearly all important discoveries and inventions are of comparatively recent origin. For more than five thousand years did man plod on with no other means of communicating thought than by tongue or the slow process of writing on skins, until, in the sixteenth century, Coster found that by pressing carved blocks of wood on paper, characters could be formed. The beginning of the present century found in Professor Morse one whose brain would not rest until the telegraphic wires were transporting thought with the rapidity of the lightning’s flash, and the past decade has produced the telephone acting as a mouth-piece to men hundreds of miles apart, so that they talk as face to face. It was re-

served for the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to gaze with admiration at Columbus as he snatched the world off the "turtle's back," and to see Copernicus set it revolving around the sun as the great centre of the solar system.

We, as Americans, are just entering the field of discovery and invention. Our young Republic is now breathing the pure air of the twenty-second year of her second birth. The 4th day of July, 1776, will ever be held sacred by every American heart as the *first* birth-day of our glorious Republic, while Appomattox will ring

on with unceasing reverberations as a reminder of her *second* birth.

And now since the awful night of civil war has passed away and day is breaking upon us, let the weakest and the strongest cast a pebble into that great chasm which separates the South from the North till it is completely filled, and then let us strike hands together on its surface as a common centre and erect a monument that shall pierce the clouds, and upon its summit in flaming characters engrave UNION.

H. E. COPPLE.

THE QUEEN OF THE NEW SOUTH: HER REALITIES AND HER POSSIBILITIES.

In the land of sunny skies and fruitful fields are many beautiful names full of meaning and fraught with legends wild and wonderful, but there is none more pleasing and romantic than *Carolina*. The youthful and princely Charles the Ninth, of France, must have thought of his sweetheart when he bestowed the feminine form of his name on the new country settled by the brave Huguenots centuries ago. Two prosperous Southern States have grown out of the settlement of those daring men, each to stamp Carolina upon its banner. Like twin sisters, they have flourished and developed in beauty, until to-day, the "Palmetto" and the "Old North State," remind me of two handsome virgins blossoming into womanhood. These fair dam-

sels, although of a common ancestry and of the same maiden name, are not altogether alike in form and features. Not desiring to wound the tender feelings of Miss South—for she is lovable and true—yet, when asked to manifest my choice, I unhesitatingly place the wreath upon Miss North, who is my *beau-ideal* of a woman. This bonny lass is Nature's own handmaid, richly clad in a robe of peculiar and becoming fitness. She laves with the mermaids in the Atlantic, and laughs with the nymphs among the Alleghanies, while the fairies are her daily companions. In her youth she was courted and loved with unflinching devotion by an English nobleman, who laid his fortune, his life, his all, at her shrine. His memory is fondly

cherished by her in the name of her capital city, and she never speaks the name of Raleigh without thoughts of her childhood and of his gallantry.

This Southern Queen is the mother of the immortal "Goddess of Liberty," and each year, in the season of beautiful spring-time, in the month of flowers and love-making, on the twentieth of May, the birth-day of this favorite child is celebrated in a manner worthy of the occasion. Beneath her sod and soil sleep the brave sons and fathers who fought for freedom and fell like dutiful soldiers at their post of honor and of arms. All her paths have not been paths of peace and pleasantness, but frail humanity and the evils of a sinful world have been her portion. War after war has slain her best and bravest men; false and roguish rulers have stained her fair face with their filthy fingers; and ignorance and poverty have weighed her down in shame. The cruel and crushing influences of a civil war blasted for the time her hopes. Despondent and subdued, yet submissive, she returned to the Union a cripple, with slaves made free, under military rule, her wealth gone, and only an untried fate before her. Twenty-one years have revealed to us as many pages of her history, each effulgent with astonishing progress and development. Never faltering, but ever faithful, heroic, and true, she has survived the dreary night, and the dawn of a brighter day is opening before her. The guiding stars of hope, pluck, and perseverance, which shone so brilliantly during the darkness of the past, and almost disappeared behind the clouds frequently crossing

her heavens, have lost their light in the resplendent rays of the sun of the new day, displaying the riches of our commonwealth, in her varied natural, political, industrial, and intellectual resources.

North Carolina is a vast belt of country stretching from the lowlands along the Atlantic to the Great Smoky Mountains in the Appalachian chain. Were we to stand upon the proud summit of Mount Mitchell, the loftiest peak in the "Original Thirteen," and had we eyes capable of beholding her entirety, we would see ninety-six counties spread out before us like so many beautiful chromos, superbly set in frames of Nature's mechanism, surpassing by far the richest paintings in Paris or Rome. This grand panoramic view of Nature stands without a parallel in the land of beauty and of blessings. From the sky-kissed land to the sea are mountains and meadows, wastes and wilds, bedecked with every plant, herb, and flower found from Maine to California. Her rippling brooklets and rushing rivers wash the sand from more kinds of soil than any other State can boast. Her climate is as diversified as her days, and the same as you will find from Canada to the Great Gulf. You can bask among the palmettoes on the coast in the morning, and before the setting of another day's sun skate on the lochs in the "Switzerland of America." As you would climb the many mountains and cross the fertile fields, all of her natural wealth cannot be seen. Although Nature has richly endowed and greatly blessed her in useful and beautiful

things on the surface, yet vaster and far more valuable treasures than these have been stored away and hidden from man for years. Her mineral wealth is the most extensive of the Southern sisterhood, and her mines are like so many honeycombs full of rare and precious sweetness waiting to be extracted.

Politically, North Carolina is like a chameleon, continually changing color. Her parties have a national character, save a few ephemeral organizations. There is much corruption in her politics to-day, which will gradually sap her life and leave her to sicken and die. Her social fabric is built upon two great pillars, the Black and the White, which are incompatible for the beauty and symmetry of the structure. In her legislative halls sit representatives from every county, irrespective of party or color. Her suffrage is free to all male adults obeying her laws, and thousands of voters do not seem to appreciate the right and power vested in the ballot. Her offices are gifts of the people, and in not a few cases they have been filled by good and great men, but in truth, she often groans and suffers from pangs of remorse caused by the fatal fangs of the thirsty office-seeker—a serpent whose prevalence is altogether too common for her safety, and whose poisonous bite produces disease and death. Equity and economy do not always hold the balance of power, but extortion and extravagance have been known to turn her scales. Crime and misdemeanor are too rife in the land, and not unfrequently does the guilty victim go unpunished. Some of her laws are in

direct accordance with the wishes of her populace, while others are antagonistic to their best interests. Her cardinal political principles are patriotic in the main, but by no means wholesome when taken as a whole.

The slumbering embers of sectional strife are fast dying out and the flame of industrial competition is lighting up the land. Her portals are open to the nations of the earth and people from every clime and of every tongue find here a warm welcome. In every section of the State are found Northern settlers who have come to stay and to help develop her resources. The North is fast throwing off her old garments of hate and enmity and will soon be clothed in the royal robe of good-will and love for the South, and ere long we are to have a new country bound in closer relations than ever. Her people are principally engaged in agricultural pursuits. The staple crops are rice, corn, cotton, trucking, tobacco, and all the cereals. She excels the world in the production of naval stores and in the collection of botanical and medicinal roots and barks. Mining, manufacturing, and merchandising are extensively and profitably carried on within her borders. Many thriving commercial centres have sprung up like magic in the districts adapted to those industries. The manufacture of smoking tobacco and the mining of the rare gem Hiddenite and the trading in the products of the pine and the large botanical depots and the fine display of her wealth at many exhibitions, all have given her an enviable reputation far and wide.

Throughout the length and breadth of her territory there is one continuous net-work of railroad and telegraph lines. Electricity lights her cities and increases her communication with every State in the Union connecting with all the great systems. The indefatigable iron-horse leaves the ocean at the rising of the sun, freighted with souls and the products of nearly every clime and speeds his way towards the distant west. As the light of day gradually fades and he dashes nearer and nearer the mighty mountain barriers, those insurmountable walls of earth and stone seem likely to put a final stop to this wild race. But the wonderful engineering skill of man has made the steel rail span the ravines, over-hang the precipices, climb the cliffs, and penetrate the impassable ridge, thus enabling the locomotive triumphantly to ascend the mountain steep and to go whistling with its precious burden into the vast region beyond at the appearing of another day.

North Carolina has been repeatedly termed the intellectual pigmy. The last census placed her on the bottom round of the ladder of thirty-eight States. I dare say, however, that today she compares favorably with any Southern State in educational advantages. It is true that for years she has sadly neglected her highest and paramount interest, that of educating her voters, but she is awakening from her lethargy, and there is a great stir along the front ranks while those in the rear are fully alive to the importance of cultivating the minds of the rising army. Never was there

such a universal sentiment within her borders in favor of educating the masses in morals, manners, and usefulness, while those who seek a higher culture are daily increasing. Her common-school system is not the worst, her teachers are above the average, and her colleges stand shoulder to shoulder with any similar institutions in the South. Too much praise cannot be given the numerous and ably edited daily and weekly newspapers and monthly journals and magazines, both religious and political, in elevating her people and in portraying her real worth. The press is an able and efficient exponent of her political rights and wrongs, as well as a means of disseminating truth and morality over the land.

With all these unsurpassed gifts of nature, rapid strides up the steeps of progress, and multifarious means of development united in one grand commonwealth, and with still greater possibilities, I am lost in wonder as I view her stupendous proportions in what she ought to be. When I remember that over her fields unmarked and unknown lies the sacred dust of those who fought and fell for the immortal principles of religious and political liberty; how her name has been hallowed and her green valleys made crimson by the precious blood of her own sons for four long memorable years on fields of battle; and that she holds in her bosom thousands who wore the blue and died in trying to abolish an evil whose kin were once her foes but are now her friends, I am filled with admiration, and exclaim well done, oh worthy State! But let

the past remain as a rich heritage, and let us endeavor to meet the requirements of the living present! It is no idle fancy of mine when I behold her inexhaustible resources and count over her years of struggle, of perseverance, and of triumph, when I affirm that she has come short of her accessible attainments. All honor be to her for the noble achievements and her advancement in every department; but would it be preposterous to attempt to show wherein these could be extended and multiplied?

There seems to be an unwritten law of nature that enters into the fearful and wonderful frame of man which makes him careless and indolent in proportion to the natural blessings thrown around him. Men will not work when their wants are supplied. If money grew on trees no one would strive with might and main to obtain it. So it has been and is with fair and favored North Carolina. Nature, perhaps, could have done more for her, but too much already seems to be her portion, if we are to judge of her bounty by the appreciation of the masses. Why should we lie down in green pastures, in a land flowing with milk and honey, and quietly wait for some neighbors to gather the golden grain into their own granaries and grow fat on the cream and sweets? No one will presume to blame the stranger for pitching his tent in our midst and sharing the blessings here abounding, for it is commendable in anyone to desire to better his condition. But how often has she sat idly by and watched others become rich on the very things she might have utilized!

Money is not the only thing needed to develop her natural resources, but energy, economy, and a wise investment of the wealth now existing, would increase her production far more than sending her products abroad to be returned and sold to the producers at greatly enhanced prices. Let her grumblers hold their peace, her slothful become diligent, and all utilize the means hitherto unrecognized and unproductive!

Politicians with impure motives and treacherous designs have betrayed and defamed the lovely Queen of Dixie. Away with such demagogues who buy men's votes like oxen and rule for money instead of patriotic devotion! Can it be that the people are not capable of selecting good and wise men as their servants in office? Teach men to honor and value their ballot; to choose whom they can trust as representatives; to abhor and scorn the disgusting, hypocritical, and contemptible electioneering; then an election will be a choice and not a fraud; and then wholesome laws, an honest administration, and a contented populace will surely bless the land. Let her have clean hands, clear hearts, and clever heads on the bench, at the bar, on the rostrum, at the desk, in the executive mansion, in the legislative halls, in every post of honor!

The numerous mammoth exhibitions, extensive manufacturing establishments, and successful operations of various kinds, all display the real work of her inhabitants. But how much better they would be if a greater interest were taken and more instruction given in agriculture, horti-

culture, floriculture, and all sorts of culture, and make her market a model! Ought she not to be the equal of Great Britain in the number and capacity of mills, shops, and factories inasmuch as she possesses water-power sufficient to propel all the spindles and shuttles in the mother country? Let the bustling brooks, the clamorous creeks, and the roaring rivers combine their noisy notes with that of the turbulent turbine as it sings in giving power to grind the grain, to weave the wool, to clear the cotton of seed and combine it into cloth, to turn the timber topsy-turvy and into a thousand tricks, and to do all manner of manufacturing!

It is not my purpose to discuss the propriety of a State's controlling higher education, but I am sure all thoughtful persons are agreed in respect to North Carolina's having more mental training among the masses in the rudimentary branches of all useful knowledge. Nor is it to be controverted that the more moral and intellectual a nation becomes, just in proportion will she have better and more prosperous citizens. Her common schools ought to be more liberally sustained, more largely attended, and more universally appreciated. The parents should esteem their sons and daughters more highly than they do acres, houses, dollars, animals, or anything else which they call their own; and far more to be desired than rubies, and diamonds. Then let them polish these priceless jewels, cultivate these rare plants, train these

useful animals, and prepare these youthful soldiers for the battles of life! Let her silvery-haired fathers resolve to educate their own or some other bright-eyed and talented boy, and every young man determine to improve the gifts he has, and thus become useful to himself and to others, and to his Maker! Let the sympathetic mothers consecrate their own, or some other fair-faced and faithful daughter on the the altar of useful, healthful, and helpful education; and each young lady remain true to her blessed womanhood!

As the years go swiftly by, this *Queen* of the *New South* attains more and more unto the dignity of her exalted position, and her *possibilities* become *living realities*. Her future stretches out before me full of promise. May the sweet dews of Heaven fall gently on thy ruddy cheeks, and the guardian angels ever keep watch over thee, fair and beautiful Carolina! Whatever is wrong in thy character, oh, let it be righted; all that is ignoble and untrue, cast to the four winds; if in any way I have done thee harm, in thy goodness I beg forgiveness; if, perchance, my pilot steers thee aright, heed his commands; bury thy past faults, and let the future shine with thy glory! Marshal thy hosts under banners emblazoned with thy own talismanic name, and let all thy people rally around the staff whose flag proclaims North Carolina what nature designed her and what she ought to be—the noblest and grandest of the band!

E. C. ROBERTSON.

TRUE TO BOTH, FALSE TO ONE.

CHAPTER V.

Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That * * * * *
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

—*Shakespeare.*

“Where am I? What strange place is this? It seems not like my room, and this is not my bed. Oh, what a dream I have had!—as mysterious, as real, as terrible, as death itself; and I feel so weak I scarce can raise my hand. Ha! ha! ha! how strange that I have grown thus fragile in a night! Where did this sweet little ring come from? Isn't it a beauty? Wonder if I am not in Heaven? Ha! ha! Don't reckon they have houses there. Janet—oh, Janet! come here! What can she be doing? Why, yonder's the ocean—this isn't home, is it? I dreamed about the ocean last night, and there it is. I must be dreaming now. Well, I believe I'll get up, for I guess it is almost breakfast-time.”

With this the pale, sweet girl attempted to rise, but sank back fainting in the useless effort. The evening after, when it was nearing sunset and all was hushed and peaceful within, save the steady ticking of the old clock above the mantel, and all without was listening, as it were, with enchanted silence, to the song of the restless waves which broke along the shore, an old negro woman sat at the bed-side, watching the invalid, who

had been unconscious until the last twenty-four hours, during which time she had shown signs of returning reason. The girl was sleeping, and a troubled sleep it would seem, judging from the painful expression in her face and the restless manner in which she tossed her head from side to side. Suddenly she awoke, and looking round, observed some one sitting near, who asked whether she wanted anything—what could be done for her.

“What do I want, you say?” inquired the sufferer; “why, I don't know. Oh, where am I, and who are you? That's not Janet, is it?”

“No, mam; Frances is my name; an' you don't know wharabouts you is? Well, 'taint no wonder, poor chile; for you's had a mighty rough time of it for five whole days. Bless dem sweet—I tuck to you right straight as soon as ever you come to dis house, and I said to Mars John dat I knowed you was a mighty fine gal. But I mustn't talk to you no mo' now, for 'twon't do. You mus' go to sleep. Is your precious head easy now? Dar, dat's it,” said the old negro, as she smoothed out the pillow and admiringly gazed at the attenuated, but as

she thought almost angelic face resting upon it.

"Thank you, Auntie; you're very kind. But who is Mars John, and what place is this, and how came I here?"

"Why, Mars John is just the best old marster I ever had. Dis country is Cuby. Mars' John come from Ameriky long time ago, and brought me wid him. He's a mighty rich man, and gude and kind-hearted. You'll see him 'fore long. He an' Miss Bell is jest stepped up to the orchard. He's de 'casion of you bein' here. Lor'! I never shall forgit when I seed 'im comin' up de beach jest a-runnin', and tole us to git a litter and go bring a 'po', drowned gal home."

"And was I that poor drowned girl? Oh, heavens? How came I drowned? Let me think. Ah, how long have I been here, did you say?"

"Five days; an' five mighty long days, too, my precious deary. You jest lay dar and turned over an' over, a-pullin' dat sweet, gold-lookin' hair and a-wringin' dem precious little hands like as if you were sufferin' mightily and was tryin' to tell us about it but couldn't. Mars' John sent a'ter two doctors one time, and when dey come dey looked awful ser'us and said dar weren't much hope."

"Yes, yes, I begin to see it all; and what a black, dismal picture it is! Oh, why did I leave my home? Oh, mother! mother! you told me so! I'm wretched, undone! Is there no way to recall the past? Could I but live over one day! But I did not know then as I do now. Could I only

hear him speak to me kindly again, as I know he would did he see me now, I would be willing to die! But I'm too unworthy to think of such a noble being. Why did I not perish in the waves, where no one would ever see me more, where ——"

"My precious darlint," broke in Aunt Frances, "what are you talkin' so bad for—all about a black pictur' and a-dyin'. I do declar' I never seed such a b'uty in my life—and to be tormentin' yo' honey-self in dat way! You raily mus'n't talk so—it'll make you wuss. Now go to sleep."

"Oh, Auntie, I cannot sleep now—my soul is too heavily pressed. Was there any one else with me when I was found?"

"Yes, ma'rm; dar was two sailors dat come wid you. Dey said dey had had a mighty ship-rack, an' everybody got drowned savuns only you and dem two. An' you see, dey thought as sartin you'd die, as you hadn't spoke to nobody sence dey picked you up and put you on de raff wid 'em."

"Only two, did you say, and they were sailors?"

"Yes'um—only dem two."

"Well," mused the girl, as contending passions strove for the mastery in her breast; "well, I guess 'tis all for the best."

After remaining several minutes lost in reverie, "Come near me, Auntie," she said, "for you look kind, and I have something I want to tell you. Perhaps you can sympathize with me then. But before I tell you, let me ask you a question."

"What is it, darlint? Ask old

Frances anything in dis round world, and she will tell you ef she can."

"Oh, thank you. Well, did you ever love anybody?"

"Why, bless de dear gal's heart! Yes, I've loved lack as niggers can love, but I never loved anybody so good as to make myself crazy over 'em. I don't b'lieve niggers can love lack white folks, nohow. But what did you ask me dat fur?"

"I was going to give you a little of my history; for it's my love that has ruined me, and brought me here."

"Well, I declar', what is de chile a-talkin' 'bout?"

"Listen, now, please; for it has all come upon me so suddenly that it is almost crushing out my life, and I feel that may-be it will do me more good to tell it, even to you, a stranger. Oh, that I could cry! but I cannot. Well, then, once I loved a boy—and as loving, noble, true-hearted a boy as ever breathed. For many years we were separated; yet that only made me love him more."

"Jest lack anybody would 'a expected, de Lord knows."

"At last a friend of his, or rather a person who pretended to be his friend, formed an attachment for me, and in order to win my love, made me believe that the other person had ceased to love me, and that I was a fool, and all such, to throw away my affections on such an unworthy being. And he proved to me so clearly, too, the truth of what he said, that I believed him."

"Dat's it! Dat's why I alus said 'bou dese men-folks—dey'l every one

fool you. I never ain't had no confidence in 'em, nohow."

"I know that people would call me silly if they knew why I acted as I did, but I can't help it. I had always loved this first one I mentioned, and he had always made me believe he loved me. Just imagine, now, my whole affections had been centred upon him, and he had, as I was told and made to believe, thrown them away. Being impulsive, I, in an unhappy moment, promised, against my parents' wishes, to marry this friend of his. I see my error now it's too late; but Auntie, I verily believe I would have married any one just to have gotten away from the place where I had always been so happy, but which could never more be but a bane and a curse to me. Oh, were I worth a million dollars, I would give it all just to have the privilege of changing that one false step!"

"God bless de po' chile's heart, I know she mus' feel so sad; and to hear her talk in dat way is enough to make anybody cry," the old negro observed, half addressing her remarks to the girl and half to herself, as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"But let me tell the rest. We were married, and left the United States (for that is my home) in a vessel bound for some part of the world, I knew not where, nor cared. The very day we set out to sea a storm arose, and the wind blew all night with such increasing fury that no one could sleep; but the passengers crowded the decks with pale and anxious faces.

As day dawned the storm abated, and the day came out calm and beautiful. But late in the evening the wind again arose more fearful than before, so that none thought of being saved. The captain said the ship could not hold out at that rate until morning. Morning, though, came, but not a morning of light or hope, but one that looked like the dawning of woe. Black—inky black—clouds flew along the sky like ghostly armies, bearing death for their ensign. ‘The ship is sinking,’ the captain cried; ‘down with the life-boats!’ Oh, I never shall forget that moment when the announcement was made. Despair was written on every face; women prayed and men wept; and above the howl of the tempest and the lashing of the waves rose cries of unspeakable terror. But I need not tell you more of that—it’s too terrible. There is only one thing I’ve left untold, and it is that which makes me so miserable now. Amid that horrible scene of wailing and tears, the man, or rather brute, who had tricked me into a marriage with him, came to me, took me by the hand and said: ‘I did not think it would come to this, for I expected we would live happily together; but Fate has taken justice in her hand, and what I hoped for is now but a faded dream. I have fooled you, and in so doing ruined myself and you forever. It is but right visited on me, but a sad doom for you. I can but ask your forgiveness in my death, and pray you not to die cursing me. Miame, I loved you, and that was my fault—a fault in which I lost my honor.’ That is

all I remember; since then until my waking just now is a blank, or rather a frightful dream. Can’t you sympathize with me now, Auntie? O, I am miserable, miserable!”

“Lor’ bless your dear, sweet soul, I has been here cryin’ my po’ old eyes out! I wish I could kill dat man—to treat my deary in dat way—he ought to ’a got drowned! But you’s a-gwine to come out all right. I knows you’ll be happy when you know Mars’ John and Miss Belle; dey’ll be in now in a few minutes. Is dat fust man you loved a-livin’ now?”

“Yes,” she replied, sadly.

“Well, I know he must love you, for he couldn’t help it. What’s his name?—Here comes Marster and Mist’ess now. I know dey’ll be overjoyed to find you better, for dey’re ’cerned might’ly about you.”

CHAPTER VI.

’Twas nine o’clock, and Edgar, sad and gloomy, sat alone in his room at the hotel gazing into the fire, as though trying to trace out some theory for the future, which stood before him like an insolvable problem. Not till of late had he ever felt what it was to taste the cup of sorrow—to gaze on shadowed hopes, and see all his enchanting dreams take wings. “Well,” sighed he, lighting a cigar and throwing himself back in his chair, “well, such, I guess, is life, and we can but submit to the inevitable, though it seems there never was a fortune like mine; I have no aim, no wish for what may come. Had I a clue, a

thread, however slender, leading to some plan of action in which I might forget the past, I could then possibly see my way. But as it is, it is vain to think of hope. What worries me, though, more than all else,—more than what I have lost, which, God knows, is almost everything,—is that Miame thinks I fooled her. I know that I have done some thoughtless—yes, some almost reckless—things. I am not guilty, nor ever will be, of playing false to any woman; for I always considered that the very meanest of the mean. In fact, I never loved any one but Miame. True, I thought once I loved Nettie; but although I loved her, perhaps, I did not fool Miame, for my love for Nettie, as I afterwards found out and always thought, was more of friendship than anything else. I don't see what Miame was thinking of any way, to act as she did without knowing from me the truth. There was evidently some dark work done, and that friend of hers—and mine(?)—Knowles Jenkins, is at the bottom of it. I don't believe Jake King [meaning Miame's husband—the J. K. to whom we have before referred] would have worked underhand to that extent, but I can't understand it at all. I believe I'll go on the next train to see her mother, though I don't suppose she would see me. I shall try it, at any rate. I wish Jack were here."

Tap!

"Come in! Ah! my dear friend!" said Edgar, rising and extending his hand. "I was just wishing for you."

"Indeed? I am here at the right

time, then, for once," said Jack, taking a seat.

"You are always welcome, but now specially so," continued Edgar. "I was just thinking how it would do for me to see Mrs. Marshall. What do you think of it?"

"About Miame?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"Well, may-be it will do some good for her to know that you are not the rascal that she must suppose you."

"That is what I was thinking. O, Jack, I could bear the loss of Miame, but the loss of my honor—*never!* I will find out from Mrs. Marshall, if indeed she knows, where they have gone, so that I can write Miame the truth."

"But," objected Jack, "that would not better matters; 'twould only make her more miserable to know that you have acted right by her. She can bear it better thinking that you have wronged her than she could knowing that she was the wrong-doer, and you must remember that she is another's now."

"True," said Edgar; "yet I think the right way is always the one of the most happiness. You know I am a strong believer in 'the survival of the fittest.'"

"Yes, and so am I; but in this case one hardly knows what the right, and accordingly the best, thing to do is. There are some times when it is wrong not to *tell* the truth if you know it, whether you are asked for it or not, *i. e.*, where the good of others depends upon it, and yet there are other times when it is not compulsory, but simply

a matter of self-interest. Now whether it will bring more of good or of evil to all parties for Miami to know the truth is what I question."

"You are right, Jack; but I must do justice to myself, must I not?"

"Certainly; but self-sacrifice is unavoidable some times, and I think, after all, the best thing to do is to bear it like a man, and forget there ever was such a person as Miami."

"Forget, do you mean? Never! Can I change my existence from that of a human being to a brute? Unless I could do this, I must ever remember what I have been and that I can never be that again. It seems that I have lived ages in the last two weeks, and all filled with experience bringing misery without knowledge. But though I cannot forget, I will act on your advice, and await future development; or, rather, as you used to say, 'wait for something to turn up.' Perhaps it will all be for making the world better, though it is rather a severe medicine."

"By-the-way," said Jack, "you have not forgotten that 'Black Dick' is safe and we have a work to perform, have you?"

It will be necessary here to inform the reader in a few words of the incidents following the reception of Miami's letter, prior to this conversation. To be brief, then, the fishing party did not long remain after this news reached Edgar. The fish indeed were cooked and eaten, but with indifferent relish. The nets were taken out, the memorable tent relinquished, and all were homeward-bound, before

the day had dawned. Yet, they went not empty-handed, for in their midst was seated, crouching as if to hold communion with the inhabitants of the lower world, 'Black Dick.' On the following morning this notorious personage, who had long evaded justice, was tried before the magistrate, found guilty, and imprisoned to await trial at court. The case by this time had become known to the whole town. Every one was speculating as to what the fate of 'Black Dick' and Knowles Jenkins would be; while Edgar became an object of general wonder and sympathy. The law was in search of Knowles Jenkins, eager to lay hands upon him, but knew not where he could be found. Since, then, this was the state of affairs, there will be no difficulty in understanding the meaning of Jack's last question.

"No, indeed," replied Edgar, "I have not quite forgotten that. Do you know when Tom will be back?"

"Not exactly, but guess he will return in less than a week. Look here, Edgar, there is one thing I don't understand fully, and it is this: What has Knowles Jenkins against you that makes him so determined on vengeance?"

"That is a mystery to me, too, Jack, and one on which I want Tom's opinion. I thought that night at the pond I knew, but I am not certain. My knowledge goes only to this extent, that he was always jealous of me, though I know not why, and was often made the butt of ridicule on being thwarted in several plans in which we were both concerned. He

worked underground against me (which he never thought I knew), but never succeeded in accomplishing his designs. He was always the best friend I had, to hear him talk, and I suppose if I were to meet him now, he would come up with as sweet a smile as ever, and be dead with delight at seeing me. So that his wanting me out of the way is not strange at all, but simply in keeping with his nature. It may be, though, that he has something in his mind which cannot be done while I am an objector."

"Perhaps so," assented Jack. "I guess Tom knows more about it, though, than we do. Did not Nettie Lee have something to do with it?"

"That is what I thought to be the sole cause of his enmity, when Tom first told me that I was being plotted against, but since thinking it over, I don't see how that could have anything to do with it. He loved Nettie, but I never hindered him there at all; 'twas no use anyway, for Nettie despised him."

"What the true state of things is, perhaps, will come out soon; but it's time now for lazy folks to go to bed. So good-night!"

* * * * *

A few days after, on looking over the morning paper, Edgar's eyes fell upon this paragraph:

"HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—Off the coast of Cuba, on May, 188— the 'Minute' was totally wrecked, more than a hundred lives being lost. None escaped to tell of the horrible scene, except a young girl and two sailors. The ship left the harbor C—, of the United States, on May 15th."

How different one can be made to feel in a moment's time! We are kings at one moment, and ere you can speak the word we are grovelling in the dust; or on the other hand, what less often happens, we feel ourselves but worms, just on the verge of greatness. This was not exactly the case with Edgar, but he felt a sudden change rush over him in spite of himself, taking possession of his whole being. He saw his withered hopes at once begin to assume their former freshness, and joy to bloom o'er sorrow's tomb.

"Can that be Miami? I fear to believe it, but somehow I cannot resist the conviction that it is. Something tells me it is she—and safe! Oh for the wings of the wind!" The paper dropped from his hand, and he was for awhile like one wild.

"I'll go, said he, "to see Jack. And Tom comes back to-day. Truly fortune, as well as misery, does not come single-handed."

GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

(To be Concluded.)

EDITORIAL.

THE TONGUE vs. THE PEN.

In the history of the earlier days of the human race physical force was the principal power used to move men. With little reason and a servile spirit men yielded to force and thus became the spiritless slaves of power. The king who had a powerful army at his command was capable of becoming an unrestrained, an unresisted tyrant. Later in the history of humanity, as the mind became more enlightened and men became more independent, the tongue became mightier than the sword. Orators with burning words appealed to the passions of men and swayed nations by the magical power of their tongues. A Demosthenes could make a king tremble on his throne, or a Cicero frighten a tyrant from his tyranny. Rulers who could procure the support of famous orators had a firmer bulwark than that furnished by ranks of burnished shields. Passion was appealed to in religion as well as in politics, and men influenced by feeling acted upon impulse.

But as the human mind reached a higher degree of development, as it became strengthened and trained, men ceased to be influenced so much by feeling, but began to yield to the dictates of reason and acted upon convictions begotten by logical pro-

cesses. Then the pen not only became "mightier than the sword," but it wielded more influence than the tongue, and written thought became of more power than spoken thought.

In this age of reason a good writer has more influence than an eloquent speaker. Of course the orator has his place and function; but written thought is that power felt most in our country. It is only occasionally that the speech of a Grady makes a sensation of short duration, but hundreds of newspapers through their thought and sentiment are largely moulding the character of the American people. What an individual reads shows his tastes and indicates his character. With a nation the same is true; its literature largely determines its character. Hence the importance of correct thinkers and skilful writers. Let him who wishes to influence men and leave a name behind him, learn to write forcibly; and when the sword has become crusted with rust and the orator's tongue is silent, his thought will live on the printed page and move men to nobler action

J. J. LANE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The death of the surpassingly great creates a foreboding in the minds of

men as to what their country or the world is to do without them; yet, when in the past they have died, affairs have moved on almost as if they had never been. Jumping from the ship of Life into the great ocean of Eternity, for a moment they created a ripple upon its surface at the place where they disappeared—but only for a moment. Soon the waters are still again, and there's never a ripple to tell of the agitation.

The great Beecher is dead. The eager, busy, throbbing world moves on, disturbed for a moment only by the keenness of regret at his departure; but soon he will live only in the memory of his countrymen. That he was a great man none can deny. That he was a good man some may doubt. We believe he was both.

Henry Ward Beecher was born June 24th, 1813. The blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins. The Beechers had been long noted for intellectual vitality, and his father, the distinguished divine Rev. Lyman Beecher, was no exception. Nor did degenerate blood flow in the veins of his children, as the lives of the subject of this sketch, and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, his sister, and author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, will attest.

He attended the Boston High School and Amherst College. The college curriculum had but few charms for this impetuous, passionate youth. It is said that he received on Latin only 57 on a scale of 100. He loved rather the birds, the flowers, and to listen to nature's voices; and so, even though he did neglect the curriculum,

his education did not materially suffer. Graduating from Amherst College in 1834, he immediately entered upon the study of theology in Lane Seminary. Thence he entered upon a pastorate in the then wild western town of Indianapolis. The experience gained in this pastorate had much to do with his education. Indeed, we may say that he was educated in nature's school. He got but little either of his secular learning or of his theology from books; but from the great open scroll of nature; and, if the influence of environment upon the development of character be what evolutionists declare it to be, we need not wonder at his subsequent greatness. From out this rough school of experience in the western town he passed in 1847 well equipped to enter upon the work which lay before him as pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn; where, from that time until his death, March, 1887, he remained, accomplishing a work the equal of which, whether in quantity or quality, no American has yet done.

Eminent every way—as editor, author, orator, preacher—he was the most striking figure of his time. As an orator, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, he stood head and shoulders above any living American. And this is saying much; for America has to-day many great orators, pulpit and other—Talmage, Broadus, Loring, Henson, Brooks, Storrs and others—but Beecher was the brightest star in this bright galaxy. His oratory, both in America and in England, did more, perhaps, than the efforts of any one man in any direction, to

arouse a sentiment against slavery. In England, with a courage which must forever refute the charge of insincerity, he faced audiences already in sympathy with the Confederacy, changing, to a large extent, by his matchless eloquence, the whole drift of public opinion. At the North, "he paced the stage like a caged lion," with swelling veins and trembling limbs, hurling his sentences like thunderbolts at what he regarded the monster evil of the age. True, he did not originate the movement; for it is said he was more an inspirer than an originator; but he applied his Herculean shoulder to the ball, already rolling, and urged it mightily onward.

His eloquence raised the Plymouth pulpit from the position of one of the most obscure to that of the most prominent in the land. Crowds flocked to hear him on every occasion and sat spell-bound under the sound of his matchless voice. He played upon them as the master upon an old violin. "It was worth crossing the ocean to hear him in his prime. Such a voice as he had! It was sweet, mellow, most delicate and rich in its intonations, now moving steadily along a low level of tone, sinking into a tender pathos, bubbling over in some quick sally of mirth or humor, and then swelling out into a mighty volume of force that seemed to crash against the roof."

He had no creed. He hated a dogma. Against dogmatical tyranny he fought with all the fervor of his soul. Liberal to a fault himself, he could behold with no degree of patience sectarianism in others. We suspect that, if measured by the rule of

the Westminster Catechism, he would be found wanting considerably more than half; for in the matters of "election, human depravity, the atonement, and future punishment," he was far from orthodox—"Christian manhood, a clean body, a sound mind, a clear conscience, a good heart—not escape from any possible doom beyond the grave"—this the "salvation" of his preaching. Moreover he was a firm believer in the doctrine of evolution, so hateful to many who think it destructive to revealed religion. His last years were spent mainly in interpreting the Bible in the light of the evolution hypothesis. But orthodox, or unorthodox, evolutionist, or non-evolutionist, he did a great work, both in breaking the tyranny of dogmatism, and in engrafting a broad-minded liberalism upon the body of religious thought in America.

Let it not be thought for a moment, that in writing thus of Mr. Beecher, we mean to favor his views; nor let it be thought that we are in love with the man. We do neither the one nor the other; but for the man as a genius of the first order, we have nothing but admiration. We are not of those hide-bound, narrow-minded dogmatists, in the eyes of whom every man whose views do not coincide with their own, is necessarily a child of the devil. The action of the Chicago Congregational preachers, who refused to send one word of condolence to his sorrowing widow when he lay on his death-bed, will forever be a monument to bigotry. We know that it is not natural that men of Southern birth and Southern sentiment should

love a man who took so influential a part in the anti-slavery agitation as Beecher did; yet let us admire whatever of good there is in the man. No man will dare say that his course was dictated by blind prejudice; for when the war was over, no man was juster to the South than he.

But one black cloud casts its shadow upon his life otherwise so bright. The details of the accusation made against him are too well known to need repetition. As it is still a question as to whether he was guilty or innocent, we will not judge him. But, guilty or innocent, one thing is certain—he bore himself heroically in that dread hour of trial. None but a man of iron will and invincible determination and strong conviction, if not of innocence, yet of duty to arise and walk even though fallen, could have come through such a fiery trial as that. Yet Beecher, in the face of revilings and scornings and hissings and the desertion of his best friends, firm in the conviction that his life's work was not yet ended, drove straight ahead never for a moment wavering, and succeeded in re-establishing himself to a large degree in the confidence of his countrymen. The question arises, should one accusation, true or untrue, ruin a man, provided always that, if innocent, he stand up like a rock wall in the consciousness of innocence, so that the missiles of accusation rebound into the faces of his accusers, or, if guilty, forever thereafter, having gathered strength from the fall, go forward, a better, nobler man, in the path where duty leads?

But why should we judge Beecher

now? Soon we must stand, where he now stands, before the great, white throne whereon sitteth the Judge of all the earth, in whose hands the scales of justice are ever even. Let his ashes rest in peace! Reverse that ancient adage, and say,

“Let the good that men do live after them;
Let the evil be interred with their bones.”

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

“HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.”

In a recent issue of one of our most prominent exchanges, Jefferson Davis was called a great statesman, hero, and patriot. Heartily concurring in this and other noble sentiments of a similar nature, we applauded them in one of our issues. It now turns out that such action on our part does not please him who edits the Exchange Department of *The Holcad*, of Pennsylvania. We are condemned in very strong terms, and such expressions as this are used: “We, as must every loyal American, despise the sentiment.”

We reassert what we said before. Jefferson Davis is a great statesman. His conduct during the fearful horrors of the civil war, the steadiness with which he held the rudder and guided our Southern ship of State through billows of blood, his views expressed before the war, his public declarations written and spoken after the war, all demonstrate the greatness of his statesmanship. The enthusiastic zeal surmounting all difficulties by the strength of its divinely given impulses, zeal displayed in advancing the

interests of our Southland, his noble and unprecedented sacrifices for our "Lost Cause," his pure, disinterested devotion to the cause of liberty and right, all proclaim him a patriot. The courage and determination he displayed, the trials he underwent during the war without a murmur, his manner of enduring his after harsh treatment and the indignities heaped on him by an enraged enemy, the Job-like patience with which he at present endures his political disability, the benignant attitude with which he views alike the scoffs of his enemies and the outbursts of admiration from his friends, proclaim him a hero. There is no nobler picture than that of this "old Roman" weighed down with years, disfranchised, scoffed at, and hated by his enemies, calmly awaiting the time when his noble spirit shall enter that new and untried state of existence where the just, the pure-minded, the patriotic, receive their reward. When that great day comes he can resign himself to the arms of death with the proud consciousness that to the last he has done his duty to himself, his country, and his God. His name will live with the ages; it will live forever in the hearts of all true Southern men, in the hearts of all who love truth and justice and despise fanaticism, in the hearts of all those whose own nobility enables them to recognize it even in an enemy. His immortality of name is based on some-

thing more enduring than the foundation mere success lays.

We love the Union, may God prosper it! We love it more than *The Holcad*, for we love it all, North, South, East, and West; we would not for worlds see the starry banner that floats over this favored country furled, but we would be untrue to our manhood, false to every sentiment of truth, honor, and patriotism did we in loving the present forget the past. The Northern people laud their heroes, we would pity them if they did not: we have an equal right to praise ours. When Grant died the South joined in the general mourning, yet when we honor our own heroes and patriots, men who sacrificed their all for us, we must be charged with disloyalty to the Union.

We pity the man so narrow-minded, whose views are so contracted that he will admit no credit in an enemy. Sad would be our thoughts did the future concord of the Union rest with such ungenerous, prejudiced specimens of humanity as this one who demonstrates his selfishness, his shallowness, by his rebuke of an honest, patriotic sentiment. But we are proud to say that among thinking, intelligent people the wounds made by sectional hatred are fast disappearing, and sectional animosity exists only in the hearts of such men as are destitute of the finer feelings.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

WHAT CONGRESS HAS DONE.—Congress has adjourned without making any provision for a reduction of the surplus in the treasury, or any revision of the tariff, and, we are glad to say, without passing the Blair bill. At the same time, many important acts have been passed, among them the act regulating the succession to the presidency in case of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President, an act to regulate the counting of the electoral vote, the Inter-State Commerce law, the amendment to the Anti-Polygamy act, Indian Severalty bill, act for the redemption of the trade dollar, act granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war, Militia bill, Oleomargarine bill.

BISMARCK TRIUMPHANT.—The Septennate Army bill, which has recently been the occasion of so much trouble in Germany, has recently been passed in the Reichstag, an overwhelming majority having voted in its favor. There is now great rejoicing over the peaceful complexion of affairs, especially as shown by Bismarck's statement that peace is assured for 1887. He now completely controls the Reichstag, and will be able to pass any measure he sees fit. His great success at present is owing to the fact that the people, to prevent war, are

willing to do almost anything. At all events, his last masterly act of statesmanship, the formation of the Triple Alliance, guarantees peace for a while.

OUTLOOK IN THE EAST.—Bulgaria has for some time past been the scene of violent disorders and insurrections, a state of affairs brought about by Russian emissaries. The regents are striving faithfully to guide the principality safely. They are rigidly severe in their execution of the law, but the unnatural state of affairs demands such severity on their part. Their old enemy, the Czar, is now shut up in his most secluded castle, striving to recover from the shock he sustained at the recent attempt to assassinate him.

All seems quiet in Russia now, but it will only be so for a short time. Nothing can ever divert Russia from its intention to occupy Turkey. We believe the possession of Constantinople would ultimately prove fatal to Russia, but the indications are that Russia will soon possess it. The Turks are a race whose every tendency has been to oppose and counteract all christianizing and civilizing influences. While the Russian religion may be greatly distorted, still the people are in the Christian orbit, and we can but wish them success when they come in contact with Turkish arms. In the

long run, we believe it will be best for Bulgaria. Sure it is that the destiny of the Russian people will finally prevail over the Wandering Turk, but it is equally sure that the Christian spark now deposited among the Russian people, will in the distant future develop into a flame that will completely destroy Russian despotism and absolutism. When that day arrives, Bulgaria, as an adjunct of the Russian Empire, will have more real independence than it would if now recognized as a separate, independent State, for thus it would ever be the toy of the great Powers and enjoy no real independence.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The Conservatives are now bending every energy to carry their Coercion bill through Parliament. Strange to say, they seem totally oblivious of the past experiences of their party as to the

results always attending coercion in Ireland. The opposition to coercion will be led by Mr. Gladstone himself. The attempts to reconcile the Radical Unionists and the Gladstonians have all failed, owing to the exorbitant demands of Mr. Chamberlain, the Radical Unionist leader. The Coercion bill will undoubtedly pass its third reading, but this good result at least will be achieved by the determined opposition to the discussion of the bill—namely, the public mind will be awakened to a much greater extent than ever before to the utter injustice, cruelty, and vindictive oppression that has characterized England's policy towards Ireland. The present government of Ireland is one of the most iniquitous systems of oppressions ever tolerated by a civilized people. We ardently long to see Ireland free—we believe the day is not far distant when it shall be.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, FRED. H. MANNING.

A NEW graded school building is in progress of erection on Person Street, Raleigh.

REV. S. B. MORSE has accepted the presidency of California College, and will enter upon his duties April 1st.

COL. W. H. S. BURGWIN, of Henderson, has been appointed by the

Faculty of our State University to represent Chapel Hill at the one hundredth anniversary celebration of Columbia College on the 13th of April.

SIX hundred dollars' worth of electrical apparatus has been presented to William Jewel College by some of its friends.

THE Baptists of Southern California have made preparation for the building of a college in Los Angeles, which they expect to make into a university. They are now building a house which will cost sixteen thousand dollars, and thirty thousand dollars have already been secured as an endowment fund.

THE last session of the Missouri Legislature made an appropriation of sixty-five thousand three hundred dollars for the regular support of the State University, besides sixty thousand nine hundred and eleven dollars for various improvements.

THE Baptists of Kansas are making extensive preparations for the founding of their denominational school. One hundred thousand dollars will be expended on the building, and the

institution will be known as Judson University.

THE Sauvier Summer College of Languages has been removed from Amherst, Mass., and Burlington, Vermont, to Oswego, N. Y., where the twelfth session will be opened July 11th, 1887.

REV. DR. F. M. ELLIS, of Baltimore, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the commencement of Furman University, S. C., also the literary address of Judson College, N. C.

HON. A. M. WADDELL, of Wilmington, will deliver the literary address at the Trinity College commencement, and has a like appointment at the commencement of the Oxford Female Seminary.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, J. J. LANE.

—No number of a magazine is complete without a Southern story.—*The Examiner*.

—The March number of *MacMillan's Magazine* contains an article on Robert E. Lee by Lord Wolseley, who is an ardent admirer of the great Confederate chieftain.

—Gladstone's energy seems to be unflagging. He is now writing a re-

view of the last instalment of the Greville Memoirs for the *Nineteenth Century*.

—Edward Everett Hale contributes the first of a series of articles to be published in the *Forum* on "Books that have helped me."

—We are indebted to Lawrence Oliphant for *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine*.

—"I shall remain satisfied with a real crown and not strive after imaginary laurels," was the remark of Queen Margaret of Italy, upon receiving a short time since the manuscript of a story sent by her under an assumed name to a Roman periodical, with the word "Rejected" written on it. That was better than venting her wrath on the luckless editors.

—Dr. Thomas Armitage's *History of the Baptists* "traces," in the words of the title page, "their vital principles and practices from the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the year 1886." It is an octavo of 978 pages. It is said to be written on a sound theory and founded on a thorough and comprehensive examination of all available literature.

—"The Stability of the Earth," the first article in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, by Professor N. S. Shaler, will be of interest to those who wait with fear and trembling for the earth to shake herself to pieces. The Charleston earthquakes are discussed, others are predicted, and methods of avoiding their distressing dangers are indicated.

—Those who have puzzled their brains in the effort to get a definite idea of the size of a book designated

as a 16 mo, octavo, or crown octavo, etc., will be glad to learn that attempts are being made in England to fix upon a new scale of standards.

—The Turks have at last a book on naval tactics published in their own language; for which they are indebted to Admiral Mehmend Pasha.

—Those who have a taste for the mental will be pleased to learn that Johns Hopkins University proposes to publish a new periodical to be entitled the *American Journal of Psychology*; the editor will be Prof. G. Stanley Hall.

—Lee Meriwether, in *A Tramp Trip: How to see Europe on Fifty Cents a Day*, gives us a glimpse of Europe from a different point of view from that of the ordinary tourist. Donning the clothes of a workman and tramping on foot, he gives us a more vivid picture of the home-life of the Europeans than he who makes a rapid tour of the continent.

—A biography of Charles Reade, compiled from his literary remains by two of his kinsmen, is said to be in the press.

—Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., has recently published a collection of sermons entitled *What Baptists Believe*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

BABY MOLES.—Another plowman's "cruel coulter" has passed out through "a wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble," and there's another "wee bit housie, too, in ruin," but the sufferer is not Burns' "cowrin', tim'rous beastie" the field-mouse. The plow turned out into the cold March wind four tender baby moles. They were interesting little creatures, as nude and pink as young mice. When one was held in the hand so that his nose lay between two fingers, the position was sufficient to stir the inherited instinct of his tribe, and he at once began to burrow, pushing the fingers apart with his strong little hands. He did not fancy a small string dipped in diluted warm milk, though when his lower lip was gently pressed down the milk that had adhered to it disappeared in the tiny mouth. He was neither silent nor still when disturbed, but made complaint in a faint squeak and moved actively about in the paper box now with his hands and feet and now on his back like a grub-worm. They had no external ears, though a pair of curious pimples just in advance of the shoulders were suggestive of those organs. And so it might be said that they had no external eyes, for the round black beads representing eyes lay partially concealed beneath the unbroken skin of the face. Exclusive of the tail, they were about three inches in length.

IMPURE ICE.—It used to be thought—and is still thought by many—that water in the process of freezing drops its impurities and that consequently all ice is of necessity pure. A recent report of the New York State Board of Health completely refutes this idea. The special occasion of this report was the examination of the ice-supply of Syracuse. That cut from Lake Onondaga was condemned as detrimental to health. The sewage of the city is discharged into this lake. Analyses of the ice showed that it contained probably from ten to twelve per cent of the sewage impurities dissolved in the same amount of unfrozen water of the lake. Bacteria in abundance were also discovered in it, which after thawing were found to retain their vitality. The report quotes numerous instances in which the use of impure ice has been the cause of dysentery and other diseases. One or two may be mentioned. In 1875 there broke out among the guests of a large hotel at Rye Beach, N. H., an epidemic of gastro-enteritis caused by ice which had been gathered from a filthy pond. An epidemic of dysentery occurred in Washington, Conn., in the year 1879, and it was traced to impure ice from a pond in which the pigs of the vicinity were accustomed to wallow. It seems to be clear, therefore, that water is not purified by freezing.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

==“The time of the singing of birds is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

==Alas for human hopes! All our prayers and petitions were in vain, in vain the desire of so many of our sweet lady friends. The faculty refused to grant us a senior vacation. We have not yet heard on what grounds. Well—

==The March number of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a good one. The leading article is from the pen of Geo. W. Manly, Ph.D., on the “Study of Latin.” He handled this topic as he has handled the department of Latin at Wake Forest—successfully.—*Biblical Recorder*.

==*Student in Astronomy* :

Say, Doctor, what think you of folks
Who argue late and soon,
That all the seasons of the year
Are governed by the moon?

Professor :

Well, sir, I think that nature's laws
Admit of no such tricks;
And that these praters of the moon
Are simply “luna-tics.”

—*Bethune.*

==The Phi. Society recently elected to compete for the essay medal, Messrs. J. B. Carlyle, E. H. Bowling, J. M. Brinson, J. J. Lane, D. O. McCullers, and T. E. Cheek.

==The well which has recently been dug near the site of the new building, to furnish water for Laboratory use is seven feet in diameter. A basement is now being dug which will be under the rear wing of the building.

==In the *Recorder* of March 30th, Dr. T. H. Pritchard has an interesting sketch of Rev. John B. White, to whom allusion was made in the last issue of THE STUDENT.

==The negro, who is very profuse in his use of figures of speech, sometimes gets them ludicrously involved. For instance take the following, which the writer heard from the lips of a good old negro man not unknown to many of the students as a “clothes bearer.” It was uttered during a fervent prayer, and was about as follows: “O Lord, grant dat we all may gether 'neath de blood-stained banner of de oil uv grace.”

==Mr. A. H. Blunt, a noted photographer of Danville, Va., spent three days on the Hill about the middle of March, taking negatives. Coming very highly recommended, Mr. Blunt received a large number of orders, and did the senior class work. His ad. appears in this issue of THE STUDENT.

==A pamphlet from the pen of Prof. J. R. Duggan, M. D., Ph. D., has been issued, entitled, “On the Influence of

Alcohols on the Conversion of Starch by Diastase."

=The Sunday-school convention at Henderson was attended March 25 by about 150 students and citizens of the Hill. The occasion seemed to be very much enjoyed, and especially, judging from conversation, the singing of little Pattie Moring, member of the Infant Class of the First Baptist Sunday-school, Raleigh.

=Professor L. R. Mills will lecture some evening during the second week in April.

=Senior-speaking the fourth Friday night in April.

=We copy the following from *The News and Observer* of March 27:

"Messrs. Ellington, Royster & Co., of this city, have just signed a contract for the erection of a new and elegant brick building at Wake Forest College, to be used as a laboratory. The design of the building is strikingly beautiful and unique, and it will be arranged inside according to the most approved and modern plans for buildings for scientific purposes. The centre will be very large, with two wings each 32x37 feet; two stories high, with slate roof, arched windows, and ornamental workmanship. It is to be heated by steam. The building complete will cost \$13,000, and besides being a great addition to the facilities and conveniences of that already excellent seat of learning, will be an ornament to the College and be an aid in representing the dignity of the Baptist seat of learning."

"A SECRET."

'Twas small, so small,
But still, ah! still
I felt its crawling,
With myriad claws,
Each lined with saws—
Saws most appalling.

But while I lie,
With groan and sigh,
The time dividing,
It comes again
And gives me pain
Beyond describing.

How may I not?—
Its sting forgot,
Must I keep turning,
While o'er my sides
This insect glides
With ceaseless burning,

For one long hour,
One dreary hour,
Until the dawning
Shall end the night,
And bring the light,
And cease my yawning,

And give me breath
To crush to death,
With mighty mauling,
This little wretch
So prone to scratch,
Upon me crawling?

'Tis faint, so faint,
But still, ah! still
I feel it pressing
On this left cheek,—
So very meek,
Yet so distressing.

Ha! ha! I vow
I've caught him now—
This flea appalling;
And so I'll cease,
With one fierce squeeze,
His hateful crawling.

—*Flaccus Secundus.*

=In the chapel, Tuesday evening, March 22, Rev. Baylus Cade, of Louisville, delivered the most scholarly

and ornate lecture that we have listened to in many a day. His subject was "Faith as a Force in Human Life." We could do this magnificent lecture but meagre justice by an outline, so we will not attempt one. We hope, however, that some arrangement will be made to have it printed in pamphlet form. It is too good to be lost. Why shouldn't the two Societies publish it, asking enough per copy to defray the expense?

=*The Morning Star*, of Wilmington, pays us the following compliment in a late issue: "THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is easily the best of Southern college magazines that we see."

=Professor J. H. Rayhill, instructor in Elocution in Illinois College, for about three weeks during the latter part of February and the first of March gave instruction here in elocution to a class of about 75. Many of his pupils showed marked improvement, and on the whole the work was satisfactory, as the final contest for the gold medal showed. This contest occurred Monday evening, March 7. Eight young men, four from each Society, took part. The average of the

declamations was far higher than the usual averages in such contests; indeed Prof. Rayhill said himself that he had never seen so close a marking. Profs. Manly and Michael and Mr. J. Newton Holding acted as judges; and the successful competitor was Mr. E. H. Farriss, of Raleigh. We append the programme:

"Herculaneum"—D. A. DAVIS.

"Clarence's Dream"—G. C. THOMPSON.

"Jennie McNeill's Ride"—D. O. MCCULLERS.

"The Sioux Chief's Daughter"—E. H. FARRISS.

"Red Jacket"—J. L. JOSEY.

"The Polish Boy"—J. B. SPILLMAN.

"McLane's Child"—G. T. WATKINS.

"The Convict's Soliloquy"—W. J. SHOLAR.

=We welcome to the Hill Mrs. Neal and family, formerly of Reidsville. She occupies the house northwest of the campus, belonging to Dr. Taylor. Two of her sons are attending college.

=Pressure upon the contributor's department this month forces us to cut short the editorial departments.

=You know what a relief it is to "pay an honest debt." The Business Managers are due the publishers and are anxious to pay off. If your subscription is due, please help us now.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
 { F. H. MANNING.

—'54. Dr. Pritchard has been invited to deliver the anniversary sermon before the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church of Atlanta, Ga.

—'79. N. Y. Gulley, Esq., of Franklinton, N. C., was on a short visit to this village a few days ago.

—'80. Rev. W. B. Waff, who for the past few years has been assisting his brother in Reynoldson High School will after this year devote the whole of his time to preaching.

—'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon, of the Goldsboro Baptist church, has recently delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Charleston, S. C. His subject was Edgar A. Poe.

—'83. Rev. E. S. Alderman has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church of Chapel Hill and at present is visiting friends in Kentucky.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage, of the Raleigh Graded School, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding is again back in Wake Forest. He has just closed a prosperous session of his school in Sampson county. He is at present regaling himself with a bit of farm life.

—'86. Mr. H. A. Chappell, now teaching at Youngsville, N. C., makes an occasional visit to the Hill.

—'86. We are delighted to learn that Messrs. J. Stewart and J. E. Vann in addition to their study of the law, devote a good portion of their time to earnest Sundays-school work. They both have classes in the Sunday school of the Greensboro Baptist church. It is unfortunate for this church that it is so soon to lose the services of these enthusiastic workers.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

Through the medium of language we become acquainted not only with our contemporaries but with men of other times. Some of these we come to know better and feel are better worthy to be known than many of those that mingle daily with us. Thus the speech that holds great thought never dies. Our race is one; to know what we are we must seek to know what we have been. As the science of Geology brings to light much of the hidden past of the physical world, so the science of language furnishes many of the links that connect us in a most interesting way with the past of our race. As the physical science gives prominence to certain periods and phenomena in the earth's development, so this science places certain

periods and phenomena in this no less important development preëminently above others. As the astronomer observes and studies the motions and laws of one system or planet with greater interest than those of others, so he that would study the progress of his race must have an eye to the relative influence of certain epochs and eras. As one day in a man's life may affect his destiny more decidedly than all the years that were before or after it, so one age or one people may make more decidedly a crisis in the world's history than all the ages or people that were before it or that have come after it. Now, in whatever measure this is true of any people, certainly in that measure this people deserves never to be forgotten. Among

the peoples whose influence has been something like this, does any one hesitate to place those who spoke and wrote in its purity the Greek tongue? Could we realize how it would be if the Greek had never been and all that we clearly owe to him were obliterated, would we not agree that so important a factor in the making of what we are we must not lose our hold upon, the hold we have in his wonderful language so much like himself? For is it not hard to think of another force that has so helped to give to the best thought its best shape? Outside of our holy religion do we not owe our chief debt, so far as earlier influences are concerned, to Hellenic thought and action? Even the exception suggests the noteworthy fact that the most precious of heavenly gems, the words of Him who spoke as never man spoke, sparkle in a Hellenic setting. The great original models in all the leading departments of thought we go to the relics of Hellenism to find.

In poetry the *Iliad* is still the world's great Epic. Tragedy reached its climax in the wild sublimities of *Æschylus*, the majesty and magnificence of *Sophocles*, and the weird beauty and pathos of *Euripides*. In comedy the brilliant and fantastic *Aristophanes* takes us yet to realms unreached by others' flight.

An irresistible charm still hovers over the flowing narrative of the Father of History, "his characters standing out like the romantic figures on the old rich tapestry life-like and almost palpable to touch." The philosophy of history found its first

expounder in *Thucydides*, and the most gifted of modern historians does not hesitate to place him at the head of the roll in his own department. For artless grace and purity of style *Xenophon* remains unexcelled. And so the verdict of succeeding ages has confirmed the decision of antiquity as to the place of the immortal trio, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*.

In Philosophy *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Aristotle* furnished the germs from which have been developed some of the best things in modern thought. Theirs was not an unscientific spirit. Their field of observation was limited; but they showed the world how to think, how to use facts and not to trifle with them. The attitude of *Socrates* towards the sophists of his day presents him to us not at all as a foe of the inductive method. It was not their investigations he quarrelled with but their wild speculations. He felt that the facts about human conduct he could get hold of better than those concerning the stars, and so he gave himself up to investigation in this domain. One of *Herbert Spencer's* favorite thoughts we find *Plato* giving utterance to twenty-three centuries ago: "A freeman ought to be a freeman in the acquisition of knowledge.... Knowledge acquired under compulsion has no hold on the mind. Let early education be a sort of amusement." The scientific acuteness of *Aristotle* gets recognition and praise at the hands of *Professor Huxley*, and *Professor Agassiz* showed that he observed valuable facts about Mediterranean fishes, and, though the fishes remained abundant, the facts

were only brought to light by consulting Aristotle's book. Does our modern scientific nomenclature say nothing for the scientific trend of Greek thought? Of course there was much rubbish; the wonder is there was no more.

In Oratory can there be any question about the place of Demosthenes? The spirit of the days of Pericles had waned; the people, having itching ears, had heaped unto themselves leaders who spoke to flatter and please, and it seemed as though no human power could ever rally them again to a sense of danger or of shame. Behold this giant now setting himself to the task of doing this seemingly impossible thing. "Abroad was a powerful and insidious foe; at home a crowd of hirelings like blood-hounds on his track, and a nation in whom years of ease and affluence had well nigh quenched the generous fire of patriotism. Long and manfully did he struggle with a destiny that seemed to mock him. But when he saw the priceless liberties of his country perilled and the defence of all that was Grecian resting upon him, then flowed

"That tide of eloquence, full, deep and strong,
Upon whose wave all hearts were borne along."

We see him now as he stands before the hushed auditories of his countrymen, with an overmastering power of thought, kindling their dormant energies and inspiring them with his own bold and lofty spirit, till roused like the sea lashed into fury by a storm, with clenched hands and heaving breasts, they shout the battle-cry, To arms! to arms!

'Ah, eloquence, thou wast undone,
Wast from thy native country driven,
When tyranny eclipsed the sun
And blotted out the stars of heaven.'"

But to enjoy anything like satisfactory contact with these and other representatives of what we may term the creative period of the history of mind, we must know something of the language they spoke. The student of science is not content with simply exhuming fossil remains, much less with looking at their photographs, provided he can do better; but he makes them his study so that what would tell no story of the buried past to the casual observer he finds full of significance, for from these remains he is enabled in thought to reconstruct approximately the originals. So when the remains of Greek thought are studied the old thinkers live again; we see the working of their brain. Disappointment often attends the reading of mere translations of the masterpieces. In the light of the original they blaze with meaning and sparkle with beauty.

Assuming now that contact of mind with mind is invaluable in education, that the Greeks furnish us the highest types of cultivated mind, and that by a close, faithful, laborious study of the language we may be brought into the closest sympathy with their methods of thought, how can we depreciate the value of such study?

The plea, accordingly, upon which we mainly rest our claim for the study of Greek, is not the value of a knowledge of the language for its own sake, but the peculiar discipline the mind receives in its acquisition. In mind, as in matter, we are obliged to deal

with the complex rather than the simple. While the elementary forms and principles of matter are beyond our grasp, there is a "network of relations, thick-set and pervading, extending itself to every object in nature." Such is the case in the realm of mind. Thought is linked with thought, and though we may not grapple with the mysteries that underlie all thought, we may yet attain to the important point of comprehending the more obvious of these relations, and success here depends upon the developing and strengthening of the perceptive and retentive faculties. In the proper study of language, laws of thought are apprehended, or rather for us evolved, and then constantly applied in the work of translation. The judgment is brought into exercise and drafts are continually made upon memory. No bias trammels the mind. The decisions reached are honest.

The Greek is strangely adapted to this kind of training. Subtle distinctions are made by it that other languages have no means of making except by discordant circumlocutions. Where they have but one way to express an idea, the Greek may have two, three, sometimes four and even five, varying each a shade from the other. Its syntax, not rigid like that of the Latin, is yet not loose and lawless; charmingly flexible and elastic, it is no less accurate and exact.

There seems to be a growing disposition to introduce into our vernacular indefinite terms and forms of expression. Precision and perspicuity seem

not to be accidents of the language itself, but to be dependent on habits of close thinking formed by the individual. Our tongue abounds in synonyms, and they are appropriated with indiscriminate prodigality. Such a tendency cannot be too vigorously checked. Opposite tastes and habits must be fostered, else there is danger that our good old mother-tongue will become the dialect of "conceits, of affected strength, and extravagant metaphor." Much of the eloquence of the day is sound without sense. He that can create the highest temporary excitement by his declamation is the orator. "Passion, over-statement, ridiculous conceits, the introduction of terms that have no citizenship in any language on earth, a disregard of grammar, an affected smartness," somebody has said, characterize, to a very melancholy degree, our recent literature; and fears have been expressed that our noble old tongue is changing into a dialect for literary traffickers. Now there is no better antidote for this tendency than the severe study of those productions that have contributed more to the chastity, beauty, and strength of the English than we can ever know. Eloquence, secular and sacred, such as the English world has never listened to elsewhere, it has been justly affirmed, has flowed from minds that have been imbued with classical learning. When to the uncultured eye every feature would seem to have been frozen into the marble, the work of the Greek sculptor would have but fairly begun. Not less true is this of those finished mod-

els of style and thought that remain to us of a still higher art.

In order to pursue most profitably a course in the physical sciences, it is of the utmost importance that the mind be prepared for it by some such training as is imparted by a study of the Greek. Not that one with a good mind and a predilection for scientific study will not often do excellent work and make high attainments in science without this preliminary discipline; but this no more affects the principle than the fact that some of the best judges on the Supreme Court bench have not been college-bred men affects the question of the importance of collegiate education. But may not studies bearing more directly upon the sciences answer as well? May not less time than is devoted to Greek be given to a modern language and equally valuable results be realized? These questions can be decided best only by faithful and patient induction. The experiments thus far seem to point to a negative answer. The Prussian Ministry of Education in 1870 decided to grant university privileges to graduates of the Realschulen, in which elementary science, modern languages, and mathematics are principally taught, as well as to those of the Gymnasias, or Classical schools. At the expiration of ten years the following is substantially the "Opinion" addressed to the Ministry by representatives of all the departments in the University of Berlin save those of Law, Medicine, and Theology: "The preparatory education acquired in Realschulen is, taken altogether, infe-

rior to that guaranteed by the Gymnasia . . . above all because the ideality of the scientific sense, interest in learning not dependent on nor limited by practical aims, but ministering to the liberal education of the mind as such, the many-sided and widely extended exercise of the thinking power, and an acquaintance with the classical bases of our civilization can be satisfactorily cultivated only in our institutions of classical learning." Among the endorsers of this "Opinion" are to be found such names as Helmholtz the physicist, Kirchhoff in spectrum analysis, Hoffmann in chemistry, Ranke and Droysen in history, Mommsen and Cartius in the classics, and Zeller in philosophical criticism. These are the names of specialists, but specialists need not be bigots, and so, recognizing the stream of our civilization as flowing from a classic head, they are too scientific in spirit not to discern the fatal mistake of rashly breaking up the established methods, which originated not in the twilight of the middleages, but whose revival, rather, marks the dawn of our intellectual renaissance. How different the spirit that rudely rates the Greek a "college fetich"! Let us never object to honest differences of opinion, candidly and manfully expressed, but far be it from us to throttle an institution or a belief by resort to the unscientific arts of the sophist, whose biggest argument often is a sneer.

As a help to the more dexterous use of our own language it is not easy to exaggerate the worth of Greek. By inheritance and thrift the English

is rich in materials beyond any language ever spoken by man. The study of English, therefore, for its own sake and in its own name, needs to be insisted on, and its place in school and college magnified. At the same time we hold that no proper instruction can be given in Greek that ought not to yield large profits for the English. Not to speak of the immense field opened for investigation in comparative grammar, four years in Greek ought not in any sense to mean four years of neglect for English. When every day the student is turning Greek into English, noting the differences of idiom with special reference to their application in turning again English into Greek, the flexible Greek furnishing first-class moulds for the versatile English, how can the result fail to be a better insight into our own language, with largely increased facility in the use of it?

And so in reply to the question, what use is ever made of Greek after

one completes his college course, we answer, if good honest work has been done in it, he is reaping the fruit of it all through life, though he never again see a letter of the Greek alphabet. Often it is not until later in life that its full influence is felt on life and thought, nor then always with a clear recognition of the benignant source from which it comes. The same principle, of course, holds good of every branch of study pursued not with reference to one's becoming a specialist in it but for its educational value. In mathematics, for instance, Algebra, Geometry, and Calculus are studied not so much because one is to handle these in after life, but chiefly because it is desirable for him to have his mind put in shape to handle other things as it could not so well handle them without the training given by these studies.

With the subject barely broached this paper must close.

W. B. ROYALL.

THE BUILDING AND THE BUILDER.

It would seem that outward circumstances modify and mould the characters of nations as well as those of individuals. Among physical forces which seem to shape character, climate and soil may be mentioned as the most powerful. In the south of Italy, smiling skies and productive soil united to a temperate climate so

modified the religious character of the Italian that he readily yielded to the domineering policy of the church of Rome. In the colder regions of the globe religion is stern in its demands and unrelenting in its dogmas; while the temperate climate generally gives a tone of mildness and tolerance to the religion of its people. Those who

live upon a fertile soil, gaining their livelihood with comparative ease, are generally of a conservative spirit, free from violence and distinguished by generosity and hospitality, though too frequently given to sensuous pleasures. On the other hand a barren soil is usually accompanied by high moral characteristics, depth of spiritual feeling with a high idea of the superiority of the invisible to the visible. This is but natural; for unaccustomed to the grandeur and pomp of outward show which accompanies wealth, the minds of the poor are directed to nobler and higher things. We see this forcibly illustrated upon the bleak hillsides of Scotland where such a religion as puritanism was born and still flourishes, and whence it was transplanted to New England to find an asylum in a barren soil upon a rock-bound coast.

Thus outward influences seem to lend character to nations and classes; they are equally active in the formation of individual character. The social position of an individual and the circumstances which surround him in his youth naturally mould his character. In inanimate nature around us we see circumstances shaping and determining growth, and we expect the same to appear in the growth of the soul within us. As the little tree upon a sunny hill-side puts forth its tender shoots to the genial sunshine and gladdening showers and sends its tiny rootlets into the earth in search of nutriment and at last becomes a mighty oak beautiful in the graceful majesty of its strength, so does the little child expand under the sunny

influences of a Christian home into a man of religious character and moral sentiment. But on the other hand, as we see death already marked in the pale creeping vine from which has been excluded the life-giving sunlight, so do we look for a future criminal in the child of squalid poverty and low associations.

With this view of character, we might be led to compare it to a building constructed by accidental forces, or at least, to a structure which owed its existence to a creator entirely independent of itself. But look about you. In the so-called generous nation you find misers; in the nations of warriors cowards are to be found; where religious feeling and moral worth characterize a people, many individuals of a low and sensuous nature appear. In the very same town representatives of all the different types of character are to be found. Even from the same family there spring two young men; the one to fill a felon's cell, the other to preach the Gospel of Christ and die a martyr's death. External forces even produce results exactly opposite from those which we would naturally expect. Adverse circumstances instead of weakening character seem to strengthen it. Just as some oak of the mountain is strengthened and toughened no less by the howling winds which tear through its branches than by the gentle sunlight and softly distilling showers, so do we see those characters which have passed through the trying ordeal of affliction and temptation standing like the old oak when all the rest of the forest is laid low. Why is

this? Allowing for wide dissimilarity of disposition at birth and giving due weight to the power of circumstances, yet is the difference in the results not accounted for. We must look then for some other explanation.

Let us consider man as the builder of character. From this point of view it will not do to compare him to the tree, because it has had good soil in which its roots have sunk deep and fasten it the creature of forces entirely beyond its control; but he is to be regarded as a moving, sentient being, endowed with faculties under the control of his will. He is no longer a reed that bends with every breeze, nor does he grow, like the bent twig, as chance may direct. He drew his first breath from the nostrils of Divinity, and thereby became an agent and not an instrument. Therefore, we must not expect him invariably to grow as circumstances may direct.

What does character really depend upon? But first, by what do we determine whether it be good or bad? Habit is nearly the only thing by which we can justly judge character. It would not do to say a man is entirely bad just because he does one bad thing; but if the act be repeated again and again, until it really becomes a part of the man's nature, then we may say, and justly, that the man possesses a bad character. On the other hand, the worst of men are capable of noble actions now and then, and we are to guard against calling a man good from the knowledge we have of him through one good action. Thus character is determined by habit, and habit is an action oft repeated.

Character, therefore, depends upon actions. But whence comes action? With very few exceptions, action is the result of thought. Tell me what a man thinks about and it will be easy to predict what he will do. Then, thought is responsible, in a great degree, for a man's character; and as thought is controlled by the will, it follows that we now have the right to call man the builder of character as well as the building in which it dwells.

But it might be objected that thought cannot be controlled by the will. "How can I say what thoughts shall come into my mind?" It is not the thoughts that merely come into the mind that produce action, and thus form character, but it is the thought that dwells and re-enters and dwells again. We may not be able to say what thoughts shall come into our minds, but we can say what shall not remain. "We cannot keep the crows from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from lighting upon us."

But again, thought is more the result of circumstances than is generally recognized. The cowardly assassin allows his eye to dwell on the gold of his employer until his mind's eye is led to contemplate his murder. The servant girl sees the diamonds of her mistress's jewel-case; again she contemplates them, and at last thinks of stealing them. Indeed, slight circumstances are often suggestive of momentous thoughts. It would thus seem that circumstances are responsible for the kind of character that an individual may possess, and that we are contradicting the statement made above, viz.: that man is a builder, a

responsible agent. The contradiction is apparent; for man has control of circumstances, or at least he has control of the effects of circumstances in the formation of his character.

In every human breast there is placed a monitor, a guide, a power which enables one to distinguish the good from the evil. As this monitor is kept alive and sensitive by following its dictates, or it is dulled by disobedience, just so will thought, word, and action be directed toward the good, and grow into a good character as the result; or, on the other hand, will a disregarded conscience allow its possessor's character to be formed badly, and fix his destiny for woe during all eternity. When reason becomes sufficiently mature to present conclusions to conscience for her approval or disapproval, and when will has the power of resisting the decisions of conscience or of putting into execution her decrees, then begins the foundation of character. Character-building is thus early begun in youth, and the work done then must last through eternity.

Permit an illustration from Geology: In the waters of an inland sea, before man became a living being, there sported little animals whose shells fell to the bottom of their liquid homes as each successive generation gave place to another. Along the shores of this sea crawled the earliest species of land animals. The shell-covered bottom of the sea and its shores indented with the foot-prints of the earliest forms of life, have been hardened by the slow processes of nature into the rocks, from which the skillful geologist reads the history of remote ages, and gives us their distinctive characteristics. Thus in making character, we pass carelessly along the "sands of time," forgetting that they are to be hardened into the rocks of eternity, from which our foot-prints can be read.

To sum up in conclusion, we have seen man a builder, character a building; the building in the builder, and the future of the architect depending upon the construction of his work.

J. J. L.

HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION.

When we read in the beautiful imagery of romance the traditions of once mighty nations, we are struck with the splendid array of heroes and the glowing stories of their achievements. We are borne back upon the wings of a delighted imagination through the long dark galleries of

centuries to the era when they lived and acted. We fancy spread before us the ancient theatre in all its exciting and fearful scenery; once more the mail-clad warriors rise before us, and as they flit to and fro, acting well their part, we are stirred up with the liveliest emotion—we stand surround-

ed by creatures of a doubtful existence, we are the witnesses of combats that find their monuments only in the enthusiasm of successive generations. At last sober reality breaks the spell and tears away the gilded veil, we find it all a cheat ; for these mail-clad warriors are not indued with the same forms they were wont to wear in the days of their glory.

This is the use of the imagination that gives rise to works of fiction, but it is of another kind of imagination I desire to speak ; it is of that inventive wisdom that brings truth to light by the aid of its own native energy. This faculty has a power that cannot be overestimated in the acquisition and preservation of historical knowledge. It can completely revivify the past and make it not only imperishable but a source of delight to all. When any historical truth has had shed upon it the light of the poet's imagination, or the painter's splendid visions of it have been portrayed on canvass, at once that truth acquires a life-like reality that other truths of equal importance but upon which no such light has been shed do not possess. It is said that those whose privilege it is to behold that magnificent cartoon of Raphael in which he represents the Apostle Paul at Athens in his sublime attitude ever after have a most vivid conception of that scriptural occasion, more vivid than ever before.

Among early Roman legends, none impresses us more with its freshness, none charms us more deeply with its fascinating attractiveness than that splendid legend of Coriolanus. This is

simply because in his inimitable work Shakespeare imparts to this patrician soldier such a life-like reality as to make every reader feel that Coriolanus did not represent a mere figure on history's page but that he was a human being like ourselves, with human passions and subject to all human infirmities. Those portions of English history that Shakespeare's imagination has touched are more familiarly known than other portions of equal importance. We are all more or less acquainted with that great civil war whose fury was terminated by the defeat and death of Richard III. on Bosworth field. But very few give more than a passing notice to that other civil feud the Baronial war in which De Monfort figured, simply because Shakespeare's imagination has shed its resplendent rays upon the former and not on the latter.

Archbishop Whately, a man noted for his logical precision and unimaginative style, in enumerating the intellectual qualifications for the study of history, especially notes as an absolute essential a vivid imagination. It is altogether an erroneous idea that the imagination necessarily perverts truth and presents unrealities and impossibilities. For to form a just conception of a historical truth, we must allow our imagination to transport us to the era we would study, to the country we would learn, and acquaint ourselves with the habits, thoughts, and customs of the people. In this way we can form a correct judgment, and the accuracy of our judgments and the images conceived will be proportionate to the completeness of

our transportation. Lord Bacon has said that the vision of the mind, the inward sight the imagination gives, is like history made visible. Thus we see the imagination can present the remote and unseen; it can bring before our vision the most distant regions of the earth and acquaint us with the heroes of antiquity as they actually lived and moved. Milton, after visiting Italy and wandering around the ruins of Rome, is said to have intended visiting Greece, but he never did so. Yet in his *Paradise Regained* the reader will obtain a most beautiful and perfect description of part of this sunny clime. With his bodily vision, Milton never saw Greece, but with his mental vision, the imagination, he had often visited it. He had stood on the banks of the Ilissus and listened to the music of its whispering waters; he had rested on the flowery hills of Hymettus and mused on Greece's past glory, as the murmur of the industrious bees was borne faintly to his ears; he had heard the nightingale trill its notes amid the olive groves of Plato's academy; he had heard Lesbian Sapphosing her measured verse, and been thrilled by Homer's sublime epic; he had mingled with the Athenians and listened to the burning eloquence of Demosthenes's Philipics. His mind, enriched by all the fruitage of classic lore and a deep imaginative study of Grecian history had enabled him to write of this country with as much freedom and accuracy as if he had really seen it.

Another very important use of the imagination in history is to give a

reality to the sufferings and hardships there recorded. We may study history without the employment of the imagination; we may recall the various sufferings recorded, but we have most crude and inadequate conception of their reality. When we read of the immeasurable hosts slain in Napoleon's battles, after a cold and unimaginative calculation, we conclude that the proportion is large or small, as the case may be. We are not touched by a reflection on the number slain. The historical aggregate fails to vibrate the sympathetic cords of our nature. We do not fail to understand the matter—we comprehend it in all its details, but nothing is present to stir up the imagination, and thus give reality to the sufferings. When we read in Irish history of the terrible famines that have destroyed so many of the people, we have a most inadequate conception of the truth in all its horrid reality. But when the imagination of the poet introduces us into a poverty-stricken Irish hut, and reveals there reclining on a wretched couch, a starving lad, his face pale and attenuated, faintly moaning those noted lines—

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,"

we are vividly reminded of the terrible destructiveness of these famines.

A history to be of the highest order must be instinct with this vivifying spirit of the imagination, and no history can be properly appreciated, unless it is so full of this spirit as to furnish excitement and stir up the imagination of the reader. The in-

spired history, the Bible abounds in this spirit from beginning to end. In it are rich and delightful fields for the imagination. What more beautiful than its opening chapters! How delightful it is to allow the imagination of the inspired writer to transport us to that garden formed by God's own hand. We find ourselves placed in a spot of matchless beauty. There we see a giant mountain towering before us, here a smiling valley clothed in its imperishable verdure is the pasture for innumerable flocks and herds; hither and thither sport the warbling, restless waters of some ethereal stream wandering in this paradise of beauty; we see the most magnificent scenery, we hear the birds of the air singing their plaintive notes; we see the painted butterfly cleaving the air with his gorgeous wings. In the midst of these sublime scenes we find a human being transcendent in the beauty and symmetry of his proportions, beside a beautiful creature less vigorous perhaps, but more delicate in her matchless grace; a bewitching creature, with her flowing ringlets and her marble brow beneath which shine two celestial eyes from which constantly proceeded indescribable looks of tenderness and love, a being whose dovelike innocence and angelic sweetness even now fills us with the most delicious dreams. We see this God-like couple swaying the sceptre over all created beings; the most ferocious beasts cower in abject submission before them, but at last we see the man, the lord of creation, yield to the attractions of the fascinating creature at his side, we see her hold over him a sway

as absolute as if she held the enchanter's wand. Yes, truly does the Bible contain rich and delightful fields for the imagination.

But by a proper use of this faculty, we can make all history a source of delight, we can have our patriotism stirred up to its highest pitch. When we read American history and allow our minds to dwell on those early scenes, when we follow our imaginations to those days in which our Constitution was devised, and with our mental vision witness that sublime spectacle afforded by the great master builders, the founders of the Constitution, as they in body assembled, laying aside all other feelings, subjecting all other impulses to the one great and glorious object, with an eye single to a happy solution of the great problem, making patriotic endeavors to devise a plan for this mighty temple of freedom, to aptly fit together its columns and proportions from the chaotic mass heaped up on every side; when we see the venerable men weighed down with years, making every sacrifice to erect an edifice in which the birth-right of man might be protected from the minions of oppression and the insidious evils of internal foes, when our imagination paints this scene rivalling in its grandeur all our former conceptions of patriotic deeds, this scene that may well be esteemed the culminating glory of such a great series of years, this scene in which we cannot fail to detect the hand that is divine, we one and all must cry out, "Proud as we are of our country's glory, proud as we are of the incomparable influence it

wields among the nations of the earth, we are prouder still to know that cherished memories of these great spirits must ever be bound in an indissoluble union with the fortunes of the Republic whose existence they insured." The study of history must ever be delightful to the one who throws upon it the light of his imagination, whether he wanders in the groves of philosophy and woos the beautiful maid Wisdom, as he gathers inspiration from the overflowing fount of Aristotle, or plucks a nosegay from the smiling heights of Helicon, redolant with the perfume of its flowers,

whether one engages in the disputations of the Roman Forum or in the solemn councils of the Areopagus, whether one listens to the Olympian songs proceeding from Pindar's lyre or in silent approbation receives Plato's instructions on the divinity of virtue. If we would enjoy the beautiful works of God's creation, if we would trace out the actions of man on that vast map of human nature that is afforded by history, unravel the mysteries of the heart, and detect its hidden impulses, we must cultivate the imagination.

JAMES MCCABE BRINSON.

THE LAND OF THE HAWAIIANS.*

Near the middle of the great Pacific ocean lies a beautiful cluster of islands, twelve in number, though only seven are inhabited, and embracing a total area of 6,100 square miles. These islands are of volcanic formation and exceedingly mountainous. The windward coasts receiving the trade winds as they come laden with moisture from the equator are very fertile, while the leeward coasts are almost rainless. Slight earthquake shocks occur frequently, and many extinct volcanoes are to be seen. On the chief island is situated the great volcanic cone Mauna Loa, with an active crater on its summit and another far down on its side. The latter, the famous Kilauea, is the largest crater in the world.

Its great pit is easily descended, and travellers may frequently dip out the melted lava on the end of their staffs. Much of the island scenery is picturesque and beautiful. The climate is exceedingly healthful and equable. Neither extreme heat nor cold is ever known, and tropical plants flourish the whole year round.

The indigenous fauna is comparatively small—swine, dogs, bats, and domestic fowls. Snipe, plover, and wild duck are found, also a few species of singing birds, while there are many that have beautiful plumage. Many varieties of fish frequent the shores, and they form a staple of diet of the natives. The cocoanut, banana, breadfruit, and the kalo, which is used large-

* Read before the Wake Forest Missionary Society, March 6, 1887.

ly by the islanders as a food, are all found native. Sugar, rice, coffee, oranges, lemons, corn, potatoes, tobacco, and nearly all the tropical plants, are raised in great luxuriance.

Beautiful, fertile, and productive as are these islands, for centuries their inhabitants were sunk in ignorance, superstition, and idolatry. Their origin is unknown. Some have supposed that they were the ten lost tribes of the house of Israel. In confirmation of this theory it was pointed out that they had a tradition corresponding very much to that of Joseph as given by Moses. They had places of refuge somewhat similar to those of the Jews, also a tradition of the submersion of the islands at some former period. This last, however, is probably an exaggerated account of a partial inundation of the islands caused by internal forces. The generally accepted theory is that they belong to the brown Polynesian race. Their language is very much like that of New Zealand, so much so that the natives of both understand each other.

Their traditionary history up to the time of their discovery by Captain Cook in 1778, is that of continual wars between the natives of the different isles, each tribe contending for the supremacy. All the land was owned by the king, and the lower classes were his slaves. Polygamy, adultery, and oppression prevailed. Cannibalism is even thought to have been practised at one period of their history. Polytheism was their religion, and human beings were liable to be sacrificed at any time according to the whims of their cruel priests. Woman,

the last and best gift of God to man, was degraded to a mere brute whose only duty was to obey the behests of her lord and master. The kings and priests were accustomed to issue taboos, which signified that something was sacred and hence not to be used. To enforce these the severest punishments were inflicted—sometimes death—for the slightest violation. The rulers, when not engaged in dissipations, were continually plotting against one another; and in the reign of one of these since their discovery by Cook, 18,000 persons are estimated to have fallen victims of his ruthless wars.

When Cook first landed the natives were astounded, but seeing him sailing the sea in ships they decided that he was a god. Accordingly, he was led to their temples, sacrifices were offered to him, and the rulers loaded him with the richest presents. Priding himself on these gifts and the influence he had secured, he became insolent and made unreasonable demands upon the natives. Because they did not obey he attempted to carry off one of their chiefs. But crowding around him, the islanders slew him and four of his men who were assisting in the work.

This was their first introduction to civilization and Christianity as represented by these English sailors. Nor was this unfavorable opinion improved by further intercourse with the whites. Adventurers of the worst type came among them, cheated, robbed, and plundered them. Oftentimes a skipper would reprovision his vessel for a few paltry pieces of iron. Rum was

brought in, and the natives learned to love it but too well. Gunpowder and firearms were introduced, and this partly accounts for the increased mortality in this period. To their savage manners were added all the vices and none of the virtues of Christendom. Travellers after visiting these islands declared that the natives were in the lowest depths of degradation; that they would soon be exterminated by their wars and dissipations; and that not even the Gospel of Jesus Christ would save them. Alas! how faulty is the judgment of man. Little thought these travellers that in less than half a century the bright sun of civilization and Christianity would shine with refulgent splendor on this benighted land, and that their history would be held up to future generations as a memorial of the goodness and mercy of that all-wise Providence which does not forget even the smallest of its creatures.

Just at the time when an interest in Foreign Missions was being awakened in America, two tawny Hawaiians youths attached themselves to an American ship and soon afterwards came to Boston. Here they were taken to see "the sights" and were in imminent danger of being confirmed in their evil habits. Fortunately for them they soon afterwards visited New Haven, where they attracted the notice of some Christian students. After some years spent chiefly with Christian friends, the elder found faith in Christ and immediately became eager to return and preach the Gospel to his heathen

countrymen. But the bright hopes formed from his intelligence and religious zeal were not to be realized, for to the great sorrow of his many friends he found an early grave. The missionary spirit, though checked by this blow, was not extinguished. October 23, 1819, a company of seven ministers with their wives assembled at Boston, bade farewell to their native land, and embarked for the far distant Sandwich Islands. After a long and tedious voyage they reached their destination on the following March. Imagine their surprise on finding that Kamehameha the war-rrior king was dead; that peace was once more established; that their idols were destroyed, their worship forbidden, and the taboos abolished.

Thus had the wise Being prepared the way for the reception of Christ's Gospel. The missionaries were kindly received and soon secured a permanent foothold. The mission has been formally discontinued for many years yet many of the missionaries still remain as pastors of native churches.

What are the results of this mission? A nation has been civilized and Christianized. Schools have been established all over the islands. There is a teacher for every twenty-seven children and scarcely a child of proper age but can read and write the native tongue. 68,000 are members of Protestant churches, while the Catholic population numbers 25,000. Their annual trade with the United States amounts to some two million dollars, and we now have a reciprocal treaty with them.

But sad to say, the Hawaiian race is rapidly disappearing according to that inexorable decree of nature: "When two races come in contact, they will either amalgamate or the inferior will yield to the superior." Before another century shall have passed by the Hawaiians will live only in history and their places will be occupied by half-breeds, Chinese, and Americans. How well is it that the sunset of their existence is lit up with the light of the Gospel of Him, "whom to know is life everlasting."

And if the heroes of the future are to be, not those who have won their laurels upon the bloody fields of battle, but those who have preached the Gospel to heathen lands; then I am sure there will be erected a grand mausoleum whose summit shall pierce the clouds and upon it engraved this simple inscription: To the memory of those who introduced Christianity into the Sandwich Islands, and thereby rescued a nation from ignorance, degradation, and superstition.

HOWARD A. FOUSHEE.

THE HARVEST GREAT, THE LABORERS FEW.

Nature's resources are exhaustless. Her harvest-fields are boundless. They have furnished gold for many thousands, and have it for many thousands more. In every time, in every clime, the harvest has been great and the laborers few. And to-day an invitation is extended to every one, old and young, to rush into the field and help to reap the golden grain. Many are accepting the invitation and are receiving the promised reward, while others are rejecting it, and for this reason are becoming the subjects of vice, folly, poverty, and ignorance. Every honest and industrious man may be termed a reaper, while, on the other hand, every lazy, worthless vagabond may be called a rejector.

It is before us to see what the honest gatherers are doing, both for themselves and for their fellow-men. They

are aware that indolence is one of the most terrible of all evils. They rejoice in their labor, be it professional, agricultural, or mechanical. They regard the moments of time as so many grains of gold. Consequently such men go to their graves rich in honor and influence.

In this day and time there is no reason why a young man's poverty should hinder his success; for this is an age of vast opportunities, and every young man who has the pluck and energy can be something. God has made no surplus men, and nothing but indolence and ignorance speak to the contrary. Indeed, poverty is more apt to conduce to a young man's success than affluence. In searching the annals of history we find that the world has received some of its greatest blessings from self-made men—

men who were not afraid of work ; but men who, with their horny hands, sun-burnt necks, and ragged clothes, could defy all opposition in their efforts to reach the pinnacle of fame. *Indolence !* What is it good for ? Nothing here, and it will find its own place hereafter. In the whole catalogue of sins, I believe no one has ever been instrumental in the eternal ruin of more souls than laziness. But this is digressing somewhat.

Let us justify the statement that the world has received some of its greatest blessings from self-made men. What name in American history will endure longer than the illustrious Roger Williams?—the man who did so much to establish religious toleration, and to free the people from the galling yoke of religious bondage. With his enthusiastic zeal and untiring energy, he went to and fro preaching “soul liberty,” and he could stand in the presence of kings and priests and tell them that it was “a monstrous paradox that God’s children should persecute God’s children, and that they that hope to live eternally together with Jesus Christ in the heavens, should not suffer each other to live in the common air together.” While young he was poor and had no one to sympathize with him in his espoused cause. But not discouraged by this, he acquired an education, entered the battle, won the victory which will make his name go sounding down the ages like a mighty avalanche from the mountain-peak—a name synonymous with philanthropy and all that is pure and grand. You may erect monuments to your landlords and money-

kings, but when they crumble and fall, the one that Roger Williams erected for himself in fighting for religious liberty will stand towering toward the heavens as beautiful and as grand as ever. With Williams I may mention the names of Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, and a host of others, who fought their way through life, rose to eminence, and proved a blessing to their fellow-men.

May the time soon come when America shall be full of such men—men of honesty, energy, perseverance, and enthusiasm. Let this come to pass, and at once you will see a new order of things brought about. More churches and school-houses and fewer jails and penitentiaries will be built. Prosperity, peace, and happiness will take the place of poverty, wretchedness, and misery.

It is said that the greatest curse to which our country has fallen victim is that of intemperance. There is no doubt that this is true ; for this monster evil visits thousands of happy homes annually and turns them into places of mourning ; it takes fathers and sons and drags them down to untimely graves, leaving the mothers and wives nothing but children, poverty, and broken hearts. It has arrayed itself against the world and the number of its victories is astounding. But to what does it largely owe its success ? We are constrained to say that it owes it to indolence ; for in this it has a co-worker and a bosom friend. The difference between these is that the former is active and shrewd while the latter is inactive and a fool.

You have only to visit the various towns of our own State, and in every one you will find the whiskey men working day and night to blot out the very name of prohibition, while on the other hand you will find scores of prohibitionists sitting down with their hands folded. They tell the preachers that the whiskey question is a *political question*, and that it is not their place to deal with politics. And thus some are deluded. They make fools of others by telling them that driving out whiskey will result in a financial panic. What inexcusable lies! and yet in both cases many believe them. Believe them to the sorrow of wives and children and possibly to the destruction of their own souls.

O, Americans, consider and awake from your lethargy. Think of the many and great responsibilities that rest upon you, and resolve no longer to lie in indolence, but to be up and working with earnestness, energy, and enthusiasm to bring about a grand and glorious revolution—a revolution that will make homes happy, the country prosperous, and last but not least, will entitle you to a place in the blessed mansion above. Let us strive to accomplish this important work because of our love for God and his creatures, and when we are called upon to stand in the presence of our Saviour we will not be empty-handed, but will carry many golden sheaves and throw them at his feet.

Young man, listen to that voice calling for more reapers. Turn your ears to the north, south, east, or west, and still you hear it in thunder tones. Behold and see what an immensity of

work there is to be performed and how few there are to perform it. *Enter* and *work* for your services are needed and the reward is sure.

If you wish to see your country freed from that curse which has brought ruin and desolation to so many homes, and to see every quarter blooming with peace, happiness, and prosperity, blot out the name of indolence. Inspire the people with energy and enthusiasm, and what other blessings would follow? 'Tis easy to answer. Churches and school-houses would be multiplied, and thousands of young men would be reaching forth to the grand possibilities of life. Tramps, trades-unions, and the Knights of Labor would sink in the vortex of oblivion. And the two monumental frauds of the age, one of which proposes to rob the nation's treasury for the benefit of rogues, scoundrels, and liars, while the other proposes to override the Constitution, impoverish the treasury, and educate ten thousand worthless vagabonds,—these would die in Congress like the plucked lily before the summer sun.

Though we can never hope to see indolence banished from the land altogether, yet we do hope to see the time when *Southern* young men will be aroused to greater diligence in the performance of their duty; "to a proper appreciation of their grand possibilities and weighty responsibilities."

"*For men*, for men, the cry rings out
Throughout this glorious land,
For men to battle for the truth,
And in its cause to stand."

F. T. WOOTEN.

MY FIRST CALL.

During the Christmas of 1883, while I was quite young and of course very fond of the girls, much given to the erroneous idea of supposing that I was very essential to the happiness and welfare of humanity in general, I happened to be one of a select number of guests invited to join a social gathering, given in the lively and prosperous town of W—. I was very much elated with the prospects of pleasure which the occasion seemed to afford. Indeed, I became so enthusiastic in my anticipations that it was a pleasant task to count the hours before the time should come.

I was not very well acquainted with the people in the town of W—, but knew them well by reputation, as much had been told me by my friend concerning the beauty and loveliness of her fair daughters.

After many hours of waiting and counting, the time came at last; and, as I was walking leisurely along by the side of my comrade, we were talking idly of the coming holidays and the pleasure to be derived from them. Soon we came to the door, and being admitted, we found the parlor full of young ladies and gentlemen chatting sociably and merrily together. A general introduction followed, in which I heard my name called at least twenty times, and it did not sound at all musical to me. I was glad when the introductions were all through and we were seated and engaged in lively conversation.

A murmur! A general uprising on the part of the gentlemen! I turned my eyes in the direction of the door to see the cause of so much agitation. Is it an angel that I see? No, a young lady, the most beautiful that I have ever seen, bowing gracefully and smiling pleasantly upon all as they rush forward to greet her and wish her a merry Christmas. I guess that she will be the belle of the evening, and I know that she is the most lovely woman that I have ever seen.

The evening is pleasantly spent, and all seem to be reluctant to depart; but all pleasant occasions must have an end, and this one was not an exception. I went with my friend home, but was so absent-minded that I scarcely noticed anything and said not a word. At last I burst forth passionately:

“Henry, I love her, and must have an opportunity of seeing her again.”

“Certainly,” he said, “nothing would be easier than to send around a note asking permission to call tomorrow evening.”

Accordingly the note is sent the next day, and permission is given to call that evening. The day is spent in a fever of anxiety. Never did hours seem to drag so slowly, but at last the day has gone and 7 p. m. finds me ringing the door-bell. A merry peal of laughter falls upon my ear, from the parlor. My heart beats wildly, for I shall soon be in the presence of

the lovely one whose smiles seem now to be my life. The door is opened by a servant, and in my haste to enter my feet become entangled in the door-mat, and then and there I measure my full length, which is considerable, on the floor. Picking myself up, not very much bruised but very much confused, I hand to the servant what I suppose to be my card; but not so. It is a sample card which I had received that day; and here it is:

JOHN DOOLY,
Price, 25 Cents per Doz.

I endeavored to pull off my overcoat, and in the attempt overturned a pitcher of water, which smashed into a thousand and one pieces—the pitcher, I mean. By this time matters were approaching a crisis, but I heard the voice of my loved one saying, “Tell him that father is not at home.” The servant re-appeared and informed me of the fact that the gentleman of the house was not at home. This confused me still more, and I said to the servant:

“Did you carry my card to the young lady?”

“Yes, boss, I is dat, and her said tell you dat massa was not at home.”

“Show me into the parlor immediately,” I said, “for I came to call on the young lady, and not to see the gentleman of the house.”

He complied and I followed him to the door, and as I entered I saw a gentleman and the lady on whom I was calling laughing immoderately

over the card which I had just sent in. They rose and came forward and greeted me most graciously. I bowed over the soft white hand which she laid in mine for an instant, thinking myself to be the luckiest fellow that ever lived, and at the same time casting a glance at my lady's friend, and wishing him to be in Washington or some other seaport town, for I immediately noted that his auricular appendages were a clear indication of his species. I soon found this to be more than true. I hoped that he would understand that I had an engagement with the lady and that he would leave. But not so; he seemed determined to stay, if need be, until dooms-day. I tried by all fair means to make him understand that I had an engagement, but the more I tried to make it clear the farther he seemed from understanding it. I began to use some of my best prepared sentences and hoped in this way to monopolize and direct my lady's attention toward myself, but failed in the attempt. I asked her to play for me and I turned the music—always at the wrong time. And still he stayed. He came over to the piano and seemed to enjoy the music as myself, praising and thanking her for thus entertaining us. I soon tired of music and we sat down—or rather I did. A new kind of rocking-chair was in the centre of the room fixed on rollers somehow, and I was asked to take a seat. The chair seemed to be very sensitive about my disposition to impose my laziness upon it, and just as I was sitting down it made a rush for the opposite side of the room, and

again I measured my full length on the floor. But gathering myself together, I arose fully convinced that I was the one to leave and not the other. I left and he still stayed.

This is my first experience in calling on ladies, and I have not seen the lady or gentleman since, and hope that I may *never* see him again.

J. P. PRICE.

THE LITERATURE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

“Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”—ST. PAUL.

What of the New South? As some who are jealous of the honor of the Old South have repudiated this appellation, thinking that it carries with it the assumption of the superiority of the New South over the Old, it may be well to explain at the outset what is here meant by the New South. In the use of this term I mean no disparagement of that glorious civilization under which our fathers lived. I could not. I revere their memory, and I rejoice that, as a Southerner, I have a part in the heritage of their grand achievements. History will vindicate the justice of their cause just as the unprejudiced world to-day admires the heroism of its supporters. Far be it from me to utter a breath that would detract from their hallowed memory. 'Midst the throng which journeys to the grave where our hopes are buried, the Holy Mecca of the Southland, there is no more devout pilgrim than myself. Yet, with all this, I believe there is danger in brooding too deeply over the past and its irretrievable losses. In much weeping there is weakness; and if we stand too long by the grave wherein our cause

is buried, weeping that it was lost, we will be weakened so that we cannot pursue the course which lies before us. So let us have done with looking backward at the past—not as ignoring it, but as determining to look forward to the future where our duty lies. Let us cease grieving over the downfall of the Old South, and lend a helping hand to the upbuilding of the New. Not that the Old was inferior to what the New has become, but because the New—and this is the sense in which I use the term—is but the Old throwing aside her battle-stained robes, and clothing herself in the garments of peace; is but the Old unhampered by adverse environment; is but the Old working with the experience of her past failures and under the inspiration of past achievements, toward the consummation of her glory.

The progress of the South since the war is phenomenal. History furnishes no parallel. Out of the ashes of our homes and the wreck of our fortunes new forms of material prosperity are arising; and in the genial sunshine of a gladsome day, once but now no longer obscured by the dark cloud of

slavery, our intellectual life is taking on new vigor. Onward is the command, progress the watchword. The click of the pick in an hundred mines declares it; the hum of the spindle in a thousand factories sings it; the roar of machinery in a thousand villages proclaims it; and the clang of press after press, placing myriad printed sheets, repeats it o'er and o'er.

Of this last fact, indicative of our intellectual progress—in fine of The Literature of the New South—I propose to speak.

That the South had no literature before the war goes without saying, and at first thought seems strange, seeing that many of the conditions necessary to the growth of literature were not wanting. First of all these was that very necessary condition—leisure, and that too in abundance. The Southern gentleman had his time at his own disposal. Slaves cultivated his farm and did his every behest. Nor was he much concerned about the oversight of them. This was attended to by a man employed specially for this work—the notorious overseer. And in the matter of material prosperity, another necessary condition of the development of a literature in any country, there was nothing wanting; for without material prosperity, there could have been no leisure—and leisure there certainly was. But the ruins of what were once lordly mansions and magnificent estates speak with mournful eloquence of our former prosperity. Why then had the South no literature? There must have been some peculiar cause to prevent it. I think that the secret

is to be found in the want, on the part of Southern gentlemen, of motive to write. And the truth of this assertion is strengthened by the fact that, where there was a motive, they did write. There was something to induce them to write in defence of the institution of slavery, for that institution was assailed on all sides. And they did write in defence of it. But, strange to say, the very institution from which arose almost the only inducement to grasp the pen, was itself the very thing, which, as it were, shut out every motive to write. Upon slavery was based an aristocracy; and, as is clearly seen in the case of England, aristocracy is unfavorable, or rather, more accurately, indifferent, to the development of literature. It is engaged with other matters. If there are exceptions—and there doubtless are—they only prove the rule.

Be it remembered, however, that I do not mean to say that the South had no worthy representatives in literature; I mean to say that she had not nearly so many as she might have had—nay, as she would have had—under more favorable conditions; indeed, not nearly so many as she has had since the war.

There were no great poets before the war. Seek never so earnestly, and you will fail to find one single poet of versatile and original powers—save, of course, Edgar Allan Poe. His merits the South should recognize, and especially as the critics of the North do him but meagre justice. Shaw's *English Literature*—which, by the way, ignores almost altogether Southern authors—characterizes his

poems as "an intricate machinery of words without much thought to justify it; a surfeit of sweet sounds." No unprejudiced critic could thus speak of "The Raven," that weird and mystic poem, which, I believe, will live while the language lives. But besides Poe, there was no great poet. There were, it is true, many versifiers during the period immediately preceding the war, who sung in patriotic strains of the land and cause we love so well; but their poems live, not because of their inherent merit, but because of their sentiment.

As to novelists, there were perhaps only two of conspicuous merit, namely, John Esten Cook and William Gilmore Simms. Cook's best works rank among the classics of the language. His *Pocahontas* is a masterpiece. Simms is much read yet, and his portrayal of life during Revolutionary times is graphic and highly interesting. But it is a significant fact that he did not receive that recognition and encouragement which his talents merited. I am not sure of the reason; but it is to be feared that there was a lurking prejudice against a man who made his living with the pen. The case of John Esten Cook does not disprove this, for he did not make his living by his pen, but, being a slaveholder, he wrote mainly for pleasure.

Nor in the line of journalism is there much of which to boast. There were but very few periodicals of note, the most prominent of which was the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond. Perhaps there are other names in ante-bellum literature

worthy of mention, but these, I think, are the most noted ones.

We would not expect a period that tried men's souls to be productive, to any great degree, of literature. The history of American literature teaches us this. Even before the Revolution, our attainments in letters, while they were not so great as to produce any marked sensation in the literary world, were still great enough for us to see in them an earnest of future possibilities. But when the war came on, the pen rusted. The hands that had hitherto held it must now wield the sword. The country's hope depended upon the dread arbitrament of war. Nothing was stable. Men did not care to write. Indeed, nearly all of them were fighting. And after the war they had no time to write. The waste-places must be built up, trade set on foot, and commerce re-established. So with the South in '61 and '65. When there was nothing but war, men thought of nothing else. Everything was confusion and terror. Who thought of writing then? And who was there to write when the war was over? A Herculean task lay before the heroic sons of the South. The vast fields which had so long been idle must be cultivated. Wrecked fortunes must be repaired. In a word, out of the wreck and ruin of the Old South, they must erect a New.

It was not till 1875, after the men of the South had gotten somewhat of a footing, that they found time to lay down the hoe and quit the plow-handles, and come from behind the counter, to grasp the pen—even then only a few. Father Abram Ryan perhaps

wrote some earlier. And, as we might naturally suppose, the poetry of this period was all in the minor key. Father Ryan came, and tuned his harp to sing of buried hopes, of the Conquered Banner and the land of holy memories. This is the burden of his songs. They voice our woe, they vindicate our cause. Though he possesses no striking power of originality, yet I believe that, as a writer of patriotic verse, and in the language of the heart, Abram Ryan has no superior.

Of certain phases of the war John Esten Cook also wrote. In a stirring romance he has given us a picture of camp-life in Lee's army, and with authority, too, for he was an eye-witness of what he wrote. But as he belongs to the romantic school of fiction, he is now not so much read as formerly. The productions of the realistic school, of which William Dean Howells is a representative, now seem to claim the larger share of popular favor. Mr. Cook himself was conscious that his popularity was waning, and before his death acknowledged it, though neither bitterly nor sadly.

Still other names belong to the old regime. There was Paul Hamilton Hayne, the tender, sweet-spirited poet, whose lyrics did but breathe forth the spirit of his own gentle nature. And besides him, others whose names need not be mentioned. These are sufficient to show that the literati of the old order, though possessing many excellent qualities, lacked those qualities of originality and virility which unmistakably mark geniuses of the first order. And it is

a strong proof of this fact, that the first of the poets who may be called children of the new regime, possessed those qualities in a marked degree. Of course we refer to Sidney Lanier, eminent as poet and critic. He was strikingly original both in conception and execution. That was a sad fate which took him away in the prime of life and when the budding of his genius gave promise of so beautiful a flower. When he began to sing the old order of things was rapidly passing away. The South was awaking to renewed and greater activity in all departments of life, and in none more than in the intellectual. Under the reviving breath of spring intellect began to bud and blossom. The incubus of slavery no longer pressed out its life and war no longer retarded its growth. Its fruitage we are now beginning to see. Who can tell what the harvest will be?

The prominent names in Southern literature who are making names for themselves, not only in the South, but all over the English-speaking world, are too numerous to mention in this brief sketch. I can only hope to point out, here and there, solitary workers in what I believe to be fertile fields, fields which only need to be cultivated, to make the products of Southern literature equal, if not excel both in number and in quality the products of any country. Much has already been done; much more can be done. Our history is to be written; and, if future historians are not to get the coloring of facts which blind prejudice puts upon them, true Southerners must write fiction, poetry, his-

tory, essays, and what not, setting forth our motives, our thoughts, our hopes, painting our scenery, vindicating our "Lost Cause," throwing light upon unsolved problems; in a word, doing all that literature can do for a country. How unspeakably unfortunate it would be, if the reputation of the Southland depended upon the scandalous, political tirades of Albion W. Tourgee. Let Southerners write of Reconstruction times and of the abuses practised by the Klu Klux Klan—Southerners, who do not look at these matters through Northern glasses; who would not picture either with highly-wrought exaggeration; who know infinitely more about both than any Yankee carpet-bagger can ever know.

Many are doing just this. I have already mentioned Sidney Lanier, the foremost name among Southern authors of the new regime. There are others which give promise of great achievements. In the line of fiction perhaps the most prominent name—and worthily so—is Charles Egbert Craddock. She has founded a new school of fiction. She is digging up rare nuggets from hitherto unworked mines. The character and habits of the dwellers among the Tennessee mountains are unique; and with powerful touch and consummate art she is delineating the one and describing the other, so that these men and women are as real to us as the men and women we see around us every day. *In the Clouds* is pronounced by critics her best so far; but she has only given us a sample nugget or two.

Precious stores, we must believe, are yet to come.

Why should not each State have its Charles Egbert Craddock? There are in every State—sometimes many in each State—just such mines of precious metal as she has been working so successfully in the mountains of Tennessee. Every section has its peculiar types of character, in the reading of which the world never tires. I am sure that there are in the mountains of Western Carolina oddities of character and habit, which, if they only had such a writer to depict them, would afford rare material for literary work. Doubtless the same is true of the mountains of Virginia and of many other sections of the Southern States.

In the characterization of negro dialect, and in the portrayal of his peculiar character, as well as of other dialects and types of character, Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page are doing work which is attracting attention from far and near. Their work resembles that of Charles Egbert Craddock.

Christian Reid (Miss Fisher) in her *Land of the Sky* has given a bird's-eye view of "the Switzerland of America," but this work is mainly a description of scenery and a narration of the adventures of a sight-seeing party, and deals but slightly in character analysis. And if it does nothing else, it will call attention to that vast storehouse of material out of which deft and skilful hands might carve forms of surpassing beauty. On other lines, however, Miss Fisher, has shown

powers of character-analysis which give her a prominent place among Southern writers.

In saying just now that Charles Egbert Craddock was worthily the most prominent of Southern authors, I did not forget George W. Cable, whom many regard the first in Southern literature. I do not think him Southern. It has been truly said of him that he only happened to be born in the South. With respect to everything save birth-place he is distinctly Northern; and it is quite noticeable that the atmosphere of the "hub of the nation" agrees with him far better than balmy Southern breezes. His ideas concerning the social intercourse of the two races are repulsive to every true man in whose veins flows the pure blood of the grandest race on earth. Let Southern writers who do not believe that God meant nothing when he separated the races by lines as distant as those which divide continent from continent, maintain the wisdom of nature's laws. The Negro Problem is not yet solved. Much more is yet to be said; and in the name of truth, in the name of the Anglo-Saxon race, let not the impartial world receive its impressions of this problem from the writings of such men as Geo. W. Cable in whose eyes the gold coins of a flattered North are larger than the truth.

There are men in the South who are now wielding facile pens in defence of our cause. Whenever a slanderer at the North misrepresents our cause and detracts from the fair fame of our heroes, they hurl the slander back into the very teeth of its

author. Such a man is Dr. J. Wm. Jones, of Virginia. And to the credit of *The Examiner*, of New York, be it said that it has generously opened its columns to receive a series of articles entitled "The Men in Grey," candidly and honestly and fairly written by Dr. Jones.

Quite lately the appearance of a novel describing life in Old Virginia before the war, produced a sensation in literary circles. Critics declare that *Don Miff* from the pen of Virginius Dabney, of Virginia, though not without its weak points, has withal powerful features. While he does not in this novel inopportunately obtrude Southern sentiment, yet the characters in it speak it with a naturalness that precludes the idea of artifice. So much the better for our cause. The South needs a thousand Virginius Dabneys.

The Literature of the New South presents no more striking point of contrast to that of the Old than in the matter of journalism. Before the war the number of influential journals was small: now we have an array of periodicals of which we may well be proud. Some of our great dailies exert a powerful influence in the shaping of national legislation; and it is a matter of gratulation that, as they are not filled with murders and scandals and divorce suits as many of the great Northern dailies are, they are fit to enter the home-circle. Such dailies as the *Charleston News and Courier*, *The Augusta Chronicle*, *The Wilmington Morning Star*, *The Atlanta Constitution*, and *The Louisville Courier Journal*, reflect credit not

only upon the States in which they are published, but upon the whole South.

I have not pretended to give, in this short essay, an exhaustive history of Southern literature, but simply by the mention of a few examples to show what its promise for the future is. And that promise is bright. There is no reason why it should not be fulfilled. The material is here, and the intellect is here. The only thing now necessary is the application of this intellect to this material.

Sydney Smith once sneeringly asked, "Who reads an American book?" and

we pity him for his want of foresight; and that smile of indifference mixed with contempt, upon the face of some Sydney Smith of the North as he applied that question to the South, is changing now, I imagine, as the answer comes ringing in his ears from all over the English speaking world, "Millions read them!"—to a look of astonishment. And so in conclusion, donning the robe of prophet, I declare in the light of present indications that in fifty years the South will have a literature of which even haughty New England would be proud.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

TRUE TO BOTH, FALSE TO ONE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Miame, how do you like the ocean now? Has your old spite against it subsided yet?" asked Edgar, rather playfully, as he and Miame walked alone on the passenger deck in the silence of the dim, sweet twilight.

"Indeed it has not. It seems more mysterious, more careless and wild, every time I see it."

"Oh, no, I think you are wrong; the more one knows of the ocean the better he likes it; he learns it as a friend. And surely you do not mean that the ocean is careless. Just look how beautiful, how calm, how almost sympathetic, this mighty element is to-night! In fact, there is no sympathizer which equals, in my mind, the

mystic charm of the ocean's song. I have always had an admiration amounting almost to idolatry for the beautiful lines by Byron addressed to the ocean in his *Childe Harold*."

"Yes, I know you always go crazy over tales of ship-wreck, and wars, and all such, but I hate them. Yet I must confess that I have very rarely if ever witnessed a more lovely scene than that before us now. Look how the moon-light seems to dance on the crest of the waves as they rise and fall. Yet how soon this can be changed! Look!" suddenly she exclaimed, trembling, and at the same time tightening her hold on Edgar's arm. "What was that that jumped up out of the water?"

"Oh, you excitable little girl, you! It was nothing but a small shark, and here you are frightened half to death."

"It was not a small shark," insisted Miame. "It was a great monster. You can't fool me."

"Well, have it your way, and let's change the subject. To begin, then, tell me something of Cuba and your friends there."

"O, it is just a delightful place, and I have but one regret concerning it, and that is the leaving. Not that I did not wish to go home; but they all made so much of me! The Major, as they called him, and his wife were extremely kind, and I shall always remember them with the tenderest feelings of love and gratitude. Have you seen the present they made me on leaving. Isn't it lovely?" she asked, exhibiting a handsome gold watch with her initial on the back set in diamonds.

"They must have fallen in love with you sure enough," said Edgar, turning the watch over in his hand. "The Major called you his 'pearl' the first time I ever saw him, and I liked him upon the spot; for I knew they had been good to you. I think the whole household were crying when we left—aunt Frances thrown into the bargain."

"Yes, I believe aunt Frances thought as much, or more, of me than did any of them. I told her—." She checked herself, for she was about to tread on forbidden ground.

Seeing her hesitation, Edgar pressed her to go on with the sentence, but she said:

"No, I cannot; I have promised myself never to speak of it again."

"Break your promise, then, for this time. Was it about getting shipwrecked?"

"Yes—and about you," she murmured sadly and somewhat blushing.

"I don't see what there is in the former that is so dreadful now it is past; and as for myself, I'm sure if I were so hideous, some friend would have warned me to stay indoors. Have I so suddenly changed?"

"No, *you* have not changed."

"Who, then?—not you, Miame," he ventured.

"Yes, I—no, I hardly know. But circumstances—"

"Circumstances, indeed! And what are they but the result of our own actions?"

Noticing that the remark went home to Miame, and that he had done exactly what he would above all things have avoided, viz.: tacitly reproached her, he tried to turn it off by adding, "Or of others." But Miame was of too sensitive a nature to let such a remark pass by unheeded.

"Don't retract," she said. "I know to what you would refer—at least, I know too well to what your remark will apply. I realize that I am the victim of my own folly; nor do I upbraid any one with my fault; yet I think, as you suggested, that without the help of others, things would have been somewhat different with me."

How hard a thing it is to bridge a chasm made by severed love or friendship! Edgar, though wishing to explain his exact feelings to Miame, and

find out hers, was yet loath to broach a subject which he knew could not but be painful to her. He knew farther, though, that simply to cover over such a wound as had been dealt them both was not the best way for cure. And so he acted the severe but sensible physician.

"Miami," he began, "I did not intend my remark for you; but since you say it will justly apply to you, I would like to ask you a few questions. I think they will be for your good as well as for mine. Will you listen to them and answer them?"

"I will—anything you may ask."

"First, then, you cannot have forgotten the past, and what we once were to one another, and how happy we were in our trust of each other, can you?"

"No," she replied faintly.

"Then, tell me why it is that you have acted as you have?"

"O, I cannot tell—don't ask me that! I was foolish, I know, to say the least of it; but I had what I then thought to be good reasons for my course."

"Let me see if you had. Did you love Jake King?"

"Love him!—no!"

"But you married him."

"Yes."

"And you distrusted me; and why?"

"Well, because you hadn't been to see me in two years; you hadn't written to me in nearly that long, and then the report of your loving Nettie Lee, all conspired to establish in my mind the conviction that you had deserted me."

"You say I hadn't written in nearly two years? I don't see how that can be, for I'm sure I wrote you a letter every month while I was at West Point, until it seemed that it was your determination not to answer them, and so I quit."

"That is very strange. I never received the first one, although I wrote several times myself."

"Indeed, I am at the first of them. And that, I confess, does somewhat alter the case. But waiving for the time a discussion of this point (for I see there is treachery somewhere), and granting further that all you heard had been true, and that I had fooled you, where is your reason for marrying Jake King, whom you confess never to have loved?"

"I know I was not compelled to marry him; nor would I have done so if he had not told me that you had returned, were going to marry Nettie in a few days, or few weeks, I forget which, and settle down in our village."

"The lying—"

"Nay, do not use rash words—he is dead now." After a moment's pause she continued: "And all these things being put together, made me reckless, and I married just because I did. There now! The rest I explained in my letter."

"Miami, I have thought too harshly of you. I see where you were justifiable in the eyes of moralists, and of yourself indeed, on the ground of wounded pride and wasted love; and so I guess I must not be too rationalistic on this line. I always thought you were duped, though. What did

Knowles Jenkins have to say by way of comment on me?"

"I hardly know—more than I could tell in a week if I did know. In everything, however, his statement agreed with Mr. King's, only that he went very much farther, and his preamble was every time that whereas he was my best friend and none the less yours, and had the common good at heart, therefore he made the following statements, and gave the following advice. This was one of my main reasons for thinking as I did. You see, he was seemingly so straightforward and honest and well-wishing to us both, that it had great weight with me. I was not hasty, though, I assure you, in giving credence to it, after all that had been said. And now I am going to ask *you* a question. Was there really nothing more existing between you and Nettie than your friend Tom told me?"

"Not a thing that I then knew of. Yet Tom says he heard from good authority that Nettie thought I loved her. 'Tis true that I paid her right much attention, so much, indeed, as to create the general belief that I was more than a friend. But you know yourself, Miami, that I always cared too little for the popular voice, and in this case it proved a fault, for by this general belief and the intervention of friends I hear that Nettie was persuaded into the idea that I was all but crazy over her. I don't vouch for the truth of this, however, but if it is so, I am exceedingly sorry. Still I must say that I gave Nettie credit for more sense. That is what comes from

these friends, anyway. Sometimes they do good, but more often harm. I guess Knowles Jenkins will not lie much more, however, if the law can get hold on him."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"What do I mean? Haven't you heard of our scrape?"

"No, indeed. What is the matter? You haven't been fighting, I hope."

Seeing that she was not informed as to what had transpired, he gave her an account of everything. When he had finished, Miami, he observed, appeared to be considerably excited, and he asked why she was so agitated.

"Oh, that frightful man!" she exclaimed. "Are you not afraid he will kill you after all?"

"Afraid!—of *him*! Not half so much as I am of that shark you saw back yonder."

"Well, I am—oh, Edgar, just think of it!"

This was the first time Edgar had heard her call him by his name since he had found her in Cuba; and it came like a sweet strain from out the shadowy halls of the past, awaking memories far too irresistible to repress, had it been his wish to do so.

"Let it all go, and him with it—here I consign all that is painful to the past, to oblivion," said Edgar somewhat strangely. Then suddenly stopping and taking her hand, "Miami," he continued, "can we not be as we once were?"

"How, do you mean—sweethearts?"

"Yes. Oh, Miame, could you but know how I have suffered for you, I'm sure you would not hesitate so. And then you loved me once; tell me that you love me now. Let the past with its sorrows and its faults be as though it never had been, and say you will be again my own Miame!"

"Nay, I cannot. My sin is too deep to be so soon expiated. If it will do you any good, though—just to know it, I am not ashamed to say that—"

"That you love me?" he asked, seeing her hesitation.

"Yes."

"O then, make me happy," he said, catching her in his arms.

"Edgar," she replied with an effort to be calm, as she released herself from him, "this must not be—cannot be now. You surely do not understand how we are situated. I am a widow; and to marry you now, or even give the promise of doing so would be too hasty a step. What would the world say? And you would not be happy with me, for you could not trust me, after all that has passed."

Edgar listened as though it had been his sentence at the bar of judgment, and when she had finished, said:

"Trust you, Miame!" "Listen—I think you (and I mean it) are the dearest, sweetest, *truest* girl on earth."

"Oh, Edgar," she passionately exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck; "I can stand it no longer. To know that you love me and *trust* me! Let the past go, if *you* can say amen. I shall repair it as best I can

by trying to be in the future what you once thought me. But for a year at least, we must be only friends, and hardly that. You understand."

"Yes, I understand. It is an awfully long time for me to stay in torment though. Miame, kiss me, won't you?"

And so they said good-night, happier than they had been for many a long year.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Marshall's residence was situated in one of our most attractive Southern villages. A somewhat quaint old dwelling without, half covered on one side by clinging vines, and shaded by snarly oaks moss-covered and venerable. But its quaintness only added the air of romance to its appearance, as it wore not the semblance of decaying grandeur, but smacked of the charm which age alone can give to beauty. Within it was furnished in the most modern style, richly carpeted and to-night brilliantly lighted and alive with many a happy heart and soft-swelling music. Peals of laughter from couples strolling up and down the spacious walks or seated on rustics, and the flutter of white dresses in the moon-light, indicated to the passer-by that it was not a time for tears. Nor, indeed, was it; for Miame—not the careless, light-hearted Miame of other days, but still the beautiful and happy Miame, pupil of experience and idol of the many poor who had learned to look with eager eyes for her appearance at their humble homes—Miame, who through many changes of circumstances had proved constant

to her first love, yes, she was to be married.

The waiters had entered and taken their respective places; Miame and Edgar stood before the hymeneal altar; the parson, with book in hand, had asked the usual questions of Edgar and been answered in the affirmative, when, turning to Miame, he saw her cheeks suddenly pale, as, with a scream, she pointed to the door and fell back fainting.

"What is the matter? What is the matter?" asked every one, trying to get to Miame at the same time.

"Stand back!" shouted Edgar, as he bore Miame from the room to an adjoining chamber. So excited was he that he had not perceived what was the cause of Miame's illness. But on returning he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and turning round, found himself face-to-face with Jake King.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, shaking him off, "what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Randal," quietly replied King, "I beg pardon for intrusion; but I did not know until a few minutes since that my wife was to be married to-night, else I would have hastened up my trip."

"Your wife!—vile scum of humanity, what has all my friendship been to you? She is not your wife; nor ever will be. By the great God, I swear before she shall be, I'll kill you both!"

"Mr. Randal, let me explain, will you not?" asked King as quietly as before.

"Explain, indeed! And what can you explain save that you have acted the traitor that you are, and now intend to ruin me?"

"Be that as it may, I can do no harm by talking. I'm sure the good people here, who are all your friends, will listen to me, if indeed you will not, and therefore I appeal to them to hear what I am going to say. And you may regret it if you remain so stubborn as not to do likewise.

"Well, proceed, then, and be quick," said Edgar, scarcely able to restrain himself.

All was breathless silence, as King slightly raised his voice that every one might hear, and thus began:

"You all know that about two years ago, I, Jake King, and Miss Miame Marshall were married in this very house and immediately started on a trip across the continent. None of you can testify that the marriage was illegal, or that I used unfair means in winning her. Neither is there any one who can say truthfully that I ever wronged him out of a cent in any of my dealings. Therefore Mr. Randal's accusation against me is seemingly unjust. But you have not known all; for I have been guilty of a crime not of cheating any one of material goods; but of the more heinous sin of bringing misery on an innocent and happy girl. Miss Miame, I always knew, had no other feeling toward me than that of respect. But I loved her so entirely that I thought respect would at length grow into love, and that we would be happy. I knew farther, that not only did she not love me; but that she loved Mr. Randal here, who was once one of my bosom friends. But, mind you, I was told by Knowles Jenkins that he

(Mr. Randal) was to be married to Miss Nettie Lee. And as that was but a point gained on my side, I did not search into the truth of it; but yielded credence to it and said some very detrimental things concerning him, and in this way attempted to arouse Miss Miame's pride. I don't mean that I said anything detrimental directly and absolutely concerning him, to my knowledge; but concerning a man who would deceive a girl. And I did not come here to frighten Miss Miame; but I thought that you, Mr. Randal, would not like to marry a woman whose husband was living—"

"I thought you were dead," said Edgar.

"Yes, and so did I once. It was by mere chance that a vessel picked me up. Since then I have been over the whole world almost, doing the work of a slave, without money, and wanting none. I thought, you know, that Miss Miame was drowned, and I did not care to return home to her people who, I knew, would never forgive me. But at length, thinking myself sufficiently disguised to escape detection, I determined to come and see how they were all taking it. With this intention alone did I return to this country. Happening, however, on my arrival, to hear of this event, I laid aside my disguise, and am, as you all see, before you—not to secure to myself any good, as you, Mr. Randal, imagined; but to vindicate my character. And now I say I have no claims on Miss Miame—I relinquish them all; for though I loved her, she was dead to me; and I am not such a fool, nor

so utterly depraved as to wish to ruin her happiness. Furthermore, I most humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Randal, for the evil I have done you, and can honestly say that I wish you both all the joy that life is able to contain."

At the termination of this narrative, during which no one had dared more than breathe for fear of interruption, a murmur of applause ran through the audience. For a moment Edgar stood with head bowed, utterly vanquished. So great was his surprise at this confession, this magnanimity, in one who, he thought, came with the sole intention of tormenting him, that he was dumb-founded.

"Jake King," at length he said, looking him straight in the face, "there's my hand, my friendship, and admiration forever. You have done more than I thought human nature capable of. I have grossly wronged you, and so have we all. But for my part, I can, and do blot out all ill-feeling against you, and say that I believe you an honest man, which is enough to say of any one."

From being an object of general disgust and loathing, Jake King suddenly became the admiration of all present. Every one wanted to shake his hand, welcome him home, and take him again into friendship. Even Miame, after recovering and hearing the facts in the case, felt like doing something by way of making reparation for her unjust accusations against him. Yet she was loath to see him, nor would; for there was something inexpressibly embarrassing in the idea of her ever speaking to him again.

"Edgar," said King, drawing him to one side, "I have accomplished my object, and I must now leave. I guess the law requires a formal divorce, and we will arrange it as soon as possible. Yet before I leave let me warn you against having any dealings with Knowles Jenkins. He is the cause of all this, and if ever I see him again, I shall thrash him well."

King had not heard of Jenkins' treachery, and so Edgar gave him a slight sketch of it, just touching on the principal facts in the case. When he had finished,

"That's my job," said King. "I have plenty of money, now I am at home, and as it is my intention to travel anyway, it will be but good fun to catch him. But I see no one is observing us now, and I must be gone. I will write to-morrow. Good-bye." With this he made his escape through a side door, without the knowledge of any of the company, having now the admiration of all and leaving behind a memory which would not vanish with the morning light.

* * * * *

To say that Miame and Edgar are happy would be but to say that the sunshine laughs, or that the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, for who can doubt it, as they stroll down the old lane together this evening, where they had so often been before when love was fresh, and life and hope and joy were one.

Little Tommie hearing his papa say something about what nice things sweethearts are, looking up with glee-

ful eyes wants to know when he's 'dyin to have a freetart too'? and 'what are dey made of,' and ventures* to state farther that he would like to have at the same time with a sweetheart, 'a yittle dum, and fiddle, and a yittle yed wagon.' At which bold statement of this young gentleman, Edgar and Miame have a hearty laugh and promise all little Tommie desires.

"Miame," said Edgar, his tone suddenly changing, "I heard something to-day which grieves me very much."

"What is it, my dear?"

Jack is to be married, and they say the old fellow, although working hard all the time, is extremely poor. You remember how often I mention the kind words he once spoke to me. Well, I think I have never done a noble action since without those words of his on that night of the fishing party, 'God bless you, old boy, I am glad to see you,' seeming to come back to strengthen me. He has always been a good, true friend, and I think I shall give him that house and lot up on the corner. What do you think of it?"

"I have nothing to say, except that it is just like my dear good boy to do it. I don't believe you ever forget the least favor, do you?"

"Yes, yes; but some things never die, you know, and real friendship I think is one of them. By-the-way, Jack is a Christian now. Surely all things work together for good."

GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

[The End.]

EDITORIAL.

A GLIMPSE OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

Johns Hopkins was a merchant in the city of Baltimore and nominally, at least, an orthodox Quaker. In all probability, but for the great hospital and the great university which now bear his name it would have passed out of memory with the generation of his contemporaries. He bequeathed an equal sum of money for the foundation of each of these institutions, yielding for each \$200,000 annually. The charity hospital is one of the most prominent features in the city seen from the Washington monument.

The University was opened for instruction October, 1876, so that it is now little more than ten years old. Within that short period, however, it has more than doubled the number of its students and established itself as the foremost university of the country, with the highest reputation abroad. Four magnificent buildings are already fitted up and in use,—that for offices, main library, historical department, etc., the chemical laboratory, the biological laboratory, and the physical laboratory. There is, indeed, little attempt at architectural ornamentation, but the buildings are magnificent in their fitting up and adaptation to university work. The physical laboratory just now opened is much finer than the others and has an impressive

exterior. They stand near the heart of Baltimore, though it was the wish of the founder that they be built on a beautiful suburban site known as Clifton. One is impressed with the number of neat little rooms at every turn provided with table and chairs for special study and work. Besides the general library, each department has its special library in easy reach of the working and lecture rooms. An interesting feature of the general library is a large table on which are to be found new books in every language, representing the latest work in all departments of research the world over.

It has been recently remarked that Europe is largely governed by men in extreme old age. To one not already familiar with the fact, the average youthfulness of the leading men of the University is a matter of great surprise. With a few exceptions, the teaching body would average in the neighborhood of thirty years of age.

The most impressive thing about the University is the air of original investigation which one encounters on every hand. It is true that within the University a college is maintained wherein undergraduate students may pursue courses leading up to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, yet "the University is organized upon the idea that university instruction is distinct

from collegiate instruction, which it presupposes." It sets itself not merely to the task of spreading knowledge but of producing it as well. In illustration the case of Dr. Bruce may be cited, who died quite young a few weeks ago in Egypt, whither he had gone to recover his health. It is said that in a certain important branch of zoology the sum of his discoveries is greater than that of all previous investigators combined. The results of investigations in all the departments are published by the University, and these "Studies" are in great requisition in similar institutions throughout the world.

North Carolina has one representative in the list of some fifty professors and instructors, A. M. Elliott, Associate Professor of the Romance Languages; and Wake Forest College has two representatives among the graduate students, Mr. Chas. L. Smith, University "scholar" in History and Political Economy, and Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, in the department of Philosophy and Psychology.

W. L. P.

ENGLISH IN THE COMMON SCHOOL.

At the present there is a great deal of discussion about English in our colleges; but would it not be more just to lay some of the responsibility of so much bad English at the door of the common school? The boy is expected to learn the elements of English before he comes to college. Our colleges are not expected to teach a boy to read and spell his mother tongue, and yet a boy who goes through col-

lege is expected to spell correctly whether he knew how before he went to college or not.

But how is English taught in the common school? The poor little urchin is compelled to study Webster's old blue-back spelling book for two or three years before he is permitted to see anything else. No wonder that the child's elastic mind becomes tired of being everlastingly stretched in an orthographical direction; and thus at the very outset of his career as an English scholar he becomes disgusted with the whole subject. After having been taught to spell, reading books are crammed into him one after another in a manner that reminds one of an old mocking-bird feeding her young ones. A little grammar is then applied with a smaller quantity of rhetoric to season it, and the boy is pronounced ready for Latin, and his English education is over, over before he has reached the age of fifteen years. Now to college we go, and from college we shall come not knowing the difference between 'John strikes' and 'John is struck.' Are the colleges to be blamed? Yes and no. Yes, because they receive such men into their walls and let them go out with a diploma, still knowing no English. No, because it is not the province of the college to teach the rudiments of English.

But there is an indirect way in which the colleges are largely responsible for bad English. There are few good preparatory schools, and the colleges are largely to blame for it. Under the university system they receive boys who are not prepared for

college and thereby rob the preparatory school of its support. For want of sufficient remuneration men of ability rarely devote their talents and time to the establishment of good preparatory schools. The average boy comes to college from an old-field school that is taught by a young graduate who is teaching a few years to make capital upon which to go into some other profession. Thus it goes; one set of bad English scholars makes another, and where is the remedy?

Last commencement a committee was appointed to "bring about a better relation between the college and the high-schools." What has it done? Is it dead or has it forgotten its own existence? We have heard nothing from it.

J. J. LANE.

SHAW'S ENGLISH LITERATURE vs. SOUTHERN AUTHORS.

We have before us the revised edition of Shaw's *History of English Literature*, to which is added *A History of English Literature in America*, by Trueman J. Backus, LL.D. It is an excellent work. Dr. Royall regards it as the best text-book of the kind to be found. Yet, at the same time, he, as is the case with all Southerners who examine the book, is not blind to the fact that, in the appendix, Southern authors are almost entirely ignored.

Trueman J. Backus, LL. D., for aught we know, is an excellent scholar, and well qualified to write a history of American Literature as an appendix to Shaw's *History of English*

Literature. But he evidently forgets, or does not know, that the North is not America. The atmosphere of prejudice is so dense around him that the merit of Southern authors is, if seen at all, quite distorted. The other afternoon, as we passed out of the southwest door of the dormitory building, our attention was suddenly arrested by the unusual appearance of the sun, which was then just above the western horizon. It seemed to be fiery red. Then the thought came: What makes it appear thus? The fault is neither in the observer nor in the sun. The trouble lies in the atmosphere. The merit of Southern authors is what it is, whatever may be the condition of the atmosphere through which Trueman J. Backus, LL.D., looks at it.

To say that Mr. Backus does not know what qualities go to make up a good writer, would be unfair; but to one who reads his appendix to Shaw's *English Literature*, the conviction is irresistible that he thinks there is one quality, which, if an author (Northern, of course) possess, he is necessarily and unqualifiedly great, whatever his demerits be; and that quality consists in having written at one time or another some squib, however insignificant, against slavery. Take a few examples to show this. No fair-minded man will say that Richard Hildreth's work as a historian is to be compared to that of George Bancroft or John Lathrop Motley. Yet in the Appendix about the same amount of space is given to the former as to the two latter. Whence this discrimination in favor of Richard Hildreth?

The only apparent explanation to be given is *the astounding fact that he "wrote an anti-slavery novel called Archy Moore, which was republished in England."* Again, of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, whose writings would hardly ever be heard of, except by a select few, if they were not advertised by this book, a notice of about an inch in space is given. In the next paragraph, William Gilmore Simms and John Esten Cook, in the same breath with whom Mrs. Child is not to be mentioned, are dispensed with *in one short line* to the effect that they "have treated of various phases of American life." Again we ask, why this discrimination in favor of a Northern writer but narrowly read? The reason is all too plain: she wrote an anti-slavery book entitled *Appeal in Behalf of that class of Americans called Africans*. Sidney Lanier, by all odds the most virile and original of Southern poets, and a critic of decided and acknowledged merit, who ought to have been discussed in two or three pages of large print, is disposed of in about a fourth of a page, and in fine print at that.

Moreover, not unlike a certain bird we've heard of, the nose of his criticism, whenever a Southern author is in question, seems unusually sensitive to the smell of garbage in his character. He swoops eagerly down upon, and lingers fondly over, the faults of that erratic, unfortunate genius, the strange spell of whose music holds entranced all who are brought under its influence; but from the aerial heights of his haughty superiority, no excellence in the genius' character can attract

him. That about which a critic ought to be most concerned, the merit or demerit of an author's writings, and, of course, his character as influencing decidedly his writings, he allows, especially in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, to be hid from sight by his alas! too glaring faults as a man. He says of the author of *The Raven*, "The real character of Poe has come to be almost as much of a problem as the identity of the man in the iron mask, but the surface facts are singularly unfortunate. A gambler, a drunkard, sensitive and melancholy, he wasted his genius and threw away his life." He may have—nay, did throw away his life, but if *The Raven* be a scrap of wasted genius, Heaven grant that many another Southern author may waste his genius.

But this point we want to rivet on the attention of educators especially: that only those text-books on literature and other subjects ought to be used in Southern academies and colleges that do justice to the South. It must be admitted, however, that we are sadly in need of a good manual of Southern literature. What a fine opportunity for some man of attainments to bless his country. We suggest that Theodore B. Kingsbury, of the Wilmington *Morning Star*, write one.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

AN INTOLÉRABLE EVIL.

The practice of creating disorders of various kinds on our public occasions has grown to be such an evil as no longer to be tolerable without at least some protest on our part. Last

commencement when one of the visiting orators had to resort to his manuscript, a few persons were so far forgetful of the requirements of good taste, refinement, and sympathy (which constitute very essential parts in a true gentleman's composition) as to greet his embarrassment with untimely and derisive stamping of feet. During the present session whenever we have been favored with a lecture or other literary treat, we have noticed on the part of those who should know better this tendency to violate the injunctions of decency.

In the first place, we affirm that it is in direct antagonism with the spirit of a true gentleman to create any disturbance in a public assembly that occasions the slightest embarrassment to the speaker. On the other hand, the true gentleman will aid with at least the sympathy of his attention the effort of the speaker who is laboring to interest him, whether the sentiments spoken are agreeable or not, whether his style is attractive or not. If a person be so destitute of intelligence as not to appreciate an intellectual entertainment, if he cannot comprehend intelligible facts when they are presented to him, he has no right to detract from the enjoyment and benefit of those who can. Such a person, knowing that the speaker's thought will not be appreciated by him, in justice to the speaker whom he will embarrass, in justice to the audience to whom his presence is disagreeable, in justice to himself, should remain at home, and at least win the credit of refraining from inflicting the

disagreeableness of his presence on a cultured, intelligent audience.

But the most culpable of all these violations of decency is the practice of making noises calculated to embarrass ladies coming in the hall. Ungentlemanly as it is to act disorderly in the presence of those whose womanly qualities demand our respect and admiration, it is infinitely more reprehensible, it is absolutely barbarous to embarrass a lady when on entering the assembly she is cynosure for all eyes and when the least discourtesy will disconcert her. This practice is a most flagrant and unjustifiable breach of etiquette, a violation of good manners, the very pusillanimity and despicableness of which disgusts every noble nature. It is the grossest relic of barbarism. Friend, if you are naturally a barbarian, it will require time and persistent effort on your part to transform yourself. But in the meantime, for the sake of your mother, for your own sake, and for the sake of the college, refrain from attending an assembly in which there are ladies, till by a process of evolution you have progressed so far from your barbarian state as to be able when in the presence of ladies to throw off your uncivilized propensities.

We know that the vast majority of our students do not countenance these disorders; we believe that no college can claim a larger proportion of law-abiding, manly, upright men than ours. But there is in our college, as there is in all others, a certain class of men who are so hardened by association with representatives of their own type, as to have no compunctions of

conscience when they infringe upon the rights of others and annoy our fair friends who honor us with their presence on public occasions. We hope that the public sentiment, al-

ready intense and wide-spread against these disorders, will soon express itself in such positive and practical ways as to make their continuance among us impossible. JAMES M. BRINSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

INTER-STATE COMMISSION.—This commission is now the absorbing topic. Ever since the enactment of the law by Congress there has been great discontent among those who could see the effect of its execution. Already the commissioners have suspended its action with reference to twenty-seven railroads, and if they continue at this rate they will soon nullify the law under which they were appointed. Their present course appears to them to be expedient, but we think they should enforce the law to the letter, for the best way to kill a bad law is undoubtedly to execute it rigidly. We hope an extra session of Congress will be called by the President so that this ill-advised law may be repealed, and also provisions made to reduce the surplus in the treasury.

ENGLISH POLITICS.—The Crimes bill has passed its second reading and will undoubtedly pass its third. At the same time the masses throughout Britain, so far from endorsing the conservative policy of coercion, are continually, by demonstrations of every kind, indicating their sense of the in-

justice of the bill. The bill will be passed, but its passage will cause the defeat of the Government. So desperate are the Tories becoming that actually *The Times*, their organ, published a forged letter, purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell, in which he avowed his connection with the murderers of Lord Cavendish and Burke. Mr. Parnell indignantly denies writing the letter, and in his denial he is sustained by his party, his friends and all eminent statesmen at all conversant with his true character.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—Mexico is now stirred up with the question whether or not it shall have an amendment to its constitution allowing Gen. Diaz to be re-elected President of the country. The situation is peculiar, for in '79 Gen. Diaz opposed an amendment having in view the same thing now agitated—he declared he would never be a candidate again, but would always conform to the principles of the Revolution of '76. Only so late as April 23d, he declared he was not a candidate. Yet his friends are making

every endeavor to pass the amendment so as to elect him again. Without protest from him his election is probable. In our country we do not follow Tallyrand so closely. If a candidate in this land has unearthed against him such utterances as are now said to have been those of Diaz, his candidacy could meet with but poor success and justly.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.—The calmness with which France is treating the affair of the seizure by Germany of one of her officials is something not

at all characteristic of her. Her present action is commendable, for to show excitement, discontent, and a too warlike spirit would but render the diplomatic discussion of no avail and precipitate war. With years the French Republic is acquiring wisdom. The relative condition of the French and German armies leaves the result after a comparison in favor of France. And if France shall in the future act as circumspectly, as coolly, and prudently as she is now doing she need never fear danger so far as Germany is concerned.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, FRED. H. MANNING.

IT IS NOW IN ORDER to congratulate Trinity College on its having secured a president. The position has been tendered to Hon. John F. Crowell, of Fredericksburg, Penn., and he has accepted. He is an alumnus of Yale. Prof. Jos. L. Armstrong (Randolph Macon, Johns Hopkins, and Leipsic) has been elected Professor of French and German, and Rev. J. F. Heitman, Professor of Greek and Metaphysics.

ON WEDNESDAY, June 1st, Rev. R. A. Yoder, M. A., will deliver the Alumni Address at North Carolina College, it being the occasion of the annual commencement.

THERE is soon to be opened in New Jersey a college for young women. Requirements for admission to the collegiate department will be the same as those of Princeton College. Greek only is left out of the studies to be pursued during the Freshman and Sophomore years. All the other studies are the same as at Princeton.

PROF. TYNDALL'S resignation of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the British Royal Institution, which he has held since 1853, has been accepted with deep regret by the managers. Lord Reyleigh succeeds to the chair.—*Frank Leslie's Ill. Newspaper.*

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, for the establishment of which a bill was passed at the last session of the General Assembly, recently held a meeting in Raleigh for the careful consideration of plans pertaining to the institution entrusted to their keeping. The present outlook for the College is far from being gloomy. Besides the valuable donation of land for the site of the building by Mr. R. S. Pullen, of Raleigh, and the labor and building material furnished free from the Penitentiary, there are now twenty thousand dollars of available assets. After the College shall have been built and equipped, it will have an annual income from various sources amounting in all to thirty-four thousand dollars. This institution is in good hands, and the gentlemen who constitute the Executive Committee have a sufficient quantity of wisdom for the management of its affairs. Tuition will be furnished free to a large number, and all expenses will be

put down to the most economical rates. The Trustees have chosen the following gentlemen as the Executive Committee: Messrs. W. S. Primrose, H. E. Fries, H. L. Grant, A. Leazar, and W. F. Green.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR was the celebration at Columbia College on April 13, which marked the close of the first century of its life. A large number of its old students were in attendance, and one of the most distinguished gatherings that ever assembled in New-York marked the occasion. The oldest alumnus who marched in the procession was a member of the class of '28. The orator of the day was Mr. Frederick C. Woodford; poet, the Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor. The degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon twenty-three persons, among them George William Curtis and George Bancroft. The Degree of LL. D. was conferred upon twenty-eight persons, among whom were ex-Secretary of the Treasury Manning, and Maria Mitchell, Astronomer at Vassar College.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, J. J. LANE.

—We have found very interesting a sample copy of *The Epoch*. Published in New York (of course), it is a weekly periodical of some twenty pages devoted to politics, finance,

literature, science, art, and social topics. The bill of fare is provided by such experts as John Burroughs, Julian Hawthorne, E. C. Stedman, and H. H. Boyesen.

—Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English poet, died in London February 14th.

—Of Charles F. Richardson's *History of American Literature, Vol. I.*, a reviewer says that it is not particularly profound, discriminating, or suggestive, while in the main it is sufficiently safe.

—Compare with the following another statement in this "Gossip," about the sage of Chelsea. President John Bascom says in the current *Forum*: "Carlyle always seemed to me to frame a new humbug for every humbug he plucked down, and a humbug quite as dangerous to the time present as the one demolished. His perpetual and oftentimes petty explosives of words, phrases, thoughts, were wearisome to me: a package of crackers fired off in a barrel."

—One of the most interesting of the several series of articles published in the enterprising *Forum* is that now publishing on "Books that have helped me."

—*Eastern North Carolina* is a valuable work by Rev. L. C. Vass, of Newbern.

—The first volume of Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, edited by Grant Wilson and John Fiske, is now out. It extends from "Aaron" to "Crandall."

—With the May issue *The Brooklyn Magazine* becomes *The American Magazine*.

—Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* and

The French Revolution seem to me the greatest epic poems since Homer's *Iliad*. Taken with *The Letters of Oliver Cromwell*, they cover what is essential in modern history.—Prof. Wm. T. Harris, in *Forum*.

—Our North Carolina authoress Miss Fisher ("Christian Reid") adds another to a list of some fifteen novels, it being called *Miss Churchill: A Study*.

—The "English Worthies" series of D. Appleton & Co., edited by Andrew Lang, now embraces biographies of Charles Darwin, Marlborough, Shaftesbury, Admiral Blake, Raleigh, Steele, Ben Johnson, and George Canning.

—We have the authority of the London *Literary World* for the following pronunciations of notable English names. Derby—the peer, the town, or the race—should be pronounced *Darby*; Brougham as one syllable, *Broom*; McLeod, *Macloud*; Berkeley, *Barkley*; Beauclerk, *Beauclare* with accent on last syllable; St. John, a surname or Christian name, *Sinjin*; Montgomery, *Mungumery*; Elgin with the *g* hard; Gifford and Nigel with the *g* soft; Hertford, *Harford*; Beauchamp, *Beccham*; Beaconsfield, *Beckonsfield*; Bethune, *Beeton*; Milnes, *Mills*.

—A few pseudonyms: Mary V. Terhune signs herself "Marion Harland," "Edmund Kirke" is James R. Gilmore, "Pansy" is Isabella Alden, and "Alfred Ayres" is Thomas E. Osman.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

RATTLESNAKE DOMESTIC LIFE.—Two specimens of the black variety of Prairie Rattlesnake (*Massasauga*) were captured in Hendricks county, Indiana, August 1st, 1886, by Mr. M. B. Harvey. They were about two feet long. Near the first of September following they each gave birth to a brood of young, five in one brood and six in the other. Two of young died at three weeks of age. Up to January 1st, a period of four months, neither old nor young had taken any food or water. About that date the corner of the box containing them was put into water, when one old one and one young one partook. Notwithstanding the absence of food the young had unmistakably grown. Of course the question arose as to the source of supply for this increase of size. Mr. O. P. Hay,* from whom these facts are gathered, had a specimen of young snake which had been preserved in alcohol from a short time after birth. A prominent knot on its stomach suggested dissection, and it was found to be a lump of egg-yolk $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter lying in the digestive tract. It is probable that the young subsist on such a mass of highly nutritious food provided ready to hand until they are able to obtain independently their own food. Mr. Harvey states that his young snakes were accustomed from their birth until three months of age to

pass freely into and out of their mothers' mouths. They were probably not all in at any one time, but sometimes three or four would be missing at once. He sometimes saw one entering the mouth while another was coming out. Occasionally he saw one with his head sticking out of one corner of the mother's mouth like a cigar, while another's head or tail would be in the other corner. "The mother would sometimes lay her lower jaw on the floor, raise her upper jaw and with it her entire backbone, thus adjusting herself for them to play in and out."

It is suggestive to find in these low and dangerous creatures evidence of strong maternal instinct. When Mr. Hay first saw these two snake families about January 1st, the old and most of the young were coiled up together apparently to keep warm. The heads of all the young were lying out on top of the coils as if anxious, like children, to see what was going on. But one of the little ones was away from the rest, and one of the mothers showed great interest in it, kept rubbing it with her head and pushing it about with her snout. Mr. Harvey observed in the old snakes various exhibitions of affection for their young. For example, one would raise her head, turn it about and look over the young, place her nose against them, push them about, and pull them gently to her side.

* See American Naturalist, March, 1887.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

=Measles!

=Spring dresses and flowers.

=Hon. Matt. W. Ransom, senior Senator from North Carolina, will deliver the address before the Literary Societies at our next Commencement.

=Many of the magnolias first planted in the campus died, and were replaced by Mr. Forrest, of Raleigh, on the 12th of April. On the 8th of the same month fifty arbor-vitæ were set out.

=Several periodicals have been recently added to our already well-stocked reading-room: in the way of newspapers, *The Daily Atlanta Constitution* and *The Weekly Richmond Dispatch*; in the way of magazines, *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, *The American Magazine*, and *The English Illustrated Magazine*.

=Tombstone literature affords some oddities really amusing; and, as an example, we offer the following inscription, copied *verbatim* from a plain wooden slab in the grave-yard belonging to the African church of this place: "Mrs. The wife of Anderson young. Ellen young; born April The. 28 1834 and died; July The. 13 1886. Beliving; in the: Lord For she Live A christian Wake: Forest: N. C."

=On the night of April 7, the well-known Gruber family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gruber and five children, gave an informal musical entertainment in the chapel, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association. The entertainment was highly enjoyed by the audience.

=Dr. W. W. Everts, a distinguished Baptist minister of New York city, spent several days on the Hill during the first week in April. Sunday morning, April 3, he preached an able discourse on "The Crisis in Missions," rich in historical allusions. Sunday night he lectured on the "Heroic Spirit in Missions;" and Monday night he gave us another lecture on "The Bible in its Relation to the Reign of Law." Dr. Everts is the author of a masterly discussion of the Sabbath question, entitled *The Sabbath: Its Defence*.

=The deficiency in the number of girls on the Hill was painfully evident on the night of the last Senior Speaking, and especially so to the large number of boys who were dying to have a chat with some fair damsel. Indeed, so anxious were they that at one time *five of them gathered together around a shawl which a young lady had dropped*.

=One of the many excellent fea-

tures which Dr. Duggan has introduced into the Chemistry course, is a system of lectures by the senior men in Chemistry—a system which not only extends the student's knowledge of Chemistry, and especially of the subjects on which he lectures, but also gives him facility in imparting to others what he has himself acquired. During the spring term of '87, the following have delivered lectures:

C. E. Brewer (post-graduate student)—Chemical Action.

T. S. Sprinkle on Oxygen.

G. T. Watkins on Hydrogen.

H. S. Pickett on Water.

J. M. Brinson on Chlorine.

D. O. McCullers on Nitrogen.

E. H. Bowling on Carbon.

=The death of Mrs. I. A. Wingate, mother of the late Dr. W. M. Wingate, occurred here on the 8th ult.

=Dr. William Royall is writing a valuable series of articles for the *Biblical Recorder*, entitled "Lessons in Morals."

=Prof. W. G. Simmons, LL. D., attended the State Medical Convention in Charlotte, April 12, and read a paper on "Illuminating Oils."

=Rev. Mr. Vann was in Durham April 17, and Rev. E. F. Tatum, student, preached in the forenoon, and Prof. G. W. Manly, Ph. D., in the evening.

=The first bricks of the Chemical Laboratory were laid April 27. Since that time the work has been progressing rapidly.

=Professors Duggan and Poteat

left on the 22d ult. for a short visit to Baltimore. Dr. Duggan went on to New York looking after matters pertaining to the Laboratory.

=During the spring President Taylor has been at times much indisposed by a severe cold.

=The Natural History Museum has lately received from the U. S. National Museum a lot of sixty specimens of miscellaneous minerals sent in exchange for minerals and other specimens forwarded last fall by Professor Poteat.

=Mrs. I. F. Purefoy died here on 11th of April, in her sixty-eighth year.

=A friend to whom we showed a programme of the last Senior Speaking thought that, unless the class had more euphonious Christian names, their initials would represent them more pleasingly.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—On Friday evening, 22d ult., occurred the third Senior Speaking of the present session. Although the interest in these occasions usually somewhat wanes towards the close of the session in view of the near approach of commencement, to which many persons defer their visits to the College, yet a very respectable audience assembled in the small chapel at the ringing of the bell, and all were amply repaid for the hour during which the four representatives of the class detained them. It may be said once for all that each of these gentlemen acquitted himself creditably before an ap-

preciative audience, and the fresh currents of humor running through most of the speeches seemed to mark a new departure in Senior Speaking. I shall only attempt a brief epitome of the speeches.

In the absence of President Taylor, Professor W. B. Royall introduced as the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Fred. H. Manning, of Gates county, N. C. Subject: "Greatness is not Extinct." Thousands of people are forever looking back to "the good old times" where, according to them, all that is worthy of admiration is embalmed in that only unfailing preservative—the *past*. It is not my purpose to disparage the fame of the heroes of the past, but I insist upon lessening the power of the telescope through which we view them. The greatness of the present is different from that of early times. I honor the great men of earlier as of later days who, in extreme political crises, have risen up to repel external foes and quell internal factions. Every great nation has some great character as the nucleus of its national strength and life. But now that there are no Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, shall we say that the race of greatness is extinct? Battle-fields are not the only conservators of greatness.

The arrangement and style of this gentleman's speech were admirable, but the delivery of it would have been more effective had he infused into it somewhat of the animation and vivacity which he held in reserve but seemed to call into requisition later on in the halls when his audience was smaller.

The second speaker introduced was Mr. James M. Brinson, of Newbern, N. C. Subject: "History in the Light of the Imagination." His speech appears in the present number of THE STUDENT.

The third speaker was Mr. Drury A. Pittard, of Granville county, N. C. Subject: "Be a North Carolinian." The inducements to be a citizen of the Old North State are greater than ever before. The population is increasing, towns and cities are being built. Neat, low cottages in front of which roses bloom, homes brightened into sunshine by the faces of noble daughters, have been built on the spots where once the red deer roamed. North Carolina is making marked progress in religion and education. North Carolinians should be proud of their educational and beneficent institutions. The manufacturing facilities of North Carolina exceed those of almost any other State. The tobacco of North Carolina is better in quality than that of any other State. We need more educated farmers, mechanics, and civil engineers.

"To the senior class of '87 I would say, Do not believe that you will figure very prominently shut up alone in a bachelor's hall. A great deal depends upon how you start. You must get married." Here follows a pleasing description of domestic bliss, and the speaker pleads with the members of the class in earnest tones that "it is not good for man to be alone." In conclusion he suggests to the class a series of resolutions providing that each member of the class should court two girls on Thursday night of com-

mencement, and, further, that each member of the class shall marry within two years after graduation. The speech of this gentleman was highly enjoyed, particularly the latter part of it. Some others outside of the senior class evidently felt a personal interest in the matrimonial part of it. Will the gentleman practise what he preaches?

The fourth and last speaker was Mr. Edwin H. Bowling, of Durham, N. C. Subject: "Nature's two Wonders." It would be difficult to convey a fair representation of this speech in a brief outline. It abounded in lively wit and pleasant humor. Said he, "There are two wonders of nature—music and mules." We always have had and always will have music, I suppose. Away back in the shadowy vista of the past the morning stars sung a hymn to break the monotony, but this was before the days of hand-organs, for this modern invention of man has so far eclipsed the old tunes of the stars that alas! they sing no more forever. Nature's second wonder I approach with awe—especially his rear. Lightning was never known to strike a mule—it was afraid of getting hurt. If we wish to go a-fishing there is nothing like the mule, for we can

Bait our hook with an old raccoon
And sit on his heels and bob for the moon.

It is as natural for a mule to kick as it is for a negro to vote the republican ticket, and as natural for a negro to vote the republican ticket as it is—for a mule to kick.

The following gentlemen of the class submitted theses:

Benjamin R. Browning, Littleton, N. C. Subject: "Physical Education."

Jno. B. Carlyle, Robeson county, N. C., submitted his anniversary address.

Thos. E. Cheek, Durham, N. C. Subject: "Shall it be thus?"

Henry E. Copple, Davidson county, N. C. Subject: "Liberty."

Benj. F. Hassell, Tyrrell county, N. C. Subject: "Self-control."

Ed. J. Justice, Rutherfordton, N. C. Subject: "The Christian Religion."

Jas. J. Lane, Marlboro county, S. C. Subject: "The Building and the Builder."

Walter J. Matthews, Gates county, N. C. Subject; "The Battle of Marathon."

Donos O. McCullers, Clayton, N. C. Subject: "Why do we Strike?"

Wm. S. Olive, Apex, N. C. Subject: "The advantages of an Education."

Henry S. Pickett, Durham, N. C. Subject: "Higher Education for Women."

Len R. Pruett, Cleveland county, N. C. Subject: "Sources of Evils in the United States."

E. Francis Tatum, Davie county, N. C. Subject: "The Influence of our Societies."

Walter P. Stradley, Oxford, N. C. Subject: "The Literature of the New South."

L. Lee Vann, Wake Forest, N. C. Subject: "Pleasant for us."

W. Francis Watson, Carthage, N. C. Subject: "A proper Aim in Life."

After the speaking closed the young people and, I am glad to say, some of the older ones, repaired to the Literary halls which had been brilliantly lighted up and did—well,

just what you know they always do on such occasions if you have ever been at Wake Forest, and if you have not you can guess.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
F. H. MANNING.

—'54. Rev. Dr. Pritchard, of Wilmington, is to deliver the address at Liberty Academy at its next commencement.

—'54. We anticipate with great pleasure the address to be delivered before the Alumni Association on Tuesday night of our approaching commencement by Mr. J. H. Mills, of the Baptist Orphanage, at Thomasville.

—'69. Hon. John C. Scarborough will deliver the address at the commencement of Johnston High School.

—'73. J. J. Vann, Esq., has at last yielded to the fascination of feminine charms. He married a Virginia lady.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray has become Business Manager of the *Progressive Farmer*, it having been removed from Winston to Raleigh.

—'78. W. E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, will deliver the address at the commencement of Reynoldson Male Institute, Gates county.

—'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood has been made the Superintendent of Public Instruction for Northampton county.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring frequently through the columns of the

Recorder informs us of his work in China. His letters are always highly interesting.

—'83. Rev. Thos. Dixon, of Goldsboro, has resigned the pastorate in that city, and accepted a call to the Second Baptist church of Raleigh, where his work begins on the first Sunday of this month. He lectured on Poe in Goldsboro April 11, and preached on missions in Richmond April 24.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage, of Raleigh, spent his Easter holidays on the Hill. His genial face is always welcomed among us. He is now the assistant secretary of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

—'84. Mr. Charles L. Smith, "scholar" of the Johns Hopkins University, has just completed *A History of Education in North Carolina*, which will be published by the University. He has been at great pains to verify statements by reference to original sources, and we are satisfied that this work will be no less valuable to the public than creditable to himself.

—D. A. Covington, Esq., of Monroe, will deliver the address at the next commencement of Rutherford College.

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PANS-LAVISM.

Nearly seventy years ago Napoleon, on the lone isle of St. Helena, prophesied that all Europe would soon be either Cossack or Republican. Although this prophecy of the illustrious exile may have been uttered in the chagrin of his soul at his own failure to establish imperialism on the throne of an ideal empire which should rival, in extent and power, Rome in her palmiest days, and at his still more humiliating failure to humble the pride and arrogance of Russia in his memorable expedition to Moscow in the winter of 1812, yet the course of political events in Europe since that time justifies us in the belief of the ultimate fulfilment of the prophecy. Russia stands to-day as the stern and irrepressible champion of imperialism

and monarchy, while every political move, every social step in the nations of southern Europe, have been an advance towards Republicanism. King-craft looks on in silent and breathless wonder and behold one star after another plucked from its imperial crown. Our own glorious Republic, now firm and stable with a century's healthful growth, is exercising a sisterly influence on her kindred nations of Europe. True, Republicanism has been more than once sternly repressed in those nations, but only to reassert itself with redoubled energy. There is now not a nation in the south of Europe where the principles of Republicanism have not taken deep and lasting hold on a large part of the people and exercised a clearly appreciable

cial influence on the various governments. Among the considerable powers of Europe, France and Switzerland are now nominally Republics; among the smaller states, Andorra and San Marina are also Republics. Several others, while nominally monarchies, are hardly less republican in their character. But it is the other alternative of the prophecy to which I wish especially to call attention.

It hardly needs to be stated that in the term *Cossack* Napoleon is referring directly to Russia. Now, what part is Russia likely to play in the drama of European politics in the future? How may she yet influence the history of the world?

The population of Europe is mainly composed of three race elements: the Germanic or Teutonic, the Latin, and the Slavic.

The Germanic race occupies the western part of the continent including the British Isles; the Latin race inhabits the Spanish and Italian peninsulas and, indeed, the greater part of southern Europe; the Slavic race occupies the northern part of the continent and also forms one-half the population of the eastern part.

Modern history up to a comparatively recent date, and, indeed, much of ancient history occupies itself almost exclusively with the wonderful deeds and glorious achievements of the Germanic and Latin races. The progress of these two races has been the progress of modern civilization. Ever since the day on which the dauntless Cæsar crossed the English channel and planted the Roman arms and Roman civilization on the British

strand, these two races have been the bold pioneers of every forward movement. It was their navigators who first circumnavigated the globe; it was their explorers that added to the Old World a new one beyond the stormy shores of the Atlantic. They have planted colonies in remote lands that have grown into the proudest nations on earth; they have given to the world the profoundest philosophers, the ripest scholars, and the most learned scientists. To them are due all those wonderful inventions and useful discoveries which have so completely revolutionized the world within the past two centuries. But, however inviting the theme, it is not my purpose to confine myself to the history and progress of these two races. Let me rather call the attention of the reader to the other of the great European races—a race which, indeed, has not so much to boast of in the past, but a race which seems only now to be beginning to develop its latent energies and genius.

The Slavs amount in numbers to one-third the entire population of Europe and occupy more than half the territory of the continent. Russia with her hundred million inhabitants is a Slavic empire. People of the same race compose one-half the population of Austria, two-thirds the population of Turkey in Europe, and almost the entire population of Silesia, Posen, and several other provinces of the German empire. The people of Slavic origin have as yet made no great figure in history. Up to the beginning of the last century they formed no great nation which was entitled to recogni-

tion among the civilized powers of Europe. They possessed no national literature, and not even a common language. They had made little progress in the arts and sciences and were practically unheeded among the glaciers of the north.

Less than fifty years ago, Köllar, a Protestant clergyman of a Slavic congregation in Hungary, proposed to establish a national literature by circulating books and periodicals written in the several Slavic dialects through the various countries in which any of these dialects are spoken. He urged that Slavic scholars should acquaint themselves with all the different dialects of the language so that a book written in Hungary or Bohemia might be read on the shores of the Baltic. This would tend to the establishment of an extensive and varied literature and thus to the spread of knowledge and information among the Slavs. It would also tend to unite them in thought, sympathy, and action just as all English-speaking people, however widely separated by intervening lands and seas, are united in the heritage of a common language and literature. In support of his views he pointed to the fact that ancient Greece had a number of dialects and yet they formed as a whole one grand national language. This was the origin of what is known as *Panslavism*.

The idea of an intellectual union of the Slavic nations led also to the idea of their political union. The idea took deep root in the minds of Slavs of all nations. At first the only question was whether they might

form one grand Slavic empire independent of Russia, or whether they should incorporate themselves into the Russian empire as the most powerful nation of their race, and look to her as their head. The plan of forming such an empire independent of Russia was soon abandoned on account of its glaring futility. It was apparent that Russia, proud and aggressive as she was, and furthermore recognizing her important position as the only independent Slavic nation on earth, would never consent to the formation of such an empire unless she herself should be recognized as the chief member of it. Moreover, without the powerful aid and co-operation of Russia, it would be impossible to form such an empire out of the scattered and fragmentary portions of the Slavic race. Presupposing such powerful aid and co-operation, however, the project seemed an entirely feasible one. And, indeed, it must be borne in mind that the majority of Slavic people outside of Russia would favor such a union. Wilkinson, speaking of that miserably oppressed and outraged people, the Poles, says: "Some of them are disposed to attribute their sufferings to the arbitrary rule of the Czar without extending the blame to the Russians themselves. These begin to think that if they cannot exist as Poles the next best thing to be done, is to rest satisfied with a position in the Slavic empire, and they hope that when once they give up the idea of restoring their country Russia may grant some concessions to their separate nationality." The same author

further asserts that the same idea has been advanced by writers in the Russian interest, and that great efforts are making among other Slavic peoples to induce them to look upon Russia as their future head, and that she has already gained considerable influence over the Slavic population of Turkey.

The idea of thus blending all Slavic peoples into one grand Slavic empire may be condemned as the idle theory of some vain-glorious speculator, but it is none the less a real and active theory and one which has been steadily gaining ground for the last quarter century. That the realization of it may be looked for within the next century, every tendency in the north of Europe now indicates.

It usually requires centuries of social upheavings and civil commotions for the birth of a great nation. Most of the great nations of modern times have been born either from the ruins of an old civilization or from the infusion of a civilized element into the population of barbarous nations. Russia, however, seems to have had an anomalous rise. Almost at one bound she took her place among the great nations of the earth. Within two hundred years, she has grown to be the most formidable power in Europe. Up to the time of the battle of Pultowa, in 1709, the history of Russia had been one continual tale of petty strifes and national degradation. To the noble hero of that battle—Peter the Great—is due the glory of having united the discordant elements of his dominions, of having introduced and fostered reforms among his people,

and finally of raising Russia to a lofty eminence among the nations of Europe.

The battle of Pultowa was of especial importance, because it was a trial of strength and skill between two great races of mankind. Two of the greatest commanders of modern times were engaged in it. Peter the Great on the side of the Russians and Charles XII. on the side of the Swedes. The Russians, as above stated, belong to the Slavic race and the Swedes belong to the same race with ourselves—the Germanic race. The battle resulted in the complete triumph of the Russians and the consequent overthrow of the Swedish army. Never before had the Russians, nor, indeed, any other people of Slavic descent achieved any signal victory over any Teutonic people. Russia had at last come to know herself. With one gigantic bound she leaped into the fore front of political power and influence. From that day to the present time the growth and extension of the Russian empire has scarcely been interrupted. She has advanced her boundaries a thousand miles southward and eastward to the gates of Herat. She has an army amounting on a peace footing to 800,000 men and on a war footing to over 2,000,000, with an available force of over 3,000,000. She has one of the largest and best equipped navies that ever rode the high seas. Her soldiers are said to unite the steady valor of the English to the impetuous energy of the French troops. She is beyond doubt the most formidable military power on earth.

The growth of Russia does not consist in a mere extension of her territory. There is no nation on earth which husband its resources more skilfully than Russia. She has a system of education that will compare very favorably with that of any other European nation. Her statesmen, scholars, and authors are beginning to take their places beside those of other great nations.

When we contemplate the proud and imperious position which Russia has reached within the last two hundred years, we would fain forget that she is a Slavic empire and the nation to which all Slavic peoples look as their future head. This is a fact of momentous importance not only to Europe but to the civilized world. How far the relations that have hitherto existed between the three great races of Europe shall change with the lapse of another cen-

tury, remains yet to be seen. It may be that the Slavic race which is just now beginning to develop its powers, is to shape the destinies of mankind in the centuries that are to follow. A very eminent authority says: "Some of the wisest and best men of our own age and nation who have watched with deepest care the annals and the destinies of humanity, have believed that the Slavic element in the population of Europe has as yet only partially developed its powers; that while other races of mankind, our own, the Germanic, included, have exhausted their creative energies and completed their allotted achievements, the Slavic race has as yet a great career to run, and that the narrative of Slavic ascendancy is the remaining page that will conclude the history of the world."

FRANCIS BYNUM HENDREN.

THE APPOMATTOX APPLE-TREE.

Ordinary spots have been more than once the site of extraordinary issues. A hay-stack in an old field of New England is almost sacred because it is the place where the first four missionaries dedicated themselves to their life's work. Many points, along our own ocean's edge, for like cause, have won fadeless reputation.

In the list of such spots, one of the most universally noted is that parcel of ground where flourished twenty-

two years ago the famous apple-tree, near Appomattox C. H., Va. There is nothing whatever notable about the place itself. Its soil is no richer than the adjacent fields; nor was it rendered less fertile because over it the surrender flag was hoisted. And yet, as magic eloquence is found sometimes in a plain Antony, so also this unpretending spot still throws a spell over the occasional visitor; it still suffuses a Southern bosom with inex-

pressible sadness, or anon rekindles embers of latent patriotism. Here you can yet hear the sounds of war, the clashing of arms, the heavy tread of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry; on this side you still seem to see the host of buoyant blues, and on that side the half-starved but steady grays, with knapsack and canteen.

About the tree itself, through lack of published facts, several differing theories have arisen in different sections of the country. I name three—perhaps there are more. One theory denies there was any apple-tree about the place of surrender at all. Another declares that the surrender occurred under the apple-tree. A third states that the apple-tree was on the spot, and did play an important part in the surrender, but did not get all the honor (if so it be) to itself. Now this last theory is correct and well established. The apple-tree was there and played an important part, as will be shown. It produced the apple known as the "Winter-cheese." I've talked with elderly neighboring residents who have many times eaten of the fruit from its branches. It was situated three hundred yards from Appomattox Court House. The Court House is two miles from the Norfolk & Western Railroad, running from Norfolk to Lynchburg.

The circumstances of the surrender are as follows: The evening before the fatal day General Lee held a caucus with his officers on the edge of the Appomattox River, three miles from the Court House; and they then agreed that if Grant's infantry should meet them before they reached Lynch-

burg—25 miles distant—they would come to a final surrender. The next day, ere the grays had reached the Court House, Lee received the tidings that Grant was coming to meet him with large forces of infantry. Thereupon General Lee halted near the apple-tree, and improvised a temporary seat for himself and officers, by fixing a fence-rail, with one end upon the ground and the other reaching up through the lowest fork of the tree. In a little while the Confederates were surprised to find themselves almost entirely surrounded by Grant's infantry and cavalry. All hope seemed cut off: so according to the preconcerted plan General Lee, from his seat under the tree, commanded the white flag to be lifted aloft, and all his soldiers to ground arms. A few minutes later General Grant with his officers came forward, and Lee advanced to meet him. The two leaders met on a plot of grass midway between the tree and the Court House; and there, while the two opposing forces stood in breathless suspense, the terms of surrender were debated and arranged. It was all transacted with the best etiquette; ours became forever a "lost cause," and the two leaders separated to meet no more on this side of eternity.

I have given the above unpainted facts as gleaned from most honorable eye-witnesses. Every one knows the fate of the apple-tree. It was just then budding and blossoming for the coming harvest. It was cut down, its blossoms withered, and every foot of trunk and branch was hewed into a thousand pieces and scattered among

the homes of the land—thus emblematic of the Southern cause so suddenly frustrated, of the myriad hopes now withered forever, of the sackcloth of

disappointment now worn in every household this side of the Mason and Dixon line.

W. S. ROYALL.

LORD WOLSELEY ON ROBERT E. LEE.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

—Shakespeare.

The history of the late civil war is yet to be written. Nor will it ever be impartially written till all those leaders who played important parts shall have passed away, and all the passion and prejudice engendered by that dreadful struggle be buried forever. At present its memories are too vivid, and the merits of the different leaders and their respective campaigns are matters of too much contention for either side to take an impartial view. And only foreigners who were disinterested observers of the struggle are permitted to write its history from an unprejudiced standpoint.

In a late number of *MacMillan's Magazine*, there appeared an article on Gen. Lee from the graceful pen of Lord Wolseley. As "truth always burns," you may form an opinion of this article from the fact that immediately after its publication a prominent northern general and historian wrote to *The Nation* criticising it severely. Not being able to show up anything of consequence as false, this able critic fell back to underrating the

ability of Lord Wolseley, saying that "such trash" was unworthy of any one above the grade of subaltern, and that the whole article was simply "silly, empty, and vain."

Gen. Wolseley is the first general in the British army, having conducted many successful campaigns in widely separated parts of the globe and is hence well qualified for military criticism. He spent several months in the Confederacy during the war, witnessing several of Lee's greatest victories, and it is from personal knowledge that he says: "I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met."

When the most distinguished soldier of England thinks such a man not an unworthy subject for his pen, might not we, too, by whom his name will be honored as long as any recollections of the "Old South" and the "Boys in Gray" shall be inscribed on

the tablets of memory, with profit to ourselves, take a glance at this "greatest soldier and most perfect man"?

Sprung from a noble family of Virginia, Lee's boyhood was in no ways different from that of other boys. The death of his father, when he was quite young, left the family in comparative poverty—a condition that has characterized the early years of so many great men. Graduating at West Point first in his class, he received a position in the Engineers' corps. He first saw active service in the Mexican war, where he distinguished himself for his military talent and common sense, and was considered by his superiors in rank as a young officer of great promise. His fine talents and brilliant services gained prompt recognition at Washington and he was made Colonel of the first cavalry regiment in the army, which position he continued to hold till the secession of Virginia. Then came the great temptation of his life, when a grand avenue to power and fame was opened before him. Gen. Scott commander-in-chief of the army was his personal friend and stated openly that he would nominate Lee as his successor; his property all lay on the Potomac and would certainly be destroyed; add to this his love for the old "Stars and Stripes" which he had followed so long and so well and which love only a soldier can estimate, and we see indeed the magnitude of the temptation. On the other hand was the maintenance of those eternal principles of States' Rights in which he believed as firmly as he did in the existence of God. Not one

moment did he falter. Though it tried his very soul to leave his old comrades and the old flag he declared that his services belonged to the State which had given him birth and freely offered his sword to his native Virginia. In this he only followed out that noble maxim which he had laid down as the rule of his own life: "Duty is the sublimest word in the language, always do your duty; you can do no more."

No wonder he should have impressed Lord Wolseley as follows: "To me, however, two figures stand out in that history towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors. One, Gen. Lee, the great soldier; the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterized his country. As I study the history of the Secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognized as its greatest heroes when future generations of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality."

The South was an agricultural not manufacturing community; foreign supplies were cut off by Northern vessels, hence all things had to be created by Lee. And how well did he succeed! In two months he had gathered together the Army of Northern Virginia, which was animated by such lofty patriotism and noble courage that it required four long years for them to be conquered by twice their number.

Wolseley compares him with the

Duke of Marlborough, the greatest general of the eighteenth century, and says that they resembled very much in personal appearance and disposition, and were possessed of a like genius for war. "The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times."

The reason Lee did not conquer lay, as he thinks, in the want of a good staff to organize pursuit and not in the want of suitable plans. "Lee's combinations to secure victory were the conceptions of a truly great intellect, and, when they had been effected, his tactics were also almost everything that could be desired up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly. Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fight around Richmond! What commander could wish to have his foe in a 'tighter place' than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack on Lee at Fredericksburg?"

But the struggle was vain. With almost superhuman courage Lee fought to the last. The odds against him were too heavy. For every one killed on the Northern side there were two to take his place, but the South had no more recruits to offer, and the dead and wounded could not be replaced.

So at last he was compelled by twice his numbers to surrender, though it nearly broke his heart to bid farewell to his old soldiers, who were to him like children, and the cause for which he had so nobly contended.

Now came the greatest act of his life, if indeed any one of his many noble deeds may be said to have precedence. Refusing all offers of estates and posts of honor in England and commercial engagements North, he accepted the presidency of Washington (now Washington and Lee) University. Here he devoted all the energy of his heroic nature to the education of Southern youth. No words of bitterness, no sighs over what "might have been" escaped his lips. Once he thus reproved a clergyman who had spoken very bitterly of the North in his presence: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights; but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them." Here his immortal spirit left its mortal frame and winged its flight to better realms.

His sword has long been laid aside—that old sword which flashed

"Forth from its scabbard high in air

Beneath Virginia's sky—

And they who saw it gleaming there

And knew who bore it, knelt to swear

That where that sword led they would dare

To follow—and to die."

His body lies buried in old Virginia's historic soil, but his fame is a grand legacy, not to the South alone,

but to the whole Union. He needs no monument, for his pure character, unsullied by a single stain, will prove more brilliant than marble and more enduring than brass; and each succeeding year will grow brighter and more illustrious till time itself shall be no more.

And now Wolseley's final tribute: "I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon was one, Gen. Lee the other. When all the angry feelings roused by Secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of this

last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

To which methinks I hear from every heart in "Dixie" the long, loud, hearty, soul-felt response, Amen! Amen!

HOWARD A. FOUSHEE.

SELF-CONTROL.

Few things are more necessary to the comfort and success of a young man than the proper government of his own temper. You can take no part whatever in the concerns of the world without meeting with much to ruffle your feelings and put your disposition to a severe test. But let your trials of this sort be what they will, it may be laid down as a maxim, that nothing can seriously injure you if you retain the mastery over yourself. Other spots may be covered with clouds and shaken with tempest, but that on which the self-controlled man stands will be visited with sunshine.

Solomon places the control of one's self above the exploits of the bravest

and most successful heroes. And the statement is not extravagant. There is a moral beauty and magnanimity in being calm in the midst of tumult and patient under provocation, which can scarcely be found in any other circumstance. Vastly more credit is due to the man who can check the risings of vindictive passion and preserve at all times the balance of his own mind, than to the most renowned general that ever led an army to battle and to victory. Walls may be scaled and flags unfurled in conquered cities by men of very little real worth of character; but he that is able to govern himself is fairly entitled to

bear away the palm from every other competitor.

As to the nature of self-control, it should be noticed that the very term implies difficulty, struggle, and conquest. It is the high-spirited horse whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle. It is the lively, dashing stream that needs to be confined by strong embankments. Were there nothing turbulent and impetuous and unruly in a man's temper, it would cost no effort to govern himself. There is nothing sinful in indignant feeling when awakened by an adequate cause and kept within suitable bounds. The very caution of the Bible to be slow to anger implies beyond a doubt that occasions sometimes arise when anger may not only be properly felt, but properly exhibited. There is an indignation which is not in all cases wrong. Anger may, for valid and sufficient causes, kindle in the bosom of a wise man; but it "rests," or takes up its abode, "only in the bosom of a fool." What we need especially is to guard against sudden and undue excitement. It is a great matter to be always so calm and self-controlled that we can look at things as they are, and, if we must be angry, still strive to regulate our anger. This is a difficult task, requiring a stronger and steadier hand than most men possess. Now and then we do indeed meet with an individual of so much native sweetness and amiability of temper, that self-government in his case seems to be an easy work. Generally, however, patience under provocation is the result of frequent, prayerful, and persevering exertion. To

reach so happy an eminence costs many a painful and self-denying struggle.

We should fix it deeply in our minds that there is something *really noble* in Christian self-control. It is not every one that has strength enough of good principle to rise above the customs of an ungodly world, and bear reproaches with serene and uncomplaining dignity. Rarely can we find such an illustration of real, genuine magnanimity. We have seen it somewhere strikingly said that "it is easier to act the part of a martyr than to gain the victory over a bad temper." This is strong language, but perhaps no stronger than truth will justify. To be calm in the midst of tumult, to keep cool when suffering provocation, or to repress anger rather than give it vent, is surer evidence of sound religious principle than to mount the scaffold or embrace the stake.

The self-possessed man may be expected to think before he speaks, and deliberate before he acts. Anger has been called a short madness, and justly is it, so called, because, for the time being, it dethrones reason and leaves the bosom a prey to every ungovernable feeling. Most habits are weak at first, and come to maturity by degrees. But anger is *born* in full strength and hurries the individual on to the perpetration of irretrievable mischief, without thought, reflection, or prayer. Ere he is aware, he has taken a step which, one hour after, he would not have taken for the world. The fatal word has been uttered and cannot be

recalled—the injury has been done, and cannot be repaired.

We must learn to put the best possible construction upon the doubtful conduct of others. We are not to regard every man as an enemy who does not meet us with a smile, or to jostle him off the walk because he chooses a particular side. The very fact that we are forever suspecting evil will go far to create the evil which we thus allow ourselves to suspect. How much better is it to think all is right and go calmly and fearlessly forward. Nothing is more common than to mistake when we attempt to judge of the motives of men. What we are so ready to consider and resent as so many indications of malice, may be the result of mere inadvertence and of the very same inadvertence with which we ourselves are every day chargeable. The direst catastrophes have often grown out of language which was not intended to convey the least harm. While the world continues as it now is, we shall find it impossible to get on without having our feelings sometimes chafed and our temper tried. But what is to be gained by being suspicious and asking for explanations? Seasons of angry excitement are seasons of delusion, in which our opinions are generally erroneous, and our decisions extravagant. We are tempted then to palliate the commotion which our own bad feelings have excited. But this is not the time to speak or act. What we need is to wait until the dust settles and the mists disappear, that we may the better see where the path of true comfort and dignity lies. Kindness

shown us is often like lines drawn in the sand, which the next wave is sure to obliterate; while anything in the shape of an injury, real or imaginary, leaves a mark which seems never to wear out.

It is impossible to awaken the sympathy of wise and good men by vehement gestures and boisterous language. If our cause be a just and right one, it needs not the defence of an excited temper, and if it be bad, to defend it with a bad spirit is only to make it tenfold worse. This is the common opinion and it is not entertained without reason. Let a dispute arise whenever and wherever it may, we naturally and, I might almost say, instinctively take the side of the man who is most calm and self-controlled. It is neither the last word nor the loudest word that convinces us. Such a man carries a pleasant atmosphere with him wherever he goes. As we gaze upon his placid and composed countenance, and see how unmoved he stands in the midst of the jarring elements around him, we can hardly help wishing for the privilege of binding another laurel on his brow. Such victories as he achieves make no wives widows, no children orphans. They bring down no gray hairs of fathers or mothers with sorrow to the grave. No one is called into the field of single combat to burnish up his tarnished honor and try either his courage or his cowardice, by a man who can govern himself.

The best government in the world is the government of one's self. Let each individual put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and fami-

lies will be happy, and congregations happy, and towns happy, and the country happy, and the world happy. It all begins with units. The work of

general peacemaking must commence in each separate bosom.

H. A. S. SELL.

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the world has there been such a deep and wide-spread interest in education, mental, moral, and industrial, as is shown at the present time. There is a general awakening. No country is exempt from it. Germany, the land of schools and universities, has felt it, and its schools, always liberally supported, are now receiving a patronage never before equalled. France with its schools of philosophy and science has been touched by this wave of educational enthusiasm, has thrown off the shackles of indolence and fashion, and is moving forward in this grand march for knowledge. England, noble old England, mother of poets, nurse of science, though bending all her energies to keep Ireland in subjection, forgets not to foster her colleges and universities. Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, in fact all the civilized nations of the world, have been aroused to the vital importance of education and are making fresh and determined efforts to enlighten the people. Nor is our own country behind in this praiseworthy movement. Far from it. In fact it would shame her, if this were the case. With us, the citizen is not, as in some of

the European states, a mere machine in the hands of the rulers, without any influence whatever in moulding the character or affecting the interests of the government. No, indeed; with us each citizen is a sovereign, holding in his hands in a sense the destiny of our nation, with the power to make and unmake laws, to uplift and dignify our republican institutions, or to degrade and destroy them. A responsible position is that of every American citizen, a position involving duties of the highest moment and requiring for their right performance the fullest development of the human faculties. Fitting, then, is it that "the republic of republics" should stand in the front rank of nations in the great educational movement of the world. I am glad to say that such is really the case.

Never were there as many students in our institutions of learning as to-day. Never was there such a deep interest in education. Never was public sentiment so fully aroused to the importance, yea even the necessity of educating the masses. This sentiment has found expression in the halls of Congress. The "Blair bill" is its natural out-growth. And while it

is not my purpose to discuss the constitutionality of this important bill, yet I do say and say fearlessly that it possesses features that should commend it to our favor. The United States treasury is full of money. There are hundreds of thousands of poor children throughout the country and especially in the South, growing up in ignorance, whose parents are utterly unable to educate them. This money is the people's money. These children are the people's children, and, in a very peculiar sense, wards of the government. They will soon be citizens, voters, rulers. Will they, being thus reared in stolid ignorance, be able to discharge the important functions of citizenship? Will our institutions be safe in their hands? Now, the Blair bill proposes to appropriate a part of this immense surplus to the education of these children. Could any thing be more just? And there are special reasons why this measure should meet with favor in the South. In the North is the wealth of the country. From the North the greater part of this stupendous surplus in the treasury was raised. In the South is the illiteracy of the country, simply because the North swept away the property of the South, and left its people utterly unable to educate their children. Now these Northern brethren offer to send money down South and educate the children, and strangely enough our Southern representatives refuse to receive it.

So much for the Blair bill, a bill that is destined yet to triumph in spite of all opposition. I have only mentioned this incidentally to show that the

subject of education is taking hold of the whole people, East, West, North, and South, and that while there may be differences of opinion as to methods, all are agreed in support of the general cause of education.

In our own State marked progress is being made. From the shores of Currituck to the hills of Cherokee the people are awake. Their Rip Van Winkle nap has ended. Disgusted with her place at the bottom of the list of States in the matter of education, the Old North State has arisen like a slumbering lioness; she has seen her children in the depths of ignorance and has determined to uplift them. She has already done much. She already stands higher, considerably higher, than she did a few years ago. Look at her colleges. The University—the birth-place of so much genius and power—equipped as it is with a cultured and progressive faculty, with new and improved apparatus for teaching the sciences, with costly and elegant buildings, was never so well prepared to impart to the youth of the State a higher education. Davidson, the pride of the Presbyterians, guided and controlled by learned and judicious men, with its handsome endowment supported by a wealthy and devoted patronage, is coming to the front. I may even say that it already stands in the front rank of denominational colleges in the South. Trinity, so long hampered by poverty and debt, has at last thrown off its shackles, and, under the management of a vigorous faculty, recently strengthened by the addition of two or three cultured and able

men, with a respectable endowment fund already started and soon to be raised—old Trinity is about to enter upon a career of unparalleled prosperity. Of Wake Forest I need not speak. Its grand work, wonderful success, and bright future are all too well understood to require any mention from me.

But these four colleges and their grand work are only an index pointing to a yet deeper and wider educational movement that pervades the whole people. Our schools all show it, male and female. At Murfreesboro, Greensboro, Oxford, Salem, Raleigh, and scores of other towns, flourishing female schools are situated, doing a noble work, training the girls of the State, preparing them in turn to train the coming generation to be true citizens and virtuous men. Our academies and high schools I cannot name. Their number is annually swelled by the establishment of new and prosperous ones, and already reaches into the hundreds. In every county you can find them. These are doing a work no less important. I will go yet further—they are doing a work far more important than our colleges. The colleges have reduced their expenses to minimum figures. They have in many cases opened their doors to the poor and deserving, but after all has been done that can be done, there will still remain a large number of worthy young men who can never acquire a collegiate education. Insurmountable barriers are in the way. Now, this very class the academies can and do reach. Unable to incur the expense and lose the time required for spend-

ing three or four years at college, they can, however, by industry and economy, save enough to pay their expenses and spare the time to attend the nearest high school five, ten, or twenty months, and here acquire at least some of the knowledge needed in the stern duties of life. Oh! all honor to our colleges! They are all doing a noble work. They take the student back into the mystic ages of the ancients, charm him with the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes, lead him enchanted by the sublime strains of Homer around the massive walls of Ilium, and teach him to listen to the "father of history" as he tells with charming simplicity of Leonidas and his immortal band. Through the study of Latin and Greek the student is introduced to the civilization of the ancients, and becomes familiar with the thought and customs of nations whose deeds shine as bright stars in the annals of history, whose literature has never been surpassed, and whose discoveries in the arts and sciences paved the way for modern investigation and modern grandeur. Through the study of metaphysics he learns the subtle laws of mind and the conditions under which the mind best performs its manifold functions. Through the study of natural history he learns the origin, growth, and ultimate development of natural objects, animate and inanimate. In physics and chemistry he learns the relations and laws of the material universe and how to combine these laws in the satisfaction of human wants. These constitute the work of the student. And as he drinks yet deeper and deeper draughts

from the springs of knowledge, his field of view widens; his restless soul, like a caged bird, longs to burst its narrow limits and penetrate the realms of the unseen in search of new light. Lifted above sordidness and meanness and self, he recognizes the great brotherhood of man and the eternal fitness and truth which pervade all creation. A man thus trained becomes a *man* in the highest sense, and cannot fail to be a blessing to humanity. To impart this training is the work of the colleges, and I repeat—all honor to the colleges for what they have done and are still doing!

But no less praise is due to our academies and high-schools, and no less importance is to be attached to their work. It is theirs to train the great mass of the people who will never go to college; to teach them how to transact the common business of life, and to bear their part of the burdens and responsibilities of society. This they are doing to-day, and the manner in which they are performing their part makes the educational outlook so bright. In this connection, the common schools of our State should be mentioned. While our free school system is not perfect and perhaps never will be, it is nevertheless true that the free schools have long been doing and are still doing a work in North Carolina that could be done through no other agency. Hundreds and thousands of poor boys and girls have learned to read and write through our free school system and are to-day performing the work of true men and women, who

without it would have grown up in ignorance and might have lived lives of vice and crime. These schools are becoming every year more efficient in their work and more far-reaching in their influence, and soon we may hope—and hope with reason—that our colleges and academies and common schools will each form a link in one grand educational system whose benign influence shall reach all classes from the hovel of penury to the palace of affluence, a system so broad in its sway and so perfect in its operation as to banish ignorance from the Old North State, and silence forever the cutting taunt that she is the most illiterate State of the Union. Heaven speed the day when this shall be! when North Carolinians shall no longer be ashamed to own their mother, but proud to own her on account of her high position in point of education.

Now a few words as to what constitutes education. I have already alluded to education as divided into three departments, education of head, of heart, and of hand. I desire now to speak of these a little more minutely. First, as to the education of the head. This is too often supposed to be the sum total of all education. Far from it. A man may have his head crammed with knowledge, may be able to analyze all the Greek roots and Latin stems and dry mathematical formulas, and yet be a demon at heart and unable to do the commonest manual service. True, a trained head is of prime importance and its presence adds great strength to and not

unfrequently elevates the powers of the heart and hand, but it is of itself not enough. And mistakes are often made as to what constitutes an educated head. Not a vast aggregation of dry facts, gathered without regard to their relation or uses, can make an educated head. The story is told of an African missionary, that when he saw the natives who were engaged in building his house carrying heavy loads of bricks and mortar on their heads, he felt compassion for them and had a wheel-barrow made which he presented to one of the most faithful laborers. The poor fellow almost dead with gratitude received the treasure and hastened again to his task. The next day all the natives thronged around the missionary begging for wheel-barrow which he willingly gave them, thinking that he was making very gratifying progress in civilizing the inhabitants of the Dark Continent. In the afternoon he went out to witness the improvement, when to his astonishment he saw a score of Africans struggling up a hill with wheel-barrow, bricks, and all perched upon their heads. So it is with many persons in the matter of education. They have gathered in the mind a vast assemblage of facts, but being as ignorant of their uses and relations as was the poor African of the use of his wheel-barrow, they trudge along up the steep hill-side of life, actually hindered by knowledge that might be a blessing. An education is useful and desirable only so far as it becomes available in solving the weighty problems and performing the

real duties of life, and to be thus available the mind should assimilate as fast as it receives, and know how to utilize for the furtherance of the practical ends of life each bit of information that it possesses.

Next, as to the education of the heart. This should never be neglected. Fatal mistakes are often made on this point. The head is unduly trained, the heart dwarfed. Failure, wretched failure is invariably the result. A cultured mind possessed by a man with a wicked heart is like a stupendous engine turned loose with a full head of steam and no skilled hand to guide it. The engine would speedily rush to destruction; the man does likewise. Voltaire and Ingersoll are melancholy examples of the failure that a cultured head uncontrolled by a cultured heart always entails. Let us have men with educated heads, but none the less educated hearts. Let the eternal principles of rectitude and truth be first instilled into the heart as a basis, and then the superstructure built upon this foundation will be symmetrical and enduring.

And lastly, education of the hand. I am glad that our Legislature recognizing the importance of industrial education has taken steps to establish an industrial college. We need it. The trained head controlled by the trained heart needs the trained hand to execute its behests. This is an age of restless activity, an age of work, an age demanding trained muscles as well as trained minds, an age when first-class farmers and mechanics* find work—profitable, useful work—while

second-class lawyers and doctors are left to sit on dry goods boxes at street corners, and whittle sticks and play drafts; an age when man "must eat bread by the sweat of his face." Hence we need industrial education

to train men to be farmers and mechanics.

Summing up, I would say our educational outlook is bright, full of promise and of hope.

SYD.

MISSIONS A HASTENER OF THE MILLENNIUM.*

Missions are taking such a hold on our people that any argument in favor of them now seems almost superfluous. The old foggy ideas of some years back have almost faded into obscurity. So far as we are concerned, we have never heard an individual express himself who was opposed to missions. Their number is diminishing so fast that the day is not far off when they will be ashamed to stick their heads out of water. But let it be remembered in the start, that this paper is not to convince any one who is opposed to missions. Our sole object is to present one blessing that must accrue from them.

The good that comes from the mission work is too vast to be estimated. That it snatches from the second death vast numbers of our fellow-men is enough to make the Christian world enlist under its banner. That it swells the heavenly hosts is a thought grand enough to inspire enthusiasm in the cause. The true blessedness of knowing that he has saved a soul is reward amply sufficient for the Christian here; and the happiness—of which we can

only conceive—of having on our crown of rejoicing the name of an angel in heaven is happiness indeed. But in all these, and through all these, and above all these—if, indeed, there is wherein we may glory above these—is the idea of hastening the reign of Christ; the thought of being instrumental in drawing nearer the time when the nations of the earth shall be the nations of our Lord and His Christ.

We are aware of the various speculations about the end of the world. We are also aware of the little or no credence the world has in them. One prophecy placed the end no further back than '81. Then, there are those who advance the idea that with this the seventh century of the world's existence will be the end of human affairs. Here is the ground of their belief. The number *seven* is such a prominent one in the dealings of the Almighty with the human family. Thus: Including the rest-day, He created the world in *seven* days. The *seventh* day was the one on which he rested from his labors. So also he

* Read before the Wake Forest Missionary Society.

instituted the *seventh* day as one for rest from all labors, and one to be given in worship to him. Indeed, the use of the number *seven* in Revelation is somewhat remarkable and singular: the *seven* golden candle-sticks; the *seven* stars in the right hand of the Son of God; the *seven* burning lamps before the throne; the book with the *seven* seals. Then the dragon with *seven* horns. And so on, the book of Revelation abounds with illustrations. This frequent occurrence of the number is the basis of this speculation.

But the most striking theory of the end of the world is this: In Daniel we read: "From the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination which maketh desolate set up, there shall be 1,290 days." In second Peter we further find that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years. According to this, from the setting up of the abomination that maketh desolate—the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans—there were to be 1,290 days; and each day being counted as a thousand years, the conclusion is reached that the existence of the world from that time was to be 1,290,000 years. But Jerusalem was taken by Titus A. D. 71; so taking from this number the 1,815 years since the destruction of Jerusalem, and we have 1,288,185 years left for the world to stand. According to this theory, the world is certainly in its infancy.

Now, while these are the mere fancies of wild imaginations, and the world regards them as such; while we are disposed to ridicule all such vain theories—and justly, too—still there

is to be an end to all things; and that end and the time of its coming are clearly set forth in the Word of God, and prophesied in existing conditions about us.

The Bible speaks often of the coming of our Lord, and characterizes that time as one when all nations and peoples and tongues shall bow before him and worship him to the glory of God the Father. The prophets spoke of this and with unerring accents, and placed it at a time when all the world should become a common brotherhood through the merits of the Crucified, and when, through his influence, all men should learn to love their neighbors as themselves. The wild beast, then, should forget his fierceness. The lion should cease his roar and the panther his howl. The child could play around the asp's hole. Then, Christ himself speaks of his return, at which time he shall reign, without opposition, over heaven and earth. John from his isle witnesseth the same. After describing the opening of the seven seals of the book, he speaks of the sounding of the seven trumpets. With the sound of the seventh, he tells us, all the world bowed before our Lord, and then was the end.

And not only so, the very nature of the universe around us would indicate such an end. When does the tree yield its fruit? Not when that fruit is green, to be sure; but when it becomes ripe. The forests do not shed their leaves in summer, when those leaves are necessary organs in the life of the tree; but when the 'fall comes on and all is prepared for it. Does

darkness come with the sun's rays? Nay; but when the last beams hide themselves behind the hills, and man, wearied with his labors, needs its cool quiet for rest from his work—then it is that the shades envelop the earth.

And the very thought of such an end is an inspiring one. Can a more suitable time be conceived of for the end of all things? All men Christ's, and saved through his merits! All people a common brotherhood! The whole world under Christ's rule!

The world is to last, then, until all men are converted to Christ. The millennium will come when Satan's power is entirely broken.

It is the duty of Christians to do all in their power to hasten this time. The longer the reign of Satan lasts, more and more appalling will appear the number that joins his standard. Thousands crowd his thoroughfares already, and with the years, and keeping fast pace with them, he marshals vast hosts of the world's population into his realm.

It has been suggested that in the beginning God instituted a certain number of thrones, and that these thrones were to be filled by worthies from the world; and until these thrones were filled God's kingdom would be incomplete—the happiness of the angelic hosts would be marred.

This may not be true. But we are told in the Book that the lives of all men are dear to the angels—that there is sorrow in heaven over the loss of a single mortal, and joy in the saving of a soul. But with our duty to

others and him who made us, duty to ourselves demands that we work for this end. All that would hasten Christ's reign brings nearer the time when we shall wear the crown of righteousness.

To the question, then, when will the world end? we would answer: when Christ's kingdom comes. When will Christ's kingdom come? When all nations and peoples shall know him in the sense of being saved through his atonement. Looking at it from this standpoint, the world has the assurance of a long existence. Certainly there is no likelihood of our being mortal witnesses of the direful destruction.

We have but to reflect, and will readily appear the heathenish darkness of the world. Surely the situation seems a discouraging one to him who is hoping for a speedy end of things. The African in his squalid ignorance is to be civilized. And indeed the task seems a hard one. At times we think our progress there is hopeful; but upon the slightest occasion all our success is dwarfed. Only last year, when all seemed prosperous, the hold that we had among the northern provinces of Africa was broken, and the missionaries and their converts paid dearly for their faith. And while the missionaries who have gained access are subject to these defeats, there are also parts of the land which have never yet been reached. As men value their lives, they dare not enter this domain. In Asia while the situation is more hopeful than that of Africa, yet it would seem that

ages will have to roll by before, under the guidance of the Heavenly Father, this continent will be won to Christ. While the work is sure, it is also slow. And when we contemplate the whole of this dark realm, we stand in wonder at the vastness of the work that is to reclaim it.

Turn to Europe and the same difficulty presents itself, though in an entirely different form. Here civilization has a firmer hold. Here are the plains of the world's history, ancient and modern. Here's where Christianity received the impulse that has carried it on to such immense proportions. But even here are barriers to the Christian cause, and barriers that are more stubborn than the wilds of Africa or the jungles of India. Here is the stronghold of Mohammedanism. Here is the home of Roman Catholicism. Here, too, is the fountain-head of scientific scepticism, rationalistic atheism, and all the other "isms" that have cursed the world. Here the church of Christ is joined to the state an institution that is contrary to the very foundation principles of Christianity. We may talk of the heathen as much as we please, and of their manners and customs; but there is not one of them that so becomes an uncivilized country as this miserable institution. Christ will never come and find his kingdom mixed up with the petty affairs of state. He will not share his crown with any of earth's monarchs.

Then, the New World has yet to know Christ. South America is to

be won, and not only the uncivilized of our own continent, but the very heart of civilization itself. When we consider the small proportion of our own population that have accepted Christ, the evangelizing of America seems a task for the ages. I doubt not but that heathendom will be converted before all of America embraces the faith. Certain it is that Christianity does not rule the personal lives of the great mass of our people, while in heathen countries, in proportion to the light that surrounds them, the nations are coming to the cross much more readily.

But all these must accept Christ before the end comes. The whole world must bow to him before Christ will begin his reign. From a human standpoint, the work seems almost impossible. But who can measure the Almighty's strength? He is working in his own way, and he is bringing the nations back to himself. And his ordained means is the work of the missionaries. He established it when he commanded to go and preach to all nations, and he is with his people in the work.

With the beginning of this century Protestant missions began, and already the work has reached such proportions as make it hopeful to the Christian world. Chinese missions began in 1807. The laws against Christianity have been repealed. There are now over 10,000 native members, and the church has over 100,000 adherents. In India there are over 68,000 Christians. "Christianity has pervaded the whole of society.

The Indian breathes, thinks, feels, moves in a Christian atmosphere." In Africa and the island of Madagascar the church numbers 125,000 members. In the West Indies 80,000. But in the islands of the Pacific have been the most signal victories. Men are there now preaching the Gospel who have engaged in many a cannibal feast. There are 60,000 Christians in these islands; and the Fijee Islands support missionaries of their own. The work of missions that began with this century has now a Christian membership of over 400,000 souls, representing communities of over 2,000,000 people. There are now 2,000 Protestant missionaries, aided by over 10,000 native preachers. The Bible has been translated into over 200 languages and dialects.

So we see that the world is coming to Christ, and with a certainty that is telling. Nor are we to expect that the work will continue in its present proportions or rate. As our nation becomes more powerful, the more extensive will be her work in these foreign fields. As the strongholds of

Satan in our own land surrender to Christianity, their energies are turned against the enemy on foreign shores. The mission work is increasing. New societies are being formed and old ones are increasing their work. The countries that are now the fields of mission work are to become themselves supporters of missionaries. Already this has been verified. This is the grand thing about the mission work. It is not the work of one nation, though Christianity started with one nation. But as heathen nations become converted, they assume the work and bear the standard to their fellows. Surely we can see why the Father instituted this plan for bringing the world back to himself. Surely this is the only hope for mankind to regain the Paradise. Surely this is the grandest idea of the mission work: that it shall ultimately establish Christ's kingdom; that it is a hastener of the time when all people shall be blessed. Call it millennium, or what not, the mission work is the means by which it is to be effected.

J. R. HANKINS.

VOX.

Gently to my ear appealing,
Came unasked a faint, sweet voice,
Thrilled my sorrow's pain with healing,
Bade my songless heart rejoice.

And anon it whispers softly
Of a maiden rare and fair;
And I fancy her own beauty
Breathes near me on the ev'ning air.

And it wakes within me
Aspirations high and true;
But alas! it sometimes mocks me,
Ringing out "She's not for you!"

W. P. S.

EDITORIAL.

THE SESSION now closing has been a good one in several respects. We have had a stronger teaching force than ever before. The enrolment of students, reaching 202, is unequalled in the past. The graduating class, numbering 20, is larger than in any previous year. Among this large body of students there have been few occasions for the direct exercise of college authority and the general deportment has been exemplary. Of course some have thrown away opportunities, but the majority have worked well. The session has seen a signal increase of the endowment, which now amounts to \$164,263. The walls of the chemical laboratory are now rising—a building that will be an ornament to the college grounds, and, in adaptation to its purpose, unequalled south of Baltimore. On all which facts Wake Forest will receive the warm congratulations of a multitude of friends. And now we hear, as was to be expected, that a larger number have announced themselves as coming to commencement than usual. This is fitting, and herein we extend to all a hearty welcome. There is certainly an attractive programme. Mr. J. H. Mills, the most popular man in North Carolina, will draw many to hear his Alumni address on Tuesday evening who generally arrive later. Senator

Ransom speaks in the forenoon of Wednesday, and Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, of New York, preaches in the evening. Thursday morning the graduating class speak—no, not all of them; not half of them. Come, friends, and welcome.

THE COUNTRY MOVING TO TOWN.

As early as 1843 the age was called the "Age of Great Cities." But the number and size of cities is not so significant as the fact that they continue to increase and multiply at the expense of the rural districts. Consider some facts gathered from a recent issue of *The Andover Review*.

London, with two thousand years of growth, is to-day equal to New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and San Francisco all piled together. More people live in London than in the whole of Holland, or Sweden, or Portugal, twice as many as in Denmark. Seven cities as large as London would nearly people France, and eleven the United States. And yet London contains only one third of the city population of England and Wales. During the two decades previous to 1881 the rate of increase was two and a half times greater for the towns than for the rural popula-

tion. While the population of Scotland has steadily increased, there are absolutely fewer people in its country districts than ten years ago. Three-fourths of the Scotch live in some city. In every European state the cities are growing rapidly, while the population of the rural districts is increasing very slowly, is at a standstill, or is even decreasing. For example, there are fewer inhabitants of the rural parts of Prussia than ten years ago, but the cities are greater by twenty-five per cent.

The same great social tendency is observed in our own country. In 1800 one twenty-fifth of our population lived in cities; in 1820, one twentieth; in 1830, one sixteenth; in 1840, one-twelfth; in 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; in 1870, one-fifth; and in 1880, nearly one-fourth. From 1790 to 1880 the population of the country increased twelve-fold, that of the cities eighty-six-fold.

It is easy to account for this emigration of the people from the country into the towns. "Man attracts man, and the greater the mass of humanity gathered about a centre, the more powerful upon the average outsider is the force of its attraction." Again, "in a great city every man finds in its highest development the side and sort of life that pleases him best. For the vicious, there are unbounded opportunities for vice; for those who love God and men, extraordinary advantages for philanthropic work and Christian fellowship." Young men are particularly fascinated by great cities. Add the facilities for

instruction and amusement, and the magnetic power of the city is explained.

What is to be the result? Will all the people move into towns and cities? There are practical checks upon this tendency which may be summarized under two heads, the greater cost of living in the city and the greater prevalence of disease. But these checks seem likely to grow weaker with the progress of invention and discovery. Certainly they can only modify the tendency, not reverse it. Will humanity gain or lose by this change of residence? We are inclined to believe that, unless the conditions of city life are greatly modified in the future, the change will be accompanied by deterioration of moral character and of physical strength. Lord Brabazon has lately been drawing attention in England to the degeneration which is taking place in the physique of the town populations, though he is unable to supply definite statistical proof. Mr. Froude, in *Oceana*, finely presents the case of moral degeneration. He says that the English will never grow into a new nation by renewing in New Zealand the town life of the mother country. "Fine men and fine women are not to be reared in towns among taverns and theatres and idle clatter of politics. They are nature's choicest productions and can be produced only on nature's own conditions, under the free air of heaven, on the green earth, amidst woods and waters, and in the wholesome occupation of cultivating the soil." W. L. P.

A DEFECT IN THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

We should probably not exaggerate the true state of affairs, were we to assert that there are more persons in the United States capable of discussing the structure and nature of the Greek and Latin languages than the practical workings of taxation or the laws of production and consumption. More than half the revenue of our government is raised under a system which forces a poor man to pay substantially the same tax as the very rich man. Now, it is evident that no such system would be tolerated, did the masses of the people understand it, did they know its real effect. It is mere ignorance among the masses that insures the present existence of this tariff system. Suppose the government should attempt to raise by direct taxation what it now raises by the Protective system; would not there be an immediate revolt of the people? Would not a hue and cry be raised against the execution of the mandates of the Federal head? Would not violent outbreaks and bitter demonstrations of popular disapproval take place? Is there not a radical defect in our educational system, when our government is allowed to resort to class legislation, and stand unrebuked? If the people were really acquainted with this system of industrial taxation, would not its victims flock to the ballot-box and hurl their oppressors from office? Surely they would. Before obstructive class legislation can be cleared away, the educational forces must be directed to this end. The present education certainly

fails to meet the requirements. No change in the condition of the masses can be effected till there is instilled into the youth the principles of production and consumption, buying and keeping; till elementary economics are taught in the schools of our land, from colleges down to primary schools. The youth must be shown that he can acquire capital only by industry and saving; that labor cannot be advantageously applied without capital; that conflict between labor and capital can result in no good. Any boy or girl, competent to study grammar and arithmetic, could easily be made to understand these matters. If in their early education these principles could be instilled into the minds of the masses, obstructive and class legislation would, in a great degree, be cleared away.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

AN ABUSED PRIVILEGE.

Acting on the old maxim of "never too late to mend," we thus late in the session call the attention of all whom it may concern to the manner in which one of the greatest privileges enjoyed by students is sometimes flagrantly abused. It is generally the case that all privileges are abused, and it is more generally the case that the greater the privilege, the greater the abuses it suffers. The special case to which reference is made here is the treatment that our college library receives from those for whose benefit it was specially established. For a mere pittance the students of this college have access daily to a library of

nearly nine thousand well selected volumes—or what ought to be nine thousand volumes, but which is much less than that number in consequence of the very abuses referred to. By the laws governing the management of the library, each student can borrow any two books he may select and retain them four weeks if he so desires. With such advantages, no student need ever be without some good book on his table for the utilization of his spare moments.

But in spite of such liberality, it is known that many of the library books disappear from the shelves leaving no data on the record of the officer in charge to show the date of the abstraction or who is responsible for it; certainly the librarian is not, as they are taken out without his knowledge. Be the responsibility wherever it may, it is a fact that books are clandestinely taken from the library—large numbers of them often are kept out for months during the session and sometimes are carried home in vacation, and it is not an infrequent occurrence that they are never returned.

Now, it is respectfully submitted that it is highhanded selfishness to appropriate to one's self books to which all others have an equal right. More than that, it is a violation of the fundamental principles of right and wrong to take out and keep books, when the privileges of the library are granted only on condition of submission to the rules that regulate its management. He who gets a book from the library in an illegal manner, or keeps it over time, or after the

close of the session, is simply *taking* what he has not paid for, and the fact that the library is a public and not a private institution, does not change this principle in the mind of any right thinking person.

F. H. MANNING.

THE OLD SOUTH vs. THE NEW.

Gen. D. H. Hill, in lately accepting an invitation to deliver the address at Baltimore on Memorial-day, announced as his subject the "Old South," at the same time expressing some bitterness of feeling toward those "who have discovered that new island or country called the 'New South'." This is but one instance out of many, of earnest and even bitter protests against the use of the appellation "New South." When Prof. Tillett's article setting forth the industrial and intellectual progress of "The White man of the New South" appeared in *The Century*, Theodore B. Kingsbury, one of the ablest journalists in the South, wrote an eloquent defence of the "Old South."

This is a groundless quarrel. The men who object to this term seem to think that it contains some reflection upon the institutions of the old regime, and that those who use it are sneering at the glories of the past. We are sure this is not the case—at least with but few. For our part, we do not see how any true Southerner could detract from the Southland's glorious past. He believes that "a land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories,

a land without liberty." He says with Abram Ryan,

"Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong."

Surely it is not meant to be said that they who use this appellation are not true Southerners.

Old men live chiefly in the past; young men both in the present and the future. It is natural for the men who lived the ambitious days of their young manhood under the old order of things, to think mainly of them now. It is no less natural for young men in whose veins the blood runs fast, to think mainly of the present and of that future which is to be largely its result. The ambitious dreams of the former were vivid then; ours are vivid now. They thought to see what was best in Southern ideas crystallized into institution, which would be the admiration of the world. So do we. But the war came and wrecked their cause—the cause whose memory is precious to us and them alike. Now naturally they would linger weeping about the wreck longer than we: we would begin to rebuild sooner than they.

The young men of the South—of the *New South*, if you please—do not ignore the past. They believe that we cannot go forward while looking backward. He who looks backward must either go back or stand still, and *non progredi est retrogradi*. Regarding the heritage which they have in the lives of the men who figured in legislative hall and forum, and of the heroes who fell, we are inspired, but inspired to go forward, and do, if

'twere possible, even grander things than they. The young men of the South believe that the present and the future demand their attention; and that attention cannot be given, if they brood too deeply over the past and its irretrievable losses.

But what do these mean by the "New South." In a recent article we wrote, and we would repeat it: "Let us have done with looking backward at the past—not as ignoring it, but as determining to look forward to the future, where our duty lies. Let us cease grieving over the downfall of the Old South, and lend a helping hand to the upbuilding of the New, not that the Old was inferior to what the New has become, but because the New is but the Old throwing aside her battle-stained robes, and clothing herself in the garments of peace, is but the Old unhampered by adverse environment; is but the Old working with the experience of her past failures and under the inspiration of past achievements, toward the consummation of her glory."

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

As the recitations cease and the burden of college duties becomes lighter, many more students are seen in the library and reading-room than during the session's hardest work. Thus proving that many put off their reading until their text-books are off their hands. Should this be so? What a student should read and how much he ought to read are frequently

very perplexing questions. When a boy enters a college library of several thousand volumes, he is bewildered, and knows not how to choose. Especially is the difficulty increased if he has previously had no access to a library. Who is to direct him? Not the librarian, and surely the professors are not expected to watch the course of reading pursued by each student in a well-attended college. And yet never in his life does a boy need more the advice and direction of experience. If he follows his uncultivated tastes, he is more apt to choose the wrong than the right. Lists of books posted up in every library as courses of reading would be helpful; but a course of reading that would suit one man would not suit another; for taste must be consulted and its dictates heeded, to a certain extent.

But some men do not read at all while at college. Text-books are important; but if all one's time be given to mastering them, it will be hard to recover from the bad effects of such a course, no matter how much time be devoted to reading after leaving college. Nor should the reading-room be neglected. We should have some knowledge of the events that are occurring in the big world beyond the narrow circles of college life. One's days at school are soon passed, and he goes into the world four years behind his age if he neglects to take some interest in the political and religious events of his time, or if he fails to take some note of the most important events in the progress of art and science. Then let friends and instructors take some notice of a boy's

reading, and not leave him to neglect it altogether or to fill his mind with the trashy literature of the dime novel type.

J. J. LANE.

THE STATE AND INDUSTRIAL ACTION.

Perhaps the monograph of most general interest yet published by the American Economic Association is *The Relation of the State to Industrial Action*, by Prof. Henry C. Adams, of Cornell University.* It deals with the great question of the province of government.

Our limited knowledge of the literature of the subject suggests three varying conceptions of government.

1. Government is a necessary evil and hence there should be as little of it as possible. Let there be no interference on its part with the liberties of the individual. Leave industrial action to the regulation of a natural and untrammelled competition. This is known as the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. It is the *let-alone* policy, as Prof. Newcomb calls it. W. von Humboldt, J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Newcomb, and others are supporters of this view. Spencer would lead us, in one of his "beautiful" essays, to expect that there will come a time in the course of human progress when all government—politi-

* Other monographs are: *Organization of the American Economic Association*, by Dr. R. T. Ely; *Relation of the Modern Municipality to the Gas Supply*, by Dr. E. J. James; *Coöperation in a Western City*, by Dr. Albert Shaw; and *Coöperation in New England*, by Dr. Bemis. For information, address Dr. R. T. Ely, Baltimore.

cal, religious, and ceremonial—will become unnecessary and will disappear.

2. Government is *in loco parentis* to its subjects. This seems to be the view of Socialism, into which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson thinks we are slipping without knowing it. He thus finely characterizes it: "We cannot trust ourselves to behave with decency; we cannot trust our consciences; and the remedy proposed is to elect a round number of our neighbors, pretty much at random, and say to these: 'Be ye our conscience; make laws so wise and continue from year to year to administer them so wisely that they shall save us from ourselves, and make us righteous and happy, world without end. Amen.'"

3. The third conception is a modification of the first. It holds that state interference and state control, exercised with discrimination and wisdom, are sometimes the only right policy. State action and the indus-

trial activity of individuals are not antagonistic; they are both "functions of the complete social organism." Jevons, we observe, presents this view in the admirable little treatise *The State in Relation to Labor*. This is the view of Prof. Adams in the monograph before us, and we presume of the "new school" of economists.

Prof. Adams devotes his first pages to the analysis of *laissez-faire*, but devotes most attention to the principles that should control the extension of the functions of the state. His remarks are distributed under the following heads: "The State may Determine the Plane of Competitive Action," "The State may Realize for Society the Benefits of Monopoly," "Social Harmony may be Restored by Extending the Duties of the State," "The Test of Conservatism." The whole makes a timely and suggestive discussion.

W. L. P.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

DR. MCGLYNN'S CONTROVERSY with the Apostolic See is still unsettled. He maintains his present attitude with the most creditable persistence. While his views as expressed and publicly declared time and time again do not at all meet with our approval, yet in persisting in his present convictions contrary to the papal mandates, he is displaying a tenacity of purpose, a firmness and clearness of conviction that can but command our admiration, and we should not forget that in adhering as he is to his position he is advocating and vindicating a right which is the inalienable privilege of every American citizen. When Pope Leo endeavors to bind with his papal nuncios and intimidate with his threats of excommunication a citizen of our country, with a view to the violation of our Constitution; when he introduces into our fair land such a detestable doctrine as the supremacy of the Papal See over the individual rights of an American citizen, such action should be considered as introducing a very grave issue. It is not improbable that the Pope's last mandatory communication was the result of an extremely exaggerated and biased account of the matter given him by Archbishop Corrigan, who seems greatly indignant and seriously disturbed over the contumacious attitude of his

subordinate. The Archbishop, it seems, was somewhat put out by the behaviour of the offender, and for consolation he sought his venerable superior in a cringing letter, condemnatory of the hostile attitude of Dr. McGlynn's friends, and humbly beseeching counsel. The reply written by the Reverend Head of the Church ought to console the Archbishop for a while. In the meantime, we await with deep interest the outcome of the whole affair. We regard it as a question out of which grave difficulties indeed may arise—one requiring serious thought.

EDITOR O'BRIEN, of the *United Ireland*, having determined to set Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, before the people of this country in his true light, as a harsh oppressor of his Irish tenants, has arrived in Canada, where he meets with great respect, admiration, and even sympathy from the thinking classes. In several places he has been mobbed and barely escaped with his life. He has certainly represented the Governor-General in a deplorable light, and unless his accusations are rebutted, his visit will not be in vain, for not even Lord Lansdowne's high rank will save him from scandal. As yet his lordship's friends have not

even denied the horrible accusations; their tongues are almost paralyzed, though their use of stones affirm forcibly that they still can use their arms in brutal assaults upon a courageous, heroic patriot. The mobbing of O'Brien is indeed significant, for it is evidently backed and secretly encouraged by the Tories, who, knowing that they are in the ascendant in Parliament and are aiding the existing government in their oppressive coercion, are not at all scrupulous about making cowardly attacks on a defenceless man laboring in his country's cause. The authorities have indeed offered O'Brien the escort of the police, but plucky man that he is, he refuses all such offers and boldly pursues his predetermined course, laying bare the barbarous treatment Lord Lansdowne's tenants have received and are receiving. Graphically does he portray the sufferings of Irishmen; with startling yet pathetic vividness he exposes the brutal evictions of starving men, women, and children of all ages from the homes that have been theirs for years back. His descriptions are horrible indeed, and if his accusations are well founded and true, the name of Lansdowne should be held up in universal opprobrium and contempt. As yet they are not disproved.

GEN. BOULANGER has introduced his bill for the reorganization of the French army. Affairs are strangely complicated. The President called for M. Freycinet to form a cabinet, but he after making every effort declines. It is probable then Gen.

Boulanger will not be in the new cabinet. He will not accept office unless his conditions are totally complied with. They are that the plan for the re-organization of the army be unchanged, that the mobilization of the army occur in the autumn, and not a centime be subtracted from his estimate of what is necessary for the proper maintenance of the army. If his conditions are not accepted, he will retire to private life and wait for that war which all deem inevitable. In any case, he will still be the first man in France. Constantly are petitions being received from all over France demanding his retention in the office of War Minister. He seems to be the idol of the French people and in case of war will be the man on whom all eyes will turn. War may not come for a year or so, for Germany, true to its policy of prudence, is waiting for France to take the initiative, so that the odium of beginning the strife can be hurled on France. At any rate, it must come soon, and none can predict the result. Both France and Germany have splendidly equipped armies. France smarting under former defeat and burning with its *esprit militaire*, led by a man ambitious for military distinction, with splendid equipments for her soldiers will be no mean foe.

IN ENGLAND the Gladstonians are still fighting for Ireland's liberty. The Coercion bill will at length be spread over Ireland, but a public opinion is brewing in England that will in the no distant future sweep down all

opposition to Home Rule. The means resorted to by the Tories in their desperate efforts to recover lost ground and counteract the influence daily strengthening the Gladstonians are far from honorable. They are now publishing a series of forged letters in the Times, in which they strive to prove Mr. Parnell's complicity in several fiendish murders. Public opinion in England is turning

against the authors of these trumped up charges, and it is not hard to predict the complete failure of the Tories in their Irish policy. Mr. Parnell's friends easily show the utter falsehood that pervades these forged letters. It is surprising that a great party should resort to such low means to gain its ends. In the end right must prevail.

EDUCATIONAL.

REV. R. D. MALLORY has resigned the charge of Shelby Female College, Shelby, N. C.

SHADES of Hippocrates and Galen! At the recent anniversary of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons 106 new doctors received diplomas. Add the results of the anniversaries of Bellevue, Jefferson, Louisville, and a score more, and it becomes manifest that the health of the country must be seriously threatened.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL at Asheville will be under the direction of Mr. E. A. Alderman, of Goldsboro; that at Wilson, under the direction of Mr. P. P. Claxton, of Wilson; Sparta, Alleghany county, Prof. C. D. McIver, of Peace Institute, Raleigh; Winston, Mr. J. L. Tomlinson, of Winston; and Elizabeth City, Mr. S. L. Sheep, of Elizabeth City. The "Normals" as a

rule hold their sessions after the meeting of the Teachers' Assembly.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY now has \$300,000 in buildings and money, and Wake Forest's benefactor, Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York City, has lately offered it \$25,000 on condition that \$75,000 more be raised. Dr. Boyce has undertaken the work of raising it.

THE NEW CATALOGUE of the University of North Carolina shows 204 matriculates, which number *The News and Observer* thinks "quite satisfactory in view of the failure of crops and the absence of a preparatory department."

WE AWAIT with interest the publication by Johns Hopkins University of the monograph on *Education in North Carolina*, by Mr. Charles L. Smith, announced in our last issue.

PRESIDENT HYDE, of Bowdoin College, Maine, is the youngest college president in America.

A RECENT REMARK of Prof. Huxley's is noteworthy. "Art, literature, and science," says he, "are one, and the foundation of every sound education and preparation for life in which a special education is necessary should be some efficient training in all three."

TO A NUMBER of its friends who appreciate the dignity and value of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly the recent effort to induce Mr. Spurgeon to make a special visit to America in order to be present at its coming session seemed just a trifle like overdoing the thing; and the subsequent invitation to Mr. Cleveland had little more of congruity.

MESSRS. A. WILLIAMS & CO., of Raleigh, have lately issued for the schools of North Carolina a *North*

Carolina Speaker, every piece in it being either about the State or by a North Carolina author.

THEY HAVE at the Rochester Theological Seminary, New York, public examinations of the various classes during the commencement week. The oration was made by Dr. T. Armitage at the recent anniversary.

"YADKIN COLLEGE, Davidson county, Rev. A. R. Morgan, Principal, is a high school for both sexes, with an enrolment of forty young men and women." If it is a high school, why do they insist on calling it a college? We cannot see what advantage it is to a spade to be called a shovel. Besides, the shovel may have just ground of complaint.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY convenes this year at Morehead City. The session extends from June 14 to June 30.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, J. J. LANE.

—Nearly all of the leading newspapers North and South had full accounts of the Southern Baptist Convention. From the dignity and talent of the body its meetings deserve to be fully reported by our best papers.

—A life of Henry Ward Beecher by Dr. Lyman Abbott is before the public, "bringing the narrative down to the death and burial of Mr. Beecher."

—The recent Nihilistic outbreak in Chicago has furnished Charles Henry Beckitt with the plot of his novel, *Who is John Noman?*

—*Cracker Jo* is the name of a new novel which gives some phases of life in Florida. Its title reminds one of the "crackers" and the "gaiters."

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* has taken the trouble to get the votes of novel

readers in order to express the average opinion of the reading public upon the respective merits of different novels. *Ivanhoe* is considered the best historical novel. Many other novels are considered the "best" in their special lines, *Vanity Fair* being the best novel of all. They did not ask us for our opinion.

—*The Eclectic* for June copies the fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" from *Blackwood*.

—Mr. Cable seems to be making for himself a considerable reputation in American literature. In "Recent Movement in Southern Literature," published in *Harper's* for May he is given a prominent place. He has just completed the first draught of *An Large*, a sequel to *Grande Pointe*. Mr. Cable as a novelist has the advantage of novelty; for he writes of new scenes among a peculiar class.

—Some idea of the magnitude of American journalism and some notion of the circulation of a single magazine may be obtained from the following statement: "Six hundred tons of paper were used in printing the numbers of *The Century* in the new bound volume just issued.

—Owing to the peculiar political condition of Russia and her important position as the connecting link between Europe and Asia, geographically and religiously, *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent*, by Albert F. Head, is likely to prove to be of considerable interest.

—W. I. Fletcher's hints in *The Examiner* on collecting a private library will be of interest and profit to

every one. He quotes the following from Dr. Holmes: "One's individuality should betray itself in all that surrounds him; he should secrete his shell, like the mollusk; if he can sprinkle a few pearls through it, so much the better;" to which he adds, "How true this is of a proper formation of a private library!"

—James Payn thinks that the French custom of journalists transferring their battles from the field of the pen to that of the sword is the best way to settle journalistic difficulties. It may be mean to afflict the reading public with a voluminous quarrel on paper; but we are glad that they do not agree with Mr. Payn.

—Rev. N. B. Cobb, of Lilesville, N. C., will soon publish a volume of poems, a chief feature of which will be the "Poetical Geography of North Carolina." The other poems are to be illustrated.

—Mr. John Morley says, "I think that men will do better at reaching precision [of expression in writing] by studying carefully and with an open mind and a vigilant eye the great models of writing than by excessive practice of writing on their own account."

—The series of war papers, which will be concluded with the October issue, are said to have increased the subscriptions to *The Century* 100,000.

—The ablest notice we have seen of the late Henry Ward Beecher is in *The Andover Review* for April.

—From what we can gather from competent critics, Mr. Haggard's popularity as a novelist is far beyond his deserts.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

PITCHER PLANTS.—Of this peculiar family of plants (*Sarraceniaceæ*) there are ten species, nine of which are found in the United States. On the 7th of May the writer came upon a number of specimens in a peat marsh in the vicinity of Wake Forest. Their handsome nodding flowers and odd foliage would attract attention anywhere. When a plant was extracted from the moss and roots, among which it was but slightly attached by its own roots, and turned bottom-up, there poured from each vase-like leaf a small stream of water. The water from two of the "pitchers" was collected in a bottle. It had the offensive odor of putrid matter and was found to contain, among other things, two entire beetles (one of them apparently reduced to a mere shell), insect wings, spines, joints of legs, butterfly scales, and, of living things, wheel-animals, minute worms, infusorians, wiggle-tails, and bacteria. Indeed, these "pitchers" are veritable traps. The leaves, all of which come out in a mass right at the ground, are tubular, small at the base, dilated near the middle, and slightly contracted at the throat, and about six inches long. A portion of each leaf continues beyond the tube, making a sort of hood which is densely set with stiff bristles pointing downward. These bristles make descent into the pitcher

easy, but ascent out of it quite difficult and for many insects impossible. Besides, the remainder of the interior surface is so slick that an insect once in the water, caught from the rains, finds it next to impossible to get hold on the walls in his efforts to escape. Nothing remains but to submit to the inevitable fate of drowning and of being absorbed in his subsequent decay for the nourishment of the wily plant.

THE ROTTING OF FRUIT.—It used to be taught in scientific treatises that the putrefaction of dead bodies, animal or vegetable, was due to the instability of all organic compounds, which, when left to themselves, tend, under the influence of oxygen, to produce more stable, i. e. inorganic, compounds by successive oxidations. Putrefaction is, however, now known to be a species of fermentation in which the organic particles are decomposed by the vital action of minute organisms. We may conceive, therefore, of these microbes as constantly attacking all forms of organic matter, never, however, gaining a foothold and beginning their destructive action until the resisting power of the living tissue is reduced or lost. Dr. Arthur, of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, makes some interesting remarks in this connection. "All fruit," says he, "reaches this condition

of inability to resist the inroads of disease-germs or of germs of disintegration when it becomes fully ripe—literally dead-ripe. The condition may be prematurely brought on by anything which decreases the vigor of the plant, and thus enfeebles and shortens the life of the ripening tissues. A marked, and from several points of view an interesting, example of the early and extensive rotting of ripe fruit in [Tomato] plants constitutionally debilitated by propagation for three seasons from seeds successively selected from the feeblest plants of the preceding year, is recorded by Mr. Goff, in which finally half the ripe fruit prematurely rotted. This kind of decay is very appropriately called 'soft rot,' and is well described by Mr. Goff as follows:

'The fruit becomes soft and collapses without changing color; the skin finally bursts, permitting the contents to flow out, when it dries without detaching itself from the stem.' If the fruit rests upon the ground it often cracks open and the exposed surface becomes speedily covered with a white, velvety growth, composed of yeast and *Oidium lactis*, which for a considerable time prevents the contents from escaping. This white growth with the associated bacteria is only a more obvious development of the active agents of fermentation which destroys the fruit." Dr. Arthur suggests that one of the means of avoiding this 'soft rot' is to maintain the health of the plants and increase their vigor by judicious breeding.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

=Commencement!!

=Milk-shakes, soda-water, lime-ades, ice-cream.

=Mr. D. A. Davis, of Yadkin county, won the Latin Medal.

=The sleepers of the first floor of the chemical laboratory are in place.

=The Greek Medal has been awarded to Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county.

=Onions prevent the lips from chapping, as well as the chaps from lipping.—*Wilson Mirror*.

=Prof. Poteat delivered the address at the close of the Rolesville Academy session, May 6th.

=The campus has been lately mowed, and now appears as if it had a green carpet outspread upon it, with the flower-plots here and there as beautiful figures.

=One hundred and eighty-seven volumes of valuable books have been lately added to the library.

=President Taylor will make the address at the closing exercises of Ashpole Institute.

=Prof. Poteat has been elected Vice-President of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.

=Mr. J. J. Lane, of Marlboro county, S. C., was the successful contestant for the French Medal.

=Dr. Geo. W. Manly will deliver the address at the closing exercises of the Pollocksville Academy, June 23d.

=President Taylor went from the meeting of the Chowan Association to New York city, where he spent a few days.

=The July number of THE STUDENT, which will appear about the first of that month, will contain a full report of commencement.

=Prof. of Latin: Mr. L., what became of Scipio Æmilianus?

Mr. L.: After a stormy day in the Senate he retired and woke up dead the next morning.

=The report of the Treasurer of Wake Forest College (Prof. W. G. Simmons) shows that the total amount of the endowment, May 1st, 1887, is \$164,263.04.

=Dr. Manly attended the Southern Baptist Convention which convened at Louisville, Ky. Sunday night after his return, at the request of the pastor, he gave an account of the Convention.

=The Anniversary tickets for February '88 are as follows: Phi., G. C. Thompson, orator; Lineberry, first debater; Merritt, second debater; Boothe, President. Eu., Lynch, orator; Kesler, first debater; Davis, second debater; Hendren, Secretary.

=Once to every college student
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he "ride."
Truth forever wed to study,
Wrong forever wed to play,
"Ponies" carry for the moment;
But upon that final day,
When there comes a test of knowledge,
Ah! the ponies, where are they.
—Exchange.

If the student shameless be,
Having not the sense of right,
If his pledge he will not keep,
Sneaking, watchful, out of sight,
He, "upon that final day,"
Now and then did take a peep
At that "pony" as it lay
Safe concealed, so snug and deep,
In a draw he had prepared
While his conscience was asleep!

W. P. S.

=A unique movement in college life was recently made here in the attempt to elect a college boy Mayor of the town. As Wake Forest is eminently a college town, the boys thought they ought to be represented in the municipal government. So they met one afternoon in a mass meeting in the college chapel, to nominate a candidate for Mayor. Mr. W. P. Stradley was made chairman, and Mr. T. E. Cheek, Secretary. Mr. E. J. Justice stated the object of the meeting and put in nomination Mr. F. B. Hendren, of Wilkes county. After enthusiastic speeches from

Messrs. Lynch, Watson, Carlyle, Brinson, and Davis, Mr. Hendren was nominated by acclamation. He was then conducted into the hall and in a few graceful remarks accepted the nomination. The boys, however, were defeated, although Mr. Hendren polled a fair vote—31.

=The Editors of THE STUDENT next year will be: Eu.—Senior Editor, Mr. J. W. Lynch; Associate, Mr. F. B. Hendren; Business Manager, Mr. M. L. Kesler. Phi.—Senior Editor, Mr. G. C. Thompson; Associate, Mr. W. J. Ward; Business Manager, Mr. R. B. Lineberry.

=Just as we go to press the last number of the North Carolina *University Magazine* reaches us. It contains a spiteful fling at Wake Forest College and challenges a comparison which is in no way creditable to the University. It will receive due notice in our next issue.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.—
Monday evening, June 6th, 8:15, five

men from each Society will compete for the Declamation Medal. Euzelian, Farriss, E. H., Spillman, Sikes, Farriss, J. J., Ward, W. J. (of Wilson). Philomathesian, Sholar, Thompson, G. C., Collins, Covington, Sprinkle. The Board of Trustees will meet Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

At 11 a. m., Wednesday, Hon. M. W. Ransom will deliver the address before the Literary Societies, after which medals will be delivered.

Rev. Thos. Armitage, D.D., of New York, will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon Wednesday at 8:15 p. m.

Thursday is commencement proper. At 11 a. m., orations will be delivered by members of the graduating class, and Diplomas will be presented.

At 4 p. m., there will be a meeting of the Society of Alumni.

Thursday night there will be the usual promenade concert in honor of the class.

Music will be furnished during the whole week by Kessnich's band. Mr. Kessnich has prepared a special programme for Thursday night, which will be rendered in Memorial Hall.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
 { F. H. MANNING.

—'54. Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, delivered the address at the closing exercises of Liberty Academy, Randolph county, May 26th. He contributed to the April issue of *The North Carolina Teacher* an article on "The English Language."

—'56. Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Greenville. We congratulate the Greenville people on securing his services.

—'71. Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, is to deliver the annual address at Oak Ridge Institute.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Wake Forest, will speak before the Grange High School at Aulander, Bertie county, June 15th.

—'75. W. C. Brewer, Esq., was reelected Mayor of the town of Wake Forest.

—'82. *The Farmers' Movement*, a weekly paper, is soon to make its appearance in the town of Timmons-ville, Darlington county, S. C. Prof.

Chas. A. Smith and others will run the machine. Mr. Smith was formerly editor of the *College Student* of Wake Forest.—*Pender Herald*.

—'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon, of Raleigh, visited the Hill recently; we are always pleased to see his genial face among us.

—'83. Rev. W. H. Osborne has agreed for the present to serve the Goldsboro Baptist church until next October, when he may return to the Theological Seminary at Louisville. If he should not return, he will probably accept the pastorate of the church.

—'84. Mr. W. E. Wooten's school at Pollocksville has enrolled forty-two this session.

—'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson is soon to assume the editorship of a new paper to be published in Forest City, Rutherford county.

—'86. Messrs. J. E. Vann and Jacob Stewart are progressing finely in their law studies at Greensboro. Their interest in the Sunday-school work has not at all declined.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

—The Roanoke *Collegian* contains an interesting article on "The Methods of Teaching the Modern Languages." This magazine has made great improvement in its last few issues.

—The Hampden-Sidney *Magazine* has an article on Ashby that must stir the patriotic chord in the heart of every Southern reader. We approve the article—we rejoice in it. We also thank this magazine for its kindly notice of our article on the "*Lost Cause*."

—The Georgetown College *Magazine* is making manifest improvement, but it strikes us that better taste might be displayed in the selection of topics.

—The Davidson *Monthly* contains some exceedingly well written articles. We enjoy reading this magazine very much.

—The Richmond College *Messenger's* consistency is worthy of notice. In its April number we were roundly criticised for inserting in our magazine articles on subjects so stale, so long exhausted, as "Classics" and "Prohibition" (which by the way are most prominent questions). Well, what do you think, reader? In the

same number of the *Messenger* in which this self-constituted judge of living subjects condemns wholesale these exhausted subjects, there is an article six columns in length on the "Study of the Classics." Oh, consistency thou art wonderful! If we may be permitted to venture a suggestion to the *Messenger*, it is this, leave the extolling of your magazine to others. In your April number, is an editorial, the whole tenor of which is to set before the reader in glowing terms what you esteem a phenomenal improvement of your magazine. "Self praise is half scandal," you know.

—The *Holcad* is again in the field. This time it is exulting in the article written by Gen. Sherman on "Grant, Thomas, and Lee," in *The North American Review*. It asserts that the article ably justifies dissent from Lord Wolseley's published opinion of Lee. The correctness of the *Holcad's* assertion depends upon its definition of *ably* and *justify*. We think the mind free from prejudice and unblinded by fanaticism, can clearly see the justice of Wolseley's eulogy and the absurdity of *The Holcad's* assertion regarding Sherman's article, which was but a "cyclone of ink."

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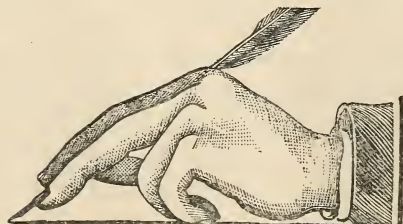
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NO. 10.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

PAGANISM, CHRISTIANITY, AND INFIDELITY.

Would the sceptic be willing to exchange his existence in the 19th century with the wisest of the sages of antiquity? Would he be willing to entertain their notions of morality and worship such gods as they adored even in the most cultivated and enlightened times of the past? Take Greece, for instance, in her palmiest days—when Athens was the intellectual eye of the universe; when Plato wrote, and Pindar sang, and Praxiteles used the chisel; when, in fine, painting, poetry, sculpture, and eloquence existed in a perfection never since attained. Ask the deist of there have been greater men by nature than the giants of that age? Men who sought to solve the problem of man's being and destiny, and then let him

give his testimony for Christianity. Would he be willing to worship such creatures as even Jupiter, Bacchus, Venus, Mars, and other gods, with all the enormities ascribed to them—crimes and vices which if committed in this age would bring down upon their perpetrators the vengeance of an infuriated mob? Question him as to the state of morals then existing—the condition of woman, the treatment of slaves, prisoners, and sickly and deformed infants. Did nature inspire Plato to teach the doctrine of a community of wives, Lycurgus to commend dexterous thieving, Solon to allow Sodomy, and Seneca to encourage drunkenness and suicide? Would the deist dare commend these dark and impure precepts as worthy

of general acceptance now? No! we do not believe that the intelligent deist would be willing to live in an age guided only by Reason, even though that reason might be developed to the highest degree.

But we have listened to the testimony of the strongest witness that can be produced, as drawn from the most cultivated nations of the past, and we find that the world by wisdom knew not God *then*, nor does the world by wisdom know God *now*. Let us bring to the stand the most intelligent and refined nations of the present age. Take the Chinese, for instance. They are a cultivated people. It is said they discovered many of the mysteries of astronomy before Copernicus, or Gallileo lived. They had invented glass and gun-powder and the art of printing before other nations. Now what says this witness as to the influence of nature in forming the morals of a nation? Why, at this very time, the Chinese worship eighty-thousand heathen gods—the most loathsome and disgusting creatures which they have made with their own hands. Their morals are fearfully corrupt; they are a nation of liars, not one man in a thousand telling you the truth, and when taxed with their baseness in this regard, the cool reply is, that such is the custom of the country. The fact is, that the opposers of Christianity who may have correct notions of morality have not derived their ideas from Reason and nature, but have stolen them from the Bible, and while they write books to dishonor the oracles of God, they

plagiarize from that sacred volume the best and purest thoughts of their own works.

The history of Reason guided by nature has been in all ages, as regards religion, one of darkness and doubt, far, very far from the clear and steady light which streams upon the Christian's pathway from the "Sun of Righteousness." The Earl of Rochester, once an avowed infidel, was accustomed in his old age to say, as he would lay his hand on the Bible: "Here is true Philosophy; this is the wisdom that speaks to the heart. A bad life is the only grand objection to this book." This last declaration I believe to be true, for nothing is clearer than that *free-thinking* is the consequence of *free-acting*, and I think it may be safely affirmed that those who have opposed the Christian faith with most bitterness have generally been persons of vicious and licentious character. Infidelity is rather a disease of the *heart* than of the head. Men believe Moses was a liar and the Bible a bundle of fables because by that Bible their own evil deeds are condemned—because *they love darkness rather than light*. The great offence of the cross with them is its purity. 'Twas the ineffable innocence of the Saviour that filled the heart of Voltaire with such malignant rancor, and made him close his letters to his familiar friends with the expression "Crush the wretch!" meaning thereby the blessed Jesus. Fit language for the great Apostle of Infidelity, the high-priest of Satan on earth.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRATIC IDEAS.

Notwithstanding our endeavors to penetrate the future, we can never accurately determine what shape human society will assume in its progressive development. We cannot determine what aspect the principle of democracy will take on, when by the spontaneous efforts of people whose wills are no longer chained the ideas concerning it that science suggests or Christian ethics dictate become incarnated in free institutions and just laws.

A few centuries ago, three almost immeasurable forces contended for the mastery in the political world. These three forces were totally antagonistic to the growth of democratic ideas. The first, the Roman force, seen in that relic of the empire, the monarchy; second, the Barbaric or German force, exemplified in feudalism with its iron nobility and interminable strifes; third, the Ecclesiastical force, one that can in no way be reconciled with human rights, since it requires unconditional moral and intellectual submission. Surely the wildest reach of poetic vision, the prophetic philosophy of ancient day, never anticipated the growth of free institutions upon such an inhospitable soil, where monarchy reared its head as the absolute lord of man in his political relations, where Ecclesiasticism was powerful and dominating, supposing itself the depository of all divine mysteries, the source of life, the

dispenser of immortality, and where a pampered nobility recognized no law but force, yielded no palm but to the strong.

But in spite of these great forces, the principle of democracy began to take root. And when the Crusades awakened Europe from its slumbers, for the first time was the principle of man's equality practically seen. For the Hellenic Republics were founded on a basis totally inconsistent with human rights, namely, the basis of slavery. Then to aid the growth of the principle, came the Reformation, when liberty of conscience and right to reason first dawned upon men's vision. Then the battle between despotism and liberty opened, the battle upon which was staked an inestimable prize, the battle between the past and the future, the battle which was to decide whether self-constituted and brutal authority should forever maintain its iniquitous sway, or whether thrown from its seat of ages and bound hand and foot it was to be dragged a mocked and ignoble captive after the triumphal car of liberty. It was a battle that would occasion the shedding of rivers of blood, for the Reformation had scattered broadcast the doctrine of man's immutable rights and soon commenced those modern revolutions in which modern nations were born.

Such virtue does this principle of democracy possess that it not

only creates the individual, the citizen, but also the nation. Before this principle attained prominence, there were kingdoms and empires, but hardly what we would call nationalities. In its onward progress, the democratic spirit has been inseparable from the national movement. When Switzerland contended with Austria, when Calvinistic Holland revolted from the empire of Philip II., when the Commonwealth of England took the field against Richelieu and Louis XIV., the natural guardians of the unfortunate Stuarts, when the federated republics of America entered the lists to contend with the all-powerful mother country, when, single-handed, France found arrayed against her all of Europe, when the Moslem sovereign of Constantinople was aroused from his inactivity by the war-cries of his Hellenic subjects, when Russian and German influence struck against Swedish persistence, when Hungary was inspired by Kosuth and escaped the clutches of her Hapsburg jailers, it was all but the manifestation of this nationalized democratic spirit contending with an overarching despotism. They mostly adopted monarchical governments, but they were limited constitutional monarchies. After gaining political life, they had in a degree to placate the existing institutions, which still possessed some vitality. They trusted to the power of Truth to enable them at last to cast off even the semblance of oppression.

In about a century human society has progressed from a state of utter

absolutism, in which man had no recognized rights, to mixed democracies, in which certain fixed and definite privileges are conceded him. Each cycle of history has but added fresh impetus to the expansion of the democratic spirit. When the Reformation and the Renaissance unshackled the sensibilities, reason, and conscience, still there was the emancipation of the will for which democracy must contend. For this glorious object, first came into the field the Dutch, who, renouncing allegiance to the Burgundian sovereignty, successfully prevailed. Then came that other great revolution in which human rights were weighed—that which overthrew the throne of the Stuarts, and if not successful in completely overturning the monarchy, certainly secured the supremacy of Parliament and a closer adherence to the principles of the "Magna Charta" and the "Bill of Rights." Then came our great American revolution. A picture from which I fain would never turn is that of Democracy wearied with her arduous strife in the East, where at times she seemed about to be encased in the cankered crust of despotism, sitting dejected behind the huge bulwarks she would fain overturn, about to yield to the incubus of despair. But as she follows, with languid eye, the sun in its western journey, she sees it set in a land yet fresh from the Creator's hands. As she beholds this land in which elegance, sublimity, and simplicity are combined, eyes hitherto filled with pain now light up with hope. She determines

to transplant to this land of beauty a chosen race in which the spirit of democracy is inherent. She fixes upon our Anglo-Saxon race; she dots this broad land with infant commonwealths. Thus were formed those temples of human rights which, confederated, struggled with monarchy in the shape of the mother-country, effecting the third great revolution for society in his onward progress.

But while despotism stood astounded at our own declaration of independence and subsequent success, it was the fourth revolution in the series—the one whose wind sprung up on the banks of the Seine that was the great motor behind the progress of democratic ideas in Europe. No one can imagine the utter consternation that possessed the despotic powers of Europe, as they beheld the French Republic about to hurl down on them a mighty avalanche of human rights. The Bourbon dynasty fell with an awful reverberating sound, rivalling the earthquake in its intensity—a sound that rolled with its mighty vibrations under the iron and century-bound frame-works of despotism, till every institution of oppression rocked and heaved on its ancient foundation. France stood up affrighted and bleeding, and in the face of the world declared her adherence to man's incontestable rights. It struck the death-knell to oppressive forms of government everywhere.

With these glorious antecedents, democratic ideas must in the end predominate. True, there have been re-

actions sudden and unaccountable such as to leave for a while the impression that the splendid successes were but fleeting showers. When the second French Republic was destroyed, when the blood of Spain's noblest sons stained the streets of her capital, when the spirit of democracy seemed about dead in Italy and Germany, it seemed that the watch-fires of human rights were about extinguished. But such an all-powerful, all-crushing, and immortal force do these democratic ideas possess when once aroused, that in less than ten years after these reverses came the democratic reaction, in which was seen the inevitable result of oppression's friction with liberty. First, Italy sprang back from the polluting contact of despotism, and Austria was defeated on the field of Lombardy. The Balkan people were filled with hope, Germany conceded a large share of liberty to man. Hungary so long under Austria's heel achieved its independence. Then the Spanish Liberals secured recognition. Napoleon III. endeavoring to check the onward progress, lost his crown and the third French Republic was established.

The final triumph of democratic ideas is assured. The air is alive with hope and confidence. Poland's heaven-born aspirations are far from extinguished. The Helvetian Republics situated on their Alpine heights are blazing beacons of liberty, and imperishable monuments of the fact that in vain has despotism sought to make its home among them. They will never cease to grow in vigor, they

will be a lesson for all time unless the proud Alps are demolished; they will never permit despotism's approach till their roaring cataracts leaping from the vaulted heavens pour floods of fire upon them. There are now only two governments in Europe in which the subjects have no share, are not accorded some privileges. I hail with delight the day when Turkey, dismembered by internal revolutions, shall no longer be a blot on our fair civilization; when the people of Russia shall rise from their lethargy and stirred up by a sense of their own immutable rights and the wrongs of ages, throw off the shackles of servitude, apply the match to the decayed mass of despotic institutions, and absolutism, czarism, shall disappear

forever from Russia. May God speed the day when the breakers of democratic ideas, long unseen but now towering into view, shall through the spontaneous and unanimous efforts of those still under oppression's heel, sweep down, wreck, and destroy every vestige of its polluting presence; when democracy shall overturn despotism in the form of monarchies, absolute and limited as well; when the electric spark of human rights shall be applied to the combustible elements despotism has heaped up for ages and there arise from the conflagration ensuing a new people fresh and invigorated, with free institutions based upon man's natural and inalienable rights.

J. M. BRINSON.

A NOVICE'S EXCURSION IN THE PLANT REALM.

"To him who in love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language,"

says Bryant; nor needed he confine this "various language" to those who meet with nature and "in love of her" commune "with her visible forms;" for whether one encounters her "in love" or of necessity—if he be not one of those who, "having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not"—he must hear the "various language" and behold the "visible forms" pictured in the poet's imagination. Infinity itself hardly seems to bound the sources of this various tongue, or to

confine the vision of this limitless expanse of beauty and wonder.

But excuse me from floundering about in a world so big as that of all nature, or from trying to interpret *any* language that she speaks, or pointing out any form which she may reveal. I shall speak of some of the forms that she assumes, but shall not attempt to picture them to your mind. I shall talk simply and foolishly of only one of nature's departments, and only in a hop-skip-and-jump way about that. So let's get down from the stilts that we started out on, and talk in a common-place

way of Botany,—for it is plants that must now engage our attention. Being the most verdant of all the race of novices, we shall as aforesaid be compelled to express ourself in the simplest possible manner, except when we shall have to depart from our own vernacular and take upon our awkward tongue the jaw-breaking terms of learned botanists.

Botany is a little word; does not seem to him “that runs and reads” to possess much of either of the three dimensions of length, breadth, or thickness; but let him pause just a little before rushing headlong away with his preconceived judgment of its “dryness,” as it is commonly denominated by those who never stop to look; let such an one but glance at this world of nature’s “visible forms;” let him but enter the threshold of this labyrinth of wonders, and he will find that he has tapped a mine of such proportions as will embarrass him with its riches long before he has comprehended the vastness of the field before him. The work of many a long and active life has been given to explorations in this line of investigation without reaching a limit to its boundless extent. Like the reported characteristics of ghosts, the confines seem to recede as one thinks he is approaching them.

By the following procedure we may arrive at some misty estimate of the great domain of the plant kingdom: imagine all vegetables to be collected into seven great divisions—according to the method usually adopted by botanists—called *Branches*—then sub-

divide each branch into numerous *Classes*. Now form from these sparse data some conception of what *Botany* is, when you know that men have given the unremitting study of a lifetime in the pursuit of knowledge only pertaining to *one* of these *Classes*.

But we are digressing. We came out for a *novice's* excursion among plants, and here we are trying to impart information that an old traveller in this realm could hardly give. Before taking our departure for this tour, we must provide ourselves with needles, knives, and microscopes of high magnifying power, for, novice though we are, we must play the roll of surgeon, and dissect the specimens of plant life which come under our notice.

By sections, transverse and longitudinal, cut in thin slices from the flesh of the plants we meet and mounted upon the slides for our microscope, we must examine the flesh and blood of the inhabitants of the kingdom in whose bounds we are travelling. We say *flesh* and *blood*, for there is that in our new acquaintances which is to them what *flesh* and *blood* are to the members of the animal world; not red-blood indeed, but a “softist transparent substance called Protoplasm,” which is the “living part of every plant.” It is only found in the growing parts of plants, and, while there are no closed vessels for its transmission from one part of the plant to another, as the veins and arteries of animals, yet each bit of it “circulates” in its own cell, takes up and assimilates food, multiplies itself

by dividing and so makes possible the growth of the whole; it is in short "*the life of the body.*"

Then there is the flesh of the body, as among animals. It is made up of what is called *tissue*, that is, an aggregation of different kinds of cells. *Soft tissue* alone would make a soft and weak body. Such plants are not unlike unto human beings, for are there not scores of *soft tissue* men? Dudes, for instance. A somewhat firmer tissue than this is the so-called *Thick-angled tissue*, and then there are the *Stony Tissue* and *Fibrous Tissue* which constitute the "bone and sinew" of the flower-land, again suggesting mankind, for have we not men who are the "bone and sinew" of our land? And then there are—as also found among the human species—millions of plants with a considerable mixture of these and other kinds of tissue in their composition, nearly all sometimes represented in one plant, the preponderating tissue giving the plant its characteristic of fragility, or hardness, or strength.

Still other points of resemblance between plant and animal life are skin, hairs, lungs ("breathing pores"), sensitiveness, power of movement; and is it to be doubted that a more extended investigation than men have been yet able to make will reveal the senses of smelling, and hearing, the faculties of thinking, remembering, and reasoning, the power of speech and musical talent, with oratory combined, as belonging to some or all of the members of the family of plants.

Our tramp thus far has enabled us to glance only at the structure of

plants, with their *powers, talent, and capabilities*. For a knowledge of this a study of the plant's anatomy was necessary. We go now into another province of the vegetable dominion, and visit the plants in their individual homes, or rather in colonies, as we shall be more likely to find them. Our equipment for this part of our trip will still include the microscope; we may lay aside the scalpel, as there is hardly a sufficient extent of surface in any of these specimens to insert the edge of the keenest knife. A further provision necessary for the journey is a pair of long-legged rubber boots, for a good part of our exploration will not be by land for sometime, nor yet will it be a marine expedition, but a kind of wading tour. The novice here meets with a trying difficulty in his inability to discover the plant he is expected to study, even though the specimen be finely mounted under a five hundred power lens, and its longitude and latitude be given to the fifteen-hundredth part of a second. An account of a daily occurrence will serve well to illustrate the embarrassment of such a position. After selecting a "beautiful plant" and making a "superb mounting," our guide calls out to us: "Mr. Novice, will you please go to the microscope, examine, and describe what is shown there?" Novice goes and does the best he can; examines, flounders about and sees nothing,—which he announces to the guide.

"Move the slide, sir," says the guide. Novice obeys again: he moves and watches, and nearly gives up in

despair. At last an expression of exultation overspread his countenance; he has found something, and announces his discovery.

"Please describe what you see, Mr. Novice," says the guide.

Novice. "I see, sir, a very small round body in the centre of the field of view, with a most beautiful blue border."

The guide is evidently in great perplexity as to what Mr. Novice could possibly have found: he cannot classify the plant; he goes himself to examine Mr. Novice's discovery, glances at it, and informs Mr. Novice that he has found an—*air-bubble*. After locating for him the exact position of the plant on the field of view, Novice finally discerns what he denominates the infinitesimal essence of nothing, but which to the guide is an object of great wonder and beauty.

We cannot linger more among the jellies, desmids, and slime of the creeks, ditches, and low-grounds; let us walk up on the higher land. There are trees and flowering plants; we need look no more through a microscope with one eye closed, for we can

see our specimen now with the naked eye. We travel now among the tall, sturdy trees and woody shrubs whose tapering branches are tipped with flowers, their several parts beautifully finishing off the corresponding parts of the woody tissue beneath.

"Closed in the Style, the tender pith shall end,
The lengthening wood in circling Stamens bend;
The smoother kind its soft embroidering spread
In vaulted Petals o'er the gorgeous bed;
The wrinkled bark in filmy mares roll'd
From the green Calyx, fold including fold;
Each widening Bract expand its foliage hard,
And hem the bright pavilion, *Floral Guard*."

Another analogy to human life, and I am done. Among many of the plants one meets with male and female—ladies and gentlemen; and in all their short sweet lives they never know the privations of a female boarding-school prison, nor ever meet the sour denial of companionship with their pretty maiden friends, but without mammas to fret or chaperons to scold, they spend the livelong nights on the moonlit campus, and the zephyr's sigh continually refreshes them with the breath of their tender mates.

F. H. MANNING.

INTELLECTUAL BLINDNESS.

Some theologians say that those who wrote the Scriptures did not know that they were inspired by Divine wisdom; that their Creator directed them to write just what they did. It is believed that they wrote

to inform the people who were in need of the information they gave, and, perhaps, had little thought of future generations. They, of course, were stimulated with the hope that their works would be beneficial in their

day, and, perhaps, be useful in succeeding generations; but it is highly probable that they never once thought that they were doing a work that would last, as such, as long as time lasts. But scholars, critics, and searchers for truth, saw in all their writings an exhibition of a peculiar spirit which corresponds with our idea of the Divine nature. Though these men differed widely in style, in purpose, and in their general character; and though they lived in different ages far removed from each other in the stages of civilization, yet that same silver thread of the Divine spirit glitters alike in the works of all of them,—that spirit which scientists observe in the natural world where it has arranged everything that can contribute to the happiness of man, and where nothing that is, is useless when once its office is properly understood. That same spirit asserts its dominion in the moral world, where it teaches men to recognize their mutual dependence upon one another, and the necessity of a reliance upon some superior being. That spirit, if properly understood and obeyed, would teach the world that man's duty and man's interest are coincident. And a world thoroughly convinced of this fact would be a world of perpetual peace.

But that millennium has never come. Peace, oh, Peace, hath civilization never steered the bark of the enlightened into this haven? No. Why? Because just as the scriptural writers did not know that their writings were destined to become the light of the world till the end of time, so have all men been more or less

ignorant of the consequences of their career. The steady march of human progress is simply the resultant of the schemes, plans, and purposes of great men, and not the carrying out of any human design. To be great, to be talented, to be influential, is to be severely antagonized. History itself is but little more than a record of the clashing of great men's mind. Cæsar rose to the top of Rome—the mightiest man in the world—and received an assassin's knife as a reward for his eventful career. And Rome was no longer Cæsar's Rome, but it was recast in other men's moulds. His life was a life of great force, but it was checkmated and bent in a direction far different from that given by the original impetus. Cæsar lives, but not as Cæsar—he is but one brick in the building: he is a part and not the whole. The world was not his, but he was the world's. He little knew what would be the result of his figuring. He figured much and great was the result, but his aim was impossible and Rome was blessed because he failed in his aim. His age was benefited by his life, but we may seriously doubt whether the benefit he gave was the benefit he intended to give. He blindly wrought out he knew not what, but the world knows and it gives him credit for what he did, but it has a heavy charge of a most selfish and ungenerous aim to account against him, and the force of this charge gives a direction to the force of his life widely different from his fancied aim.

That pale-faced Corsican stalks most majestically among men. Who is he,

and what? Let history tell. He wrought a great change upon Europe. What did that change cost? Let the ruin and the waste, of the blood and wealth of nations tell. He bought a new policy of government for Europe at a great price and Europe ought to be proud of the purchase, but she did not get that for which he manipulated, and it is a godsend that she did not; for he sought universal empire, and that would have been a dear bargain. He was intoxicated with the thought. The idea that one man can govern the world is foolish. So are all men's most darling ideas. But these pets are not valueless because they are foolish. That insane idea begat some of the most wonderful and most practical achievements in history. He astounded the world by striking it in a new way. He depended upon his own brain for the plans and movements he made. He invented as never man invented before. Other men were forced to invent in order to checkmate the great power he was acquiring by his inventions. Thus, new ideas sprang into existence, and the world was benefited; yet Napoleon's pet idea was never accomplished; nor can it ever be. He was, nevertheless, a great man and a great benefactor. He taught the world new ideas by doing what he thought. He figured in many departments of knowledge in his endeavor to acquire universal empire. He added something new, too, to every subject he dealt with. But he did not give to the world the lesson he desired. The world drew valuable knowledge from his career. He was a book to be read, the aim of which

was foolishly fanciful, but the style and allusions were invaluable. He acted his thoughts instead of writing them down in books. He did more good things under the leadership of a fanciful idea than he would have done if he had designed them. He was intellectually blind. His grandest and controlling thought united the powers of Europe against him. He waked the world up; and when the lion was roused from its lair he fell a prey to it. It seems, to one looking back over his career, that he ought to have seen that this result would have followed. It is an historical truth.

In all past ages and in all stages of civilization great undertakings have always met with great opposition; yet men will blindly undertake with the hope that they will be masters of all opposition. Blindly they push their course which, if carried out, would often prove a curse rather than a blessing. They are generally defeated in their purpose, but in their endeavor to accomplish their object, they necessarily execute projects that are good.

There are two reasons why men are thus blindly led on in this way. They see first, the great works that men who are called great do, and they take it that their good works were the consummation of their highest aim; or, at any rate, they consider only their success, perhaps, without giving any thought to their aims. How often is it that one act, one great deed, one great invention, one famous speech, renders the author famous almost in an instant. The illiterate but brave Sergeant Jasper wrote his name on the pages of history by one act—

by raising a shattered flag upon the breastworks amid the fire of shot and shell. General J. T. Jackson would have died unsung had he not made a few master strokes at the enemy in the late war. It is the nature of man to look upon the bright side of all hazardous projects. It is well that this is true; for if it were not, there would be no progress made. Men would not undertake anything new unless they could see their way clearly.

Another reason is that great men have great power, and as soon as they find it out, the natural vanity of man assumes control of them, and they measure their own power without comparing it with other men's. They undertake whatever they feel they are able to accomplish, hoping not to be strongly opposed; and even if they are opposed, that sense of power makes them feel that they are able to overcome all opposition, and they thus venture. This sense of power stimulates men to many efforts, which, if the results could be seen beforehand, would be unmade; yet they are not failures simply because the main aim has not been attained. They may effect good in directions wholly unthought of at first.

There is another remarkable freak of human nature, that is, the great disappointment men feel when they have accomplished their highest aims in life. Alexander rose in the might of his power and brought the nations of the earth to his feet, then like a brute "bit the dust" in shame and left the peoples he had conquered to be used in a new game by his successors. He conquered the world; what

if he did? What did he conquer it for? Ah! he did so much for he knew not what! He was the most miserable right upon the heels of the accomplishment of his greatest object. A poor young man starting in life without a dollar to begin with would think that twenty-five thousand dollars would thoroughly satisfy him. But what man has ever acquired enough wealth to nullify his acquisitive disposition? What statesman ever acquired fame enough to stop him from further effort? What student has ever learned enough to satisfy his own soul? None. Nor will there ever be such. One acquisition begets a desire for another greater one. A man's desires increase in the same ratio with his acquirements, so that there is no such thing as satisfying his ambition. The pleasure anticipated vanishes with the accomplishment of a high aim, and the disappointment experienced drives him to still higher attainments.

The foregoing facts bring us to the consideration of another great truth which only one man now and then is progressive enough to see. There is a saying that "what man has done, man can do." Most men undertake only what man has done. Every one must recognize the power of precedents in every department of human action. The customs which now exist in law, in politics, in government, and in religion can be traced to former times. We may truly say that for the most part what man has done, man is doing. An observation of this fact gave rise to the old adages, such as, "History repeats itself," "The same thing becomes fashionable every seven years."

But the progressive idea is expressed in a somewhat different manner. Man can do things which man has not done. All progressive men hinge upon that idea which is the guiding star to human progress. Every invention is based upon that idea. But of the number of enterprising men who grasp this idea and hold it close to their hearts in carrying out their pursuits, only a very few advance one thought entirely new. It is estimated that every age advances only one new thought. There are more who believe that they have fallen upon new facts than those who do not. Yet they have, in fact, been mistaken. Very few men can distinguish between a new thought and a thought presented in a new way. Hence they take for new what has been in existence for years. They thus blindly glory in a thing that is not. But they receive as much satisfaction as if it were true. And to them it answers every purpose that the advancement of a new idea would.

We conclude, therefore, with the thought that all men both great and

small are guided by fancied hopes, and we might have added that the greater the man, the more likely will he be to indulge in wild hopes and aims. When a man enters upon a career for life, he is, as it were, shooting in the dark. There is only one thing certain; if he shoots he will hit something, if he does not shoot, he will not hit. Ill success in the beginning of life is often better for a man of energy than good success; for it increases his energy. He strikes harder and with better material. Notice the result of burning an enterprising town. See how soon it is rebuilt in better style. No one should allow misfortune to discourage him. Every one should undertake whatever he wants to do, work at it with energy. Teach the world that you can see as well as it. Push your work to success if possible, if not push it there in some other shape. Let no one give over his pet ideas though they be foolish; they will stimulate you to many great things.

RAY BROWNING, JR.

THE CLAIMS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

Socially, woman is man's equal, and, when educated, her position is more firmly held against any attacks which may be made by husbands or male relatives and friends in regard to her mental inferiority; she, thus, from being the slave and beast of burden of

pagan nations, rises to the position of counsellor and companion of man—man in all his boasted grandeur and glory.

The time was when uniform rights and privileges for women were not conceded; man being considered the

head of the family, the management of all real estate was put into his hands, and the support of the female members devolved upon him. Now it is quite different; women can not only hold property, but hold it so firmly that the law itself cannot touch it; and in many instances this fact becomes a stronghold in which bankrupt husbands take refuge from their creditors.

Wise and just legislators, feeling the need of such laws, have proposed and passed them one by one, until now we see the day of woman's rights fast beginning to dawn in our land—a perversion, indeed, of the principles which the wise originators of the laws advocated. But this equality of rights is not what we now claim for woman, only that such laws shall be established as shall place her upon an equal footing in the race for culture of heart and mind.

Let me not be understood as advocating the enormous and far too prevalent idea that woman should intermeddle with the affairs of politics, and thereby compromise the spotless purity of that character whose beauty and symmetry it has ever been the delight of civilized men to guard; yet I do most emphatically claim that she should know of the institutions of her government, and the workings of those cliques and dark-handed intrigues which are now stigmatizing the very name of politics. Not that she may lend her influence to the evil which is so rapidly sapping the lives of nations and individuals, but may, ere the fatal dregs be drained, cast the chalice to the ground, and, in the strength of

One mightier, rescue her haughty "superior" from a two-fold death.

Let the learned objector who maintains the inferiority of woman's mind to that of man by claiming that the governing power of the world is to be found in the brain of man, be reminded of "the power behind the throne," and in not a few instances of the power *on* the throne, where "Her Majesty" and not "His" is addressed.

As for the difference in weight of brain, five ounces are in favor of the male brain; but this proves nothing. Absolute bulk is of no consequence; when proportion to weight of the body is considered, the advantage is in favor of woman. Still further, they claim that the emotional faculties of woman have the preponderance, and that, therefore, she is incapable of an intense degree of abstract thought. *Abstract thought, indeed*; this is emphatically an age of *concrete* thought, and a sufficient reply is, that if such a point is to be decided by practical utility and intrinsic worth, whether the emotional faculties be exalted or depreciated, certain it is that they are daily brought into prominence in the forming of the characters of children by mothers, and the ruling of husbands, and in the shedding of that influence around the fireside which, if properly exerted, makes home the most sacred spot on earth; and that if a nation's development, duration, and perfection of character is dependent on the amount of purely abstract thought exhibited by its citizens, few there be which may hope for long

continued existence and an excess of high national character.

Readily do we grant the only argument on their side—that woman's physiological constitution will not admit of the same amount of strenuous mental exertion; but, forsooth, should she be deprived of all educational advantages for so weighty an argument? She need not necessarily be carried through the same curriculum as males; but cannot equal privileges, at least equal in extent of culture, if not in depth of thought, be conscientiously accorded her? For, whether her conclusions be reached by intuitive knowledge, or from a regular course of reasoning, it is patent to all that the correctness of those conclusions and the grasp of her intellect must be directly proportionate to the amount of general information and practical knowledge possessed.

Is it at all to be wondered at that no great idea, no great invention, or discovery in art or science has yet emanated from the brain of woman, when we reflect how few and circumscribed her opportunities have been for mental development, and at what an early age even these are neglected, and all thought of literary pursuits abandoned? Remarkable, indeed, is the success attained by a few female authors; and stranger still does it seem when the circumstances under which they labored, and their checkered lives are taken into the account. At present *the* trouble in the way of girls receiving a fully rounded education is the inordinate desire to be grown—grown before the Lord intended for them to be thinking of

such a thing—grown and flirting before they should have left off wearing short dresses and forsaken the chip-basket. By the time they are “sweet sixteen,” all thought of books and literary culture is rapidly evaporating, and they step out into womanhood with the eagerness of the chick into the duck-pond and just about as much knowledge of their surroundings. “Society,” is the cry; and at that cry books become “perfectly horrid.” It makes them “tired” to lay eyes on a book, much less think of preparing several pages to recite. Oh! no; school life is entirely too dreary for them; they can't afford to lose so much time from the giddy whirls of pleasure, and, consequently, enter life half prepared, and unless they are possessed of an unusual amount of mother-wit, good looks, and ancestral inheritance, this earth for them is not long in becoming a veritable purgatory in which they are doomed to sing out their existence in that exceedingly blissful state of old-maid-hoodism.

“Society! Fashion!” Dread monsters at whose feet a prostrate world suppliant bows! Oh! the countless throngs who are yearly crushed by these pitiless gods, who leave in their wake the blighted remnants of hopes once fair and bright, joys untasted, love unknown, and lives misspent. Cold-hearted and thoughtlessly do these votaries of fashion place their necks under the galling yoke, regardless of their duty to men, themselves, and God, wasting life, sacrificing health and losing heaven. Oh, Fashion, what crimes are not

perpetrated in thy name! What heinous deeds and hellish machinations here find a suitable cloak for their existence! Will the maddened throng never cry out "Enough! enough!" and cutting loose from their meshes, let reason have her sway, if perchance she shall condescend to resume a seat so foully usurped? Will not one brief respite be given in which thy inveterate laws may be made compatible with common sense, and in which the world, in its whirlpool of pleasure, may regain its feet, and standing upright, catch one breath of genuine pleasure, behold with wonder and amazement the demon to which it kneels? Can no power, human or divine, divert the impending destruction? None—absolutely none—seems to be forthcoming, unless a radical change in the rearing of children is brought about, giving them right views of life, and teaching them to choose no longer the shadow for the substance. The heaven-rending cry is for mothers—intelligent, well-informed, godly mothers—who will instill into the minds of their boys lofty, manly and generous principles, and lay deep and well the foundation of such characters as shall stand the storm of assailing evil, and whose superstructure, beautifully proportioned and fully developed, shall ever reflect glory and honor upon their names. Here it is that this lack of an education is so sadly felt. The mothers of one generation form and fashion the next; it is in their hands that the weal or woe of the future rests. Here is the moulding of the souls of men. If properly directed in youth, how easily she can point them heavenward;

if neglected, they wither and die, lost to all that is ennobling, elevating, and good, for time and eternity.

Say you, "She needs not intelligence to guide the young immortal in the right path; to succor, to encourage, to animate the beings entrusted to her care who, by a law of nature and God, confide in her example and counsels?" Of all sweet memories in this world the sweetest are those of mother; in that name is contained by far the greater part of the joys of him who is blessed with a godly educated mother.

"'Mother'—sweetest name on earth;
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy."

How glorious her true sphere. With what possibilities for good is she blessed. And yet these possibilities are sacrificed for the pleasures of a passing hour. How can a mother worthy of the name so heartlessly devote her entire being to the transient baubles of this life, and expect her sons to become *men*—men who can bring things to pass—men of that stability of character and fixedness of purpose of him

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bars,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his unlucky stars."

Thus we see that the mother's influence is felt long after her work is done and she has gone to receive her reward. Individuals feel it; society feels it; religion feels it, and the civilized world, feeling it, recognizes her as constituting that by which it maintains its distance from the darkness of barbarian heathenism.

Will parents, then, longer permit the canker of ignorance to destroy the very life of the human race? Oh, corruption, disorder, ruin, will the smouldering fires and deep-muttering thunders of your inexorable wrath never be appeased? Will men, infatuated, blind, never be convinced of the delusions of your promised bliss?

God speed the day when girls, having the opportunity of receiving an education, shall wisely embrace it; then will crime and error be rare in the land and our race advance to happiness that now would seem Utopian.

L. L. VANN.

EDITORIAL.

VALEDICTORY.

Commencement has come and gone. Many farewells have been said ; it remains for the brotherhood of editors to bid their friends and each other good-bye, and the leave-taking for '87 will be done.

'Tis a simple thing to say "good-bye;" but so many memories of the past, such a multitude of hopes and plans for the future come struggling into the soul for the supremacy that it is of very great complexity, that little word good-bye ; it looks to the future while the past is present with us, and we seem to live the past, present and future all at the same time. But why speak of our feelings? Every man who has bidden a friend, locality, or pursuit farewell has experienced them. Let us say good-bye in a few simple words.

No more will the familiar pages of our valued exchanges greet us. Often we have laughed at their fun, sometimes given a cut at their oddities, but 'twas all with good-will, and we bid them farewell, wishing them a prosperous voyage on the sea of journalism.

From our patrons who have cheered us and the students who have helped us we turn sorrowfully away. We did not know many of you personally; but sympathy is a chord that binds

without the strand of acquaintance-ship.

And now, brother editors, must we say farewell? Together we have scratched and scrawled, flung ink and bad English from our pens; together we have made now and then a lucky hit and sometimes missed it altogether. Often we have racked our brains to find something new to say—you know the world is always calling for something new. "Something new" we did not always find;

"For were you never an editor and did you never
strain
And feel that *sinking* of the heart you will ne'er
feel again?"

But it was right jolly after all, and now we must go; for another set of men are coming in and as we bid them welcome to quill-driving, we bid them good-bye. Gentlemen, good day; and, friends, you who have helped us remember them.

J. J. LANE.

A UNIVERSITY STUDENT ON WAKE FOREST.

In a recent issue of the North Carolina *University Magazine* occurred the following editorial allusion to Wake Forest:

"Wake Forest claims 205 students. How many boys have you studying the alphabet, that are entered in your catalogue under the head of 'English Literature,' and how many have you studying the multiplication table entered under 'Mathematics'? Will you answer, Mr. *Student*?"

For the time it stirred the indignation of our entire College community, but after its first impression had given space for thought, we at once reflected that in this matter, as in others, the *Magazine* does not represent the University. On the contrary, only a short time since we heard a member of the University faculty of a different denomination express admiration of the vigor and enterprise of Wake Forest. And we are constrained to believe that it does not represent the feeling of the informed body of University students; for to our knowledge at least one of that number—and if one, then from the nature of the case many others—recognizes the fact that in point of preparation of its matriculates Chapel Hill has little advantage of Wake Forest. He lately remarked that, although the University has no recognized preparatory department, students are not turned away on account of deficient preparation to enter the Freshman class. Further, the University students must remember the existence of a class there named, possibly in fun, "Scientific Math.," which, however, was a sub-collegiate class.

So that we regard the above spiteful editorial not as the expression of University feeling regarding Wake Forest on the part of either faculty or student body, but as the expression of the prejudice and ignorance of one University student who happened to occupy an editor's chair. It is to him that we address ourselves, not in the hopeless effort to remove his prejudice, but in the earn-

est endeavor to illuminate his ignorance of a leading educational institution of his native State.

To him the number of Wake Forest matriculates in the session of '86-'7 is uncomfortably close to the number of University matriculates in the same session.* Instead of congratulating the former on its increase of patronage over last year, as the State press has hastened to do, and inquiring dutifully into the causes of the latter's decreased patronage, he seeks to make the impression that Wake Forest is a sort of academy receiving students literally from the word *gō*. He will permit us to refer him to the last catalogue, page 22, where it is definitely stated that the preliminary studies taught to qualify students for entrance are Latin, Greek, and Mathematics (including Arithmetic and Algebra). And there is no variation in practice from this published statement. Strictly speaking, no "preparatory department" is recognized in the College. Students in these sub-collegiate studies are under the same management and method of instruction as those in collegiate classes. Will he do us the favor to compare with the above reference to the Wake Forest catalogue the following from the University catalogue, which is rather indefinite and, to say the least, suggestive: "For admission into the University such preparation is required as will enable each student to pursue with advantage the course which he may select. As a rule, each matriculate must be sixteen years of age. *Except*

* Wake Forest, 200; the University, 204.

tions may be allowed at the discretion of the Faculty." [Italics ours.]

As to the number of students in our sub-collegiate classes, we regret that we cannot give a definite report for the session just gone; it will, however, aid our brother of the quill in an estimate if he will remember the number for the session of '84-'5. The President in his annual report to the Trustees said: "During the past session only eleven students have had exclusively preparatory studies. Six of these left at or before the end of the fall term, and the other five came in with the spring term. The average number throughout the session was less than five." There is no reason to suppose the percentage higher for last session.

Our contemporary suggests between the lines the subtraction of the sub-collegiate students from our total enrolment; would it be ungenerous in our turn to suggest thus openly the subtraction of the extra-collegiate students from the total University enrolment? Only so could a just comparison be made. These extra-collegiate students are the post-graduate students and the law students. Of the former there are fifteen, nine of whom, however, are in the law school. As to the latter, it is worthy of note that there are two classes, namely, the Independent and the Junior. "The Junior class is intended for young men attending other classes in the University." The Independent we presume is, as its name implies, independent of the University. Certainly an independent fee of \$100 is

charged—"terms, payable in advance"—while the University tuition fee is only \$60. We wonder whether our contemporary considers it right that the pupils of Dr. Manning's private law school should be enumerated with the University students at all. We observe, further, that in the matter of fees the Junior class also is independent of the University, \$50 being required. So much by the way. Making now the subtraction suggested: post-graduates, 15; law students, 24; total, 39. Names counted twice, 9. 204 less 30 equals 174.

The desire that our friend of the *University Magazine* shall know at least something of Wake Forest leads us to make, in conclusion, a general statement which lack of space prevents us from making more detailed, but which he can verify at his leisure by the comparison of the catalogues of the two institutions. The degree of A. B. from the University of North Carolina does not represent as much work on the part of the student as the same degree from Wake Forest College.

ARE FINAL EXAMINATIONS ADVISABLE?

In view of recent developments at college in regard to frauds that are possibly incident to examinations, I take occasion to refer to an editorial which appeared in a certain number of the last volume of *THE STUDENT*. The editorial in question advocated the abolition of the usual term examinations and changing the system of grading now in vogue so that in place

of averaging the grades made by the student at his daily and term examinations, that he be graded on his daily work only, and not be required to stand the term examinations, but that the minimum be placed higher than now, say ninety-five out of a possible hundred, and should his mark fall below the minimum fixed upon, that he be *allowed* to stand an examination, and in that case his examination and daily grades shall make an average of at least eighty-five.

Of the many considerations suggesting themselves in support of this plan, thoroughness of work I believe to be one of the most prominent. The student knowing that he must make a grade so near the maximum, or submit to the dreaded ordeal of examination, will exert himself more earnestly

in the thorough preparation of his daily work, and will not depend on cramming himself to "get through" on their final examination. The result of this will certainly be a more thorough knowledge of the ground he has been over. This of itself is a sufficient reason. Another is that it will be an effective check to a grave evil which has been known in the history of the college, namely, cheating on examinations. It has been mainly or wholly on the final term examinations that this has been practiced, when at all. The work done on the daily recitations is mainly and necessarily honest. Hence by adopting the suggestions mentioned here, an opportunity for the practice of one of the gravest evils incident to college life is averted.

F. H. M.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, JAMES M. BRINSON.

DURING THE PAST MONTH the various colleges in the land have closed their sessions with brilliant success, notably those of Princeton, Syracuse University, and the University of the city of New York. The graduating class at Princeton numbered eighty-five. The commencement was more largely attended than any previous one. At Syracuse University, the class day was celebrated with more pomp

than ever before. At the University of the city of New York, too, a brilliant commencement was had. All over this broad land there seems to be a great revival of interest in education. There are said to have been more students at the institutions of learning throughout the country than ever before, and almost every college, whose commencement exercises are reported, had a more successful com-

mencement than ever before. The next scholastic year will be an era in educational work.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS of the British Empire is now alive with excitement, it being the time of the Queen's Jubilee. The occasion seems to be one of endless display and effervescing loyalty. It is certainly natural and we think highly commendable for the British people in some way to show their regard for their sovereign. The fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign have proved one of the most successful and brilliant epochs in the history of England. She has shown herself a thoughtful and prudent queen and is consequently worthy of the esteem and admiration of her subjects. At the same time, she has displayed the purity and loveliness of her nature by her devotion as a wife and mother. We think that the English people have every reason to rejoice.

GERMANY, and we may say the world, is at present intensely concerned in the health of the Emperor and his iron chancellor. The Emperor is now past ninety and the time cannot be distant when the old veteran, whose life has been so nobly passed, who is beloved at home and abroad, will enter that new and untried state of existence where virtue such as his will surely be rewarded. Bismarck, too, is very feeble and cannot long survive his sovereign. It is not hard to predict what will be the state of affairs when these two disappear from

the political arena. Undoubtedly the war between France and Germany could not longer be deferred. But in addition to this, we believe the time is fast approaching when that great principle of democracy, which is seen developed to its highest extent in our country and approximately in France, Switzerland, and England, that principle which has long caused empires to quake and kings to tremble with dark forebodings, will roll over Europe in mighty surges and sweep down all opposition, and in its wake, spontaneously as it were, will spring up free institutions sustained by the people. Bismarck is an able and resolute advocate of autocracy, and the Emperor William is the great exponent of the pampered doctrine of the divine right of kings. When they pass from the stage, that craving after a different phase of government cannot longer be stemmed. We believe that their death will be the fire-brand thrown into the combustible elements already prepared and only awaiting an opportunity to burst forth into a mighty conflagration.

THERE IS SOMETHING inexpressibly sad and pathetic in Ireland's present position. England, proud and potent, seems determined never to accord her justice. Her government over Ireland has been the most iniquitous system of oppression ever tolerated by a civilized people. Go back to the so-called rebellion of '98, when Irishmen were deprived of their land, the clergy banished, fathers deprived of the guardianship of their own child-

ren, when men were shot down like wild beasts, when the purity woman was not regarded. In those days Irishmen were treated like dogs, and those pages in English history are stained with such outrage and blood as never before a Christian civilization tolerated. So awful were these outrages committed under the pretence of advancing civilization, that ages cannot wipe away the gore. Death hung like an awful mantle over the whole isle, every breeze wafted the groans of martyred patriots, the cries of afflicted children, the agonizing shrieks of wives and mothers torn from the bosoms of their murdered husbands and children. Yes, stained with blood and outrage, in spite of the demands of a retributive justice, in spite of the expressed desire of the civilized world, in spite of the clamors of Irish patriots, England refuses absolutely to grant that justice to

Ireland she so richly deserves. Pretending to fear that Home Rule would cause a separation or the oppression of the Protestant minority, England listens to no argument, is seemingly utterly impervious to reason. Notwithstanding her experience with Irish shrewdness, a shrewdness that certainly would not allow Ireland to be cut off from its main market and lose its surest source of commerce, notwithstanding her knowledge of the municipal affairs of Home-rule Cork, in which though in the minority, the Protestants are not oppressed, but fully recognized in spite of all this, the Tories persist in this old transparent argument. But in our calm belief in universal progress, in the certainty of retributive justice, and a far-seeing, merciful God, we believe we can securely affirm that in ten years Ireland will have Home Rule. May God so order!

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, FRED. H. MANNING.

—*The Chronicle* gives a full account of the commencement at our State University, which was a very successful one. Twenty-three graduates received diplomas.

—Raleigh life was made to pulsate with a livelier throb during the commencements of Peace Institute and St. Mary's. The former occurred

during the first week in June, the latter during the second.

—Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, of Louisville, Kentucky, has been elected to the chair of Natural Science in Columbia University, as successor to Dr. Woodrow, whose teachings on evolution aroused such a controversy in the church.

—The Trustees of the Ohio State University have offered the presidency of the University to Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, and he is urged to accept the position.

—The commencement exercises of Judson College occurred June 20—22. Dr. Thomas Hume, of the University, was prevented by sickness from delivering the literary address. Dr. W. A. Nelson, of Asheville, preached the annual sermon.

—Prof. Toy, of the chair of Modern Languages at the University, has entirely recovered from his late illness and will return to the performance of his duties next session. During his absence his classes have been instructed principally by Prof. Hans Schmidt, of Strasburg University.

—At the closing exercises of the Raleigh Centennial Graded School, eight hundred and eighty pupils were shown to have been enrolled during the past year. There will be two branches of this school next year—the present school and another on Person street, which will add much to the educational facilities and convenience of Raleigh.

—LaGrange, Missouri, held its last commencement May 10—12 inclusive. This college has grown to its present stature under the able presidency of Dr. J. F. Cook, who has been President and financial manager for twenty-nine years. Some two thousand students have received instruction within its walls, one hundred and fifty of whom have graduated. There were

thirteen graduates at the last commencement—ten young men and three young women—all taking part in the exercises.

—The teachers of North Carolina enjoyed life to their hearts content down at Morehead, when for awhile they laid aside the confinement of the school-room to roll on the sands of the ocean beach, sport in the surf, and grow brown in the sunshine. Many a poor, stay-at-home teacher's heart was with them during their holiday, and registered a silent vow to "go next time." During the Assembly there was in session the committee for managing the Teachers' Bureau, whose duty it is to find schools for teachers and teachers for schools. The committee is composed of Messrs. D. L. Ellis, of Glenwood, Ernest Mangum, of Kinston, C. F. Siler, of Farmer's, and Misses Rachel Brookfield, of Newbern, and Annie Conigland, of Oxford.

—President Kemp P. Battle of the University delivered the address at the Mt. Olive High School.

—Dr. R. L. Gould, of Baltimore and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Bryn Mawr, have been appointed lecturers in the Historical department of Johns Hopkins University for the next session.

—Of the 378 students enrolled by Johns Hopkins University the past session, North Carolina shows 8,—Richmond Harding, of Graham, Geo. W. Gooch, of Henderson, Ed. M. Po-teat, of Yanceyville (now of Baltimore), Charles L. Smith, of Raleigh,

Arthur W. McDougall, of Wilmington, Wm. W. Wiley, of Salisbury, Wm. S. Graves (Fellow by courtesy), Professor in Davidson College, and Henry B. Nixon, of Winfall. The rapid growth of the patronage of the University may be seen in the following statements: For the year 1876-'77 (the first) the total enrolment was 89; 1878-'79, 123; 1880-'81, 176; 1882-'83, 204; 1885-'86, 314; 1886-'87, 378.

—There is a proposal to remove Georgetown College, Kentucky, to Shelbyville, which is thirty miles east of Louisville. The College has, besides buildings, about \$100,000 of invested funds. The Shelbyville Baptists say they will add \$100,000 more if the removal is made.

—*The State Chronicle*, of Raleigh--the best of our North Carolina weeklies—made its appearance June 23d in an educational issue.

—Princeton College is taking steps toward becoming a university. The faculty have adopted a scheme of university and post-graduate studies.

—The June number of *The School-teacher* is handsome and valuable. This is the best educational journal that has yet appeared in North Carolina.

—Fifteen thousand dollars is ex-

pended annually to bring the Yale and Harvard boat-crews together at New London, and it is estimated that fifty thousand dollars does not meet the yearly expenses of the athletic organizations of these two universities.—*Dr. Sargent, in Scribner's*.

—The venerable Dr. Mark Hopkins, who was for sixty-two years connected with Williams College as student, tutor, professor, and president, died at Williamstown, Mass., June 17. He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., February 4th, 1802.

—Thomas Nelson Page, LL. D., delivered the address at the commencement of Washington and Lee University. His subject was the Old South which he has so well illustrated in his charming short stories.

—The Students' Aid Society of Boston has aided over four hundred worthy students since its organization. Twenty-five of the young women who graduated at Wellesley in 1886 were helped by it.

—A chair of Education is to be established in the University of Glasgow.

—Recently at the University of London twenty-five ladies were presented for the degree of A. B. and two for the degree of B. Sc.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, J. J. LANE.

—*St. Nicholas* is publishing a series of articles on cadet life at West Point.

—*The Reminiscences* of M. de Lesseps will be given to the public in the early autumn.

—The twenty-second volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, completing the letter 'S', is now ready.

—Mr. T. B. Aldrich has drawn attention to himself by paying \$80 for an autograph letter of Hawthorne's.

—*Roundabout to Moscow* is a very appropriate title to a work that gives much attention to describing travel in Russia.

—"College Boat-Racing" is an interesting article in the June *Century*. It braces one up with its lively description of the exhilarating sport.

—Some very enthusiastic enthusiasts have invented a new language which they propose to make "universal." It is to be called Volapük.

—A life of Jas. K. Polk is expected from Mr. Bancroft. This distinguished gentleman is said to be in Tennessee now gathering materials for his work.

—A wealthy New-Yorker has secured the original manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers*. In these days money obtains what was only inherited in olden times.

—Victor Hugo is an exception to the law that all literary men must be poor. His estate, which was earned entirely with his pen, has proved to be worth as much as \$500,000.

—We are soon to have a new edition of *Nights with Uncle Remus*. "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" are to be dressed up in new style; but anything from Uncle Remus will be like the Negro, dress it as you please.

—*The Book-Buyer* tells us that in the British Museum theological works are bound in blue, historical in red, poetical in yellow, and natural history in green, adding that the choice of these colors was perhaps not haphazard.

—Probably the largest amount of money ever earned by the writing of a single book has been paid Mrs. Grant by Charles L. Webster & Co., as the profits on General Grant's *Memoirs*. She has received thus far nearly \$400,000.

—*John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder* is an interesting book as it gives us a very important chapter in the early history of Tennessee and North Carolina. Most of its information is about Tennessee; but it smacks sufficiently of "tar, pitch, and turpentine," to make it interesting to a "Tar-heel."

—We are deluged with biographies of Henry Ward Beecher. Every man who passed him upon the streets seems to think himself capable of writing his biography in the capacity of an intimate friend. Oh the money that is made out of great men after they are dead!

—There are many quotable passages in Thackeray's letters now publishing in *Scribner's*, so observant, so bright, so playful, and so garrulous are they. Here is an interesting bit written from Paris in 1849: "I am afraid I disgusted Macaulay yesterday at dinner at Sir George Napier's. We were told that an American lady was coming in the evening, whose great desire in life was to meet the author of *Vanity Fair* and the author of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*; so I proposed to Macaulay to enact me and to let me take his character. But he said solemnly that he did not approve of practical jokes, and so this sport did not come to pass." The incident, we suspect, was quite characteristic of the two men.

—If any young man or woman interested in letters chances to read this paper, I should like to say, Do read

good books and don't read magazines and newspapers. The best books are few; to know them is a joy that does not perish. Knowing them you can always enter the haunted country, and find your favorite places, and be at rest with that which is perfect. Make acquaintance with the masters, with the immortals. There are no such good friends as they are; may they meet us one day as Dante was met by Virgil!—*Andrew Lang, in June Forum.*

—King Leopold of the Belgians is preparing an elaborate history of the Norman Conquest.

—*Henry Clay*, by Carl Schurz, is the latest biography in the "American Statesmen" series. It is in two volumes.

—There is going to be a French series of monographs of the same scope and character as the "English Men of Letters."

—H. Rider Haggard, author of *King Solomon's Mines*, *She*, *Jess*, etc., is said to be more ambitious to be considered a great sportsman than a great novelist.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE PORPOISE INDUSTRY has developed rapidly on the North Carolina coast. There are three stations on the beach near Beaufort where porpoises are taken. According to the report of one engaged in the business, there were taken during the season ending in June not far from \$10,000 worth in that vicinity. The hides of the animals are stripped off and, being on an average larger than a mule's, sell for \$3 apiece. They are shipped mainly to Philadelphia, where they are tanned. When porpoises appear in a school a boat is put out with a strong net to surround them, and they are hauled ashore and clubbed. It is said that a porpoise will not pass a mere cable floating on the water, will not swim under or jump over it, to escape unless very closely pressed. It will be remembered that the porpoise, like the whale, is not a fish but a mammal, that is, an animal that suckles its young.

FIRE-FLIES OF THE SEA.—The phenomenon of phosphorescence, while it is one of the most mysterious in nature, is widely distributed. A familiar example in the vegetable kingdom is what is known as "fox-fire," seen on decaying wood penetrated by a phosphorescent fungus. It is also exhibited in a great variety of animals, as in the case of many insects, deep sea fishes, infusorians, and jelly-fishes. It is of one kind of the jelly-fishes that I

desire to speak here. They may be recognized as clear, egg-shaped bodies rolling on or near the surface of the water. Although about the size of a hen egg, it is not easy to see them except against a dark background, so transparent are they. Now imagine that we have dipped up two or three and transferred them to a small glass vessel. On looking closely you will observe eight longitudinal rows of very delicate paddles. When the sunshine falls on them while in motion they exhibit the most beautiful play of colors due to the decomposition of the rays of light. These rows of paddles give name to the class of our charming captives. They are known as *Ctenophores*, or comb-bearers, for the tiny paddles set transversely on the longitudinal bands of muscle show considerable resemblance to the teeth of a comb. After night-fall pour water from another vessel into that containing the *Ctenophores*, and you will be surprised and delighted at the flashes of light that accompany their agitation, and again the play of colors along the combs will attract the eye. If they are left undisturbed in the dark, you may observe at intervals transient glimmerings reminding you forcibly of the light of fire-flies or, on a small scale, of sheet lightning on the southern horizon. These beautiful creatures have been fitly called the fire-flies of the sea,

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

=What a difference! But a week ago our little village was throbbing with eager, expectant life. It was commencement; but now—

=Prof. Mills was prevented by sickness from attending the commencement exercises. We are glad to say that he is now well.

=Drs. Taylor and Manly and Prof. Poteat attended the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead. Dr. Manly lectured and Prof. Poteat was busy collecting specimens for his museum.

=Dr. Duggan and Prof. Michael pay visits to their homes in Georgia and West Virginia respectively.

=The report of the commencement exercises was prepared by Mr. Frank B. Hendren.

=Let every man who reads this paragraph secure a subscriber to THE STUDENT.

=The Hunting Scene, as rendered by Kessnich's Band in Memorial Hall Thursday night of commencement, was one of the grandest things in the music line that Wake Forest has heard in many a day. Prof. K. deserves special thanks for the extra treat he gave us Thursday night. Wake Forest College wants Kessnich's Band for commencements until they cease to blow.

=We had a runaway Wednesday morning of commencement week. A young man having a young lady with him in his buggy drove up to the depot just as the north-bound local freight arrived. When he got in about ten feet of the engine, the whistle suddenly blew, and his horse whirled as suddenly around throwing them both upon the ground: 'Her first exclamation was: "Stop that horse—catch him—catch him—every dress I've got is in that buggy!!" O, woman!—

=Dr. Wm. Royall will spend about a month at West Virginia springs.

=Work on the Chemical Laboratory was resumed the week after commencement.

=Prof. Ganaway, of Trinity College, visited Wake Forest June 20th. He said that, although he had heard much of the push and prosperity of our college, what he saw exceeded his expectations.

=Prof. W. B. Royall preached the commencement sermon at the Chowan Baptist Female Institute.

=Dr. Manly delivered the address at the closing exercises of the Pollocksville Academy. He will spend most of his vacation in South Carolina.

=Mr. Buchanan will spend his vacation on the Hill. He has the care of the Library and Reading Room for the summer.

=President Taylor addressed about a thousand people at the close of Ashpole Institute, in Robeson county.

=Our new catalogue shows the enrolment of 200 students. Of these South Carolina furnishes 6, Virginia 5, Georgia 3, Pennsylvania 2, New Jersey and Tennessee 1 each.

=The Faculty elected Mr. R. B. Lineberry Librarian for the coming term.

=Hereafter the Latin, French, and Greek medals will be awarded "to the student obtaining the highest grade of scholarship in the senior year in these several studies."

=We are glad to know that if the Business Managers succeed in collecting enough (\$55.00) to pay for the July number, THE STUDENT will have proved self-sustaining this year. What a source of gratification to the friends of the College and its magazine for this to be so! Several of the young men had to leave College with their subscriptions unpaid. Send to Business Managers of WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C., and you will be duly receipted. Let's come out even this time.

=Among the distinguishing features of the new Catalogue are "A course preliminary to the study of Medicine" and an interesting "Introduction."

=The imitation of stained glass suggested by Dr. Duggan for the rostrum windows of Memorial Hall is all but perfect, and adds much to the appearance of the Hall.

=It has escaped mention in these columns before, but Wake Forest enjoyed for several months of the past term the luxury of electric bell signals for the various lecture-rooms.

=President Taylor's degree received from the University of Virginia is Bachelor of Literature. It is worthy of being stated, however, that he holds the diplomas given in all the distinct schools of the University leading to the degree of Master of Arts, except the school of Mathematics, which diploma he did not secure because sickness prevented his standing the final examination, and it was not afterwards "made up." So that virtually, if not nominally, he is an A. M. of the Virginia University.

=Prof. Poteat has resigned his position as the representative of the Faculty in the management of THE STUDENT.

=Mr. Henry A. London, editor of *The Chatham Record*, made his first visit to Wake Forest during the late commencement. In an intelligent and appreciative editorial of June 16, he says, among other things: "We have long believed that Wake Forest was doing a great work for our State, and that it was an institution of learning which every true North Carolinian, without regard to creed or sect, should encourage and sustain, and now we know it is. Yes, our Baptist friends

have just cause to be proud of Wake Forest, and we heartily congratulate them upon its present high state of prosperity, which increases as the years roll by. * * As an alumnus of the State University, it affords us pleasure to note these things of a college which, while belonging to one religious denomination, is doing so much good for the whole State."

=The salary of Rev. R. T. Vann, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist church, is now supplemented by an appropriation from the Trustees of the College. That is meet, for he preaches every Sunday to the students as well as the citizens of the Hill, and there is no better preacher in the State.

=It was announced on Thursday of commencement that Messrs. D. G. Beckwith and L. H. Joyner had been absent from no duty during the past term, and that Messrs. E. S. Coffey and J. J. Lane had been absent from no duty during the past year.

=The eighteen graduates received degrees as follows: A. M.—J. B. Carlyle, F. H. Manning, W. J. Matthews, W. P. Stradley; A. B.—B. R. Brown, D. O. McCullers, L. R. Pruett, W. F. Watson, H. E. Copple, H. S. Pickett, L. L. Vann; B. L.—J. M. Brinson, T. E. Cheek, W. S. Olive, E. F. Tatum; B. S.—E. J. Justice, J. J. Lane, D. A. Pittard.

=President Taylor left June 28th to spend some days in Northern cities.

=A committee was appointed by the Board of Trustees to find a Pro-

fessor for the chair of English, provided the funds for the payment of his salary could be secured.

=Rev. James S. Purefoy's residence is being painted white.

=At the late session of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly resolutions, presented by Prof. C. D. McIver, of Peace Institute, Raleigh, were adopted expressing appreciation of the large gifts recently made to North Carolina institutions. Mention is made of Mr. J. S. Carr's benefaction to Trinity College, together with the following touching Wake Forest: "We recognize the fact that any man who helps any educational institution in North Carolina confers a blessing either direct or indirect on every teacher in the State, and we feel an unusual appreciation of the handsome donation made by Mr. Bostwick, of New York, a stranger to us, yet nevertheless a friend, and one whom the teachers of North Carolina will continue to remember with gratitude. We wish further to express our thanks to Mr. Sidney S. Lea, of Caswell county, for his donation of \$8,000 to Wake Forest College."

THE FUTURE OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.—Of course nobody knows what it will be, but Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, not long since President of the College and now prominent as a trustee, has the right to prophesy, if anybody has. So we copy from *The Biblical Recorder* what he has to say on the subject, assured that twenty years from now it will be of even

greater interest than at present. He says :

"To me was assigned the duty of presenting the future of our College at the late annual banquet of the Alumni Association. The following is the speech I would have made on that occasion if the five minutes allotted to me had not expired before it was half delivered.

Twenty years hence a picture of rare beauty rises before me "painted on the eye of prophecy." A *campus* of unusual natural loveliness, containing twenty-three acres, lies spread out to view, carpeted in living green. The broad expanse of thick-set blue grass, neatly shorn, is ornamented with stately oaks, graceful elms, and hundreds of rich magnolias and other evergreens, while here and there, at rare intervals, are clusters of fragrant flowers. On the north and a hundred feet in front of the present line of buildings, I see the Chemical Laboratory, now in process of erection, standing in symmetrical beauty. On the south in a corresponding position, there has been built, lo, these many years, a structure of equal size and elegance, known as the Museum and Biological Laboratory. In the rear and amid the fine grove of elms, is a neat, but substantial and inexpensive gymnasium, while in front of the hotel and on the highest point of the *campus* is a church, capable of seating six hundred persons, and challenging by its symmetry and beauty the admiration of all beholders. This church has cost ten thousand dollars, and has been built by the generous contributions of the friends of the College all

over the State. Here the students and citizens meet every Sabbath on common ground and are inspired with those feelings of devotion which attach to a place consecrated to the worship of God. I see that the older buildings have been painted in bright colors and neatly penciled; that they are ornamented also with handsome porticos and that a massive collonade connects them, giving to the whole series of buildings a striking and impressive appearance.

In the many neat residences and attractive stores of the village I see a community of some eight hundred souls, affording homes for the students, where they enjoy the comforts and restraints of domestic life, and the refining influence of cultivated society.

At the tap of the dinner bell I see three hundred and fifty merry-hearted young men wending their way to their boarding-houses. There are seventy members of the senior class. Seventy-five young candidates for the ministry are pursuing their studies here. Already three thousand men have been educated at the College, and her sons are occupying positions of honor and responsibility from the Supreme Court bench down through all the departments of business activity and enterprise and Christian endeavor. Fifteen hundred ministers of the Gospel have gone forth from this seat of piety and learning, many of whom have served their generation and gone to their reward, though five hundred well equipped and consecrated men are now serving the churches as pastors in the State, while half as many more are at

work for the Master in other States of the Union.

The college now has a faculty of eighteen first-class instructors, many of whom have national reputations as scholars. The course of instruction comprehends ten schools. Mental and Moral Science, Latin, Greek, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, English Language and Rhetoric, Chemistry, History and Political Science, and Natural History. Greek is not as much studied as formerly and one man can discharge the duties of that chair, but the professors of Latin, Modern Languages, Physics, English, Mathematics, Natural History, and Political Science, have each an assistant. The President, who is also professor of Philosophy, receives a salary of \$2,500—each full professor is paid \$2,000, and the assistants receive from \$1,000 to \$1,500 each.

In looking into the financial *status* of the College I find the endowment consists of \$300,000, safely invested and drawing six *per cent.* interest. That brings in a revenue of \$18,000. Two hundred and fifty of the students pay each a tuition fee of \$60, which amounts to \$15,000, making an annual revenue of \$33,000. The ten professors and their assistants are paid \$30,000, leaving a balance of \$3,000. One thousand of this remainder is expended on special courses of lectures by men eminent in learning and science from Europe and America. The residue is applied to the increase of the chemical, philosophical, and biological appliances of the College, which are now fairly complete and have cost \$10,000, and to the equipment of the Museum.

The incidental fee keeps the buildings in repair, and the Library fee of four dollars from every student gives an annual income of \$1,400, which is judiciously used for the improvement of the Library. There are now 20,000 volumes in the Library, which has so encroached upon the reading room that its walls are ornamented with shelves filled with books.

The Students' Aid Association has now an endowment of \$50,000, which is loaned to poor young men at 4 per cent. interest, and hundreds have been blessed by its beneficent help.

At the last Alumni Banquet, 300 old students sat down to a supper spread in the Gymnasium Hall, and one of the special features of the joyful occasion was the announcement that the \$50,000 had been raised by the Association for the endowment of the Taylor Professorship of Philosophy, in honor of Dr. Charles E. Taylor, who still presides in unabated vigor over the institution.

Wake Forest stands among the foremost colleges of the country for the inculcation of piety and sound learning. A diploma signed by its Faculty is a synonym for scholarship and integrity. The dream of our fathers has been realized. Wake Forest is the joy and pride of the whole State.

Such, my brethren of the Alumni Association, is the picture which my fancy paints for the future of our *Alma Mater*, a picture which I humbly hope and believe will be realized within the next twenty years, and which we as her children must be the most efficient agents in making a reality."

=Judson College, N. C., has conferred the degree of D. D. upon Professor William B. Royall, of our chair of Greek Language and Literature.

=The infant son of Mr. Richard Battle died here on the morning of June 26th. The remains were interred in Raleigh the following day.

=The only honorary degree conferred by the Trustees at the late commencement was that of LL. D. upon Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Bryn Mawr College, Pa. He is a native of North Carolina and the author of the famous work *Congressional Government*. He will be one of the lecturers in the Historical department of Johns Hopkins University next session. In announcing the degree the President of the Board of Trustees remarked that Prof. Wilson was a young man, and that this action showed the policy of Wake Forest College in the distribution of its honors to be the reward of merit wheresoever found, in the young as well as in the old.

COMMENCEMENT.—Another year of hard work has come and gone, and the fifty-third annual commencement of Wake Forest College is just over. Commencement is always hailed with feelings of peculiar joyousness, not only by the pale college students to whom it marks a three-months' respite from the arduous routine of college duties, but also by the alumnus who sees in it the cheerful prospect of a renewal of old and cherished associations formed in and around the classic walls of his Alma Mater; by the patri-

otic citizen who knows that amidst the melodious strains of music is to be called the muster-roll of a small yet distinguished reinforcement to the educated force that is to move forward and sustain the commonwealth.

Commencement week came in clear and warm. Occasional showers fell during the week, which allayed the dust and somewhat tempered the atmosphere, though the weather continued uncomfortably warm during the week. Until Wednesday the crowd of visitors was hardly so large as usual; after that time it was larger than at any previous commencement.

On Monday night occurred the contest for the declamation medal. Ten declaimers competed for this medal—five from each society—as follows: Mr. G. C. Thompson, "Emmet's Defence"; Mr. W. J. Sholar, "The Convict's Soliloquy"; Mr. T. S. Sprinkle, "Regulus"; Mr. H. H. Covington, "Horatius at the Bridge"; Mr. R. S. Collins, "Southern Chivalry"; Mr. W. J. Ward, "South Faithful to her Duties"; Mr. J. J. Farriss, "Grady on the New South"; Mr. E. W. Sikes, "Moral Sublimity"; Mr. E. H. Farriss, "Tell-tale Heart"; Mr. J. B. Spilman, "Black Horse and his Rider." The judges, Hon. C. M. Cooke, Rev. J. M. McManaway, and Rev. J. A. Leslie, awarded the medal to Mr. W. J. Sholar.

On Tuesday night, Mr. J. H. Mills, of Thomasville, delivered the alumni address. His subject was "Some Lessons from Mistakes." One of the boys, in describing his address, said it was *multum in multo*; meaning that

his address commenced with the sack of Troy and ended with Wake Forest commencement. The address was characteristic of the man, weighty but awkward.

Wednesday morning by 11 o'clock, the spacious Wingate Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by an intelligent audience eager to hear the Literary address before the two Societies by Senator Ransom. On the rostrum sat many distinguished persons both of church and state. President Taylor in a few happy remarks introduced the speaker to the audience. I have not the time or space to present even an outline of the eloquent and scholarly address of Senator Ransom. Despite the adverse criticism of certain newspaper men who were most probably moved by personal prejudices, the address was generally pronounced a fine effort by men competent to judge. His subject was "The Duty of North Carolina's Educated sons to the State."

Immediately after the Literary address, the various College and Society medals were presented as follows: Whitfield Latin Medal, to Mr. D. A. Davis, of Yadkin county; the Montague French medal, to Mr. J. J. Lane, of South Carolina; the Silcox Greek medal, to Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county; the Declamation medal, to Mr. W. J. Sholar, of Raleigh; the Phi. medal for improvement in oratory, to Mr. C. T. Ball, of Vance county; the Phi. Essay medal, to Mr. J. B. Carlyle; the Eu. medal for improvement in oratory, to Mr. W. J. Ward, of Wilson county; the Eu. Essay medal, to Mr. W. P. Stradley, of Ox-

ford; the medal for best article published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT during the year, also to Mr. W. P. Stradley.

At 8:15 p. m. Wednesday, Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., of New York City, preached the Baccalaureate sermon. His text was "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." (Rev. 3: 11.) For more than an hour he had the best attention of a very large audience. His theme—the losing and winning of crowns—was most appropriate, and its treatment clear and strong.

Thursday was commencement proper. This is to be the grandest day of all; the day of big talk and of soft whispers; the day on which eighteen young men are to receive their commissions to launch each a new-made barque down the swiftly flowing current of active life.

Seven representatives of the graduating class delivered orations, but I cannot lengthen this report by an extended notice of each. The Salutatorian was Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county. Mr. Carlyle was easy and graceful in his delivery. His speech combined wit, humor, poetry—indeed it was written in verse. The second speaker was Mr. E. J. Justice, of Rutherford. Subject: "The Power of Truth." While this gentleman's speech was good, he must still pardon us for saying that he failed to do himself *justice*. The next speaker was Mr. J. M. Brinson, of Newbern. Subject: "The Progress of Democratic Ideas." This gentleman showed thorough preparation and spoke earnestly and effectively. His speech was high-

ly spoken of. The fourth speaker was Mr. E. F. Tatum, of Davie county. Subject: "Words." While this gentleman struck at some of the existing abuses in the use of words, he at the same time interspersed humorous remarks through his speech that made it highly enjoyable. The fifth speaker was Mr. D. O. McCullers, of Clayton. Subject: "A Hero of History." Mr. McCullers was unfortunate in the choice of his subject, his hero being Oliver Cromwell, about whom no man has said anything new or interesting for a hundred and fifty years. Mr. McCullers showed considerable familiarity with English history and did well, considering his subject. The sixth speaker was Mr. H. E. Copple, of Davidson county; subject, "Perseverance Leads to Victory"—another hackneyed subject, but one which Mr. Copple handled very cleverly. He did himself ample credit in the preparation and delivery of his speech.

The valedictorian was Mr. W. P. Stradley, of Oxford, his motto being, "Finally, brethren, farewell." Possessed of a high degree of personal magnetism combined with rare grace and ease of manner, with a voice rich in intonation and clear in enunciation, with a style ornate and vigorous, Mr. Stradley is an orator of the first order. As he said "Farewell" in pathetic tones to class-mates, faculty, trustees, students, and all, there were many eyes in the vast audience bedimmed with wholesome tears.

President Taylor's Baccalaureate address of about ten minutes was ad-

mirable. A prominent editor remarked that it was the best address he had heard this commencement season.

The following Theses were presented to the Faculty by the remainder of the graduating class in lieu of orations:

Intellectual Blindness—B. R. Browning, Littleton, N. C.

"What Fools these Mortals Be"—T. E. Cheek, Durham, N. C.

Independent Thought—J. J. Lane, Marlboro county, S. C.

A Novice in the Realm of Plants—F. H. Manning, Gates county, N. C.

The Tendencies of the Age,—W. J. Matthews, Gates county, N. C.

The Elements of True Success—W. S. Olive, Apex, N. C.

The National Progress—H. S. Pickett, Durham, N. C.

The Practical Man—D. A. Pittard, Granville county, N. C.

Man and Christianity—L. R. Pruett, Cleveland county, N. C.

The Claims of Female Education—L. L. Vann, Wake Forest, N. C.

Social Disorder—W. F. Watson, Carthage, N. C.

Thursday night Kessnich's band, of Richmond, gave a musical concert, which was highly enjoyed by all capable of enjoying exquisite music.

And now, finally, what shall I say of the sociable Thursday night? Perhaps I can give the reader no better idea of it than by quoting the words of a certain outspoken fellow in the enthusiasm of the moment: "Well, Tom, we've kept the best wine for the last."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { J. M. BRINSON.
 { F. H. MANNING.

—'51. A MODEL FARMER.—When at Wake Forest College last Thursday we visited, near there, the farm of Mr. Priestly Mangum, in company with W. G. Upchurch, Esq., the president of the State Agricultural Society, and Dr. C. W. Dabney, Jr., the State Chemist. And we only wish that every one of our farmer readers could have been with us. One day's visit to Mr. Mangum's farm would improve and instruct the average farmer more than a hundred agricultural addresses or editorials.

Mr. Mangum is a nephew of the late Hon. Willie P. Mangum, and is reflecting as much credit on his State upon the farm, as did his distinguished uncle in the Senate. He was born and reared on the farm where he now resides, two miles west of Wake Forest, and has devoted all his energy and time to farming, which he has made very successful and profitable. His wheat was just about ripening, and the fields of golden grain presented a most attractive scene. One field of thirty acres would yield at least thirty bushels to the acre, so said Mr. Upchurch, who is a competent judge. In the same field was clover knee-high. What would a Chatham farmer think of making nearly a thousand bushels of wheat on 30 acres? In another large field was a good stand of cotton, which last year averaged over a bale

to the acre. There were several fields of clover and other grasses, and scattered about were stacks of last year's hay not yet used. The cattle looked fat and sleek, the milch cows with distended bags, and many of improved breeds. The hogs were kept in a clover field and looked literally like they were "living in clover," so fat and healthy were they. The barns and stables were commodious and conveniently arranged, and large piles of barnyard manure showed that Mr. Mangum did not depend upon bought fertilizers. We saw quite a number of the most improved labor-saving machines, which nowadays are necessary for profitable farming. But that which chiefly interested our party was Mr. Mangum's system of "terracing" his fields in order to prevent the land from washing. He had begun this system two years ago and had found it wonderfully successful.—*Editor London, in Chatham Record.*

—'54. In our report of the commencement exercises of Wake Forest College last week our greatest "mistake" was in omitting to make mention of the best speech of the occasion—the address before the Alumni Association by Mr. J. H. Mills. His subject was "Mistakes." The speech was like Mr. Mills. No other man could have made it. It was rich in

originality, quaintness, and strong common-sense.—*The State Chronicle*.

—'55. Rev. B. F. Marable, D. D., of Mt. Olive, was the evening lecturer before the N. C. Teachers' Assembly June 21. The lecture was on the timely topic of universal education, and was described as capital in every way.

—'55. Prof. P. W. Johnson, of Wake Forest, is a member of the Executive Committee of the State Fruit Fair Association, and Vice-President also. The Professor has engaged in the fruit-growing and nursery business at Wake Forest. His celebrated Le Conte pears have taken premiums wherever exhibited, and his fine plums and peaches are incomparable.—*News and Observer*.

—'68. President F. P. Hobgood, of the Oxford Female Seminary, was an influential member of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City. He is a conservative man, but courageous. He was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Assembly.

—'69. Hon. John C. Scarborough, of Selma, was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly.

—'70. Mr. R. E. Royall, of Wake Forest, is at the springs in West Virginia for his health.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick, late pastor at Greenville, N. C., has accepted the call to Lexington.

—'75. Mr. W. C. Brewer, of Wake Forest, was reelected a member of the Wake County Board of Education.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray has recently been elected to the position of first teacher in the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind of Colorado. The Baptist State Convention can hardly spare him from the important work of the Corresponding Secretaryship, which he has conducted with marked success since 1877; but he has decided to go to Colorado, not, however, before November 1.

—'79. N. Y. Gulley, Esq., of Franklinton, is not backward in church work, and in the various Christian meetings which he attends he is apt to be one of the most entertaining and forcible speakers.

—'80. Mr. John T. Alderman is the new Principal of the Lexington Southern Normal.

—'80. Rev. J. M. Davis is pastor in Cuba, New York, where he has a church of two hundred and ninety members, with a salary of \$1,000 and parsonage. He is married.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., has become associate editor of *The Central Baptist*. His name first so appeared on the issue of May 26th.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat has been voted by his church—Lee Street, Baltimore—a vacation from July 28 to September 1, which time he will probably spend in Yanceyville.

—'83. Rev. Will. H. Osborne has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Goldsboro Baptist church on account of ill health.

—'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, of Judson College, passed here on Wednesday morning of our commencement week. We were not surprised that he did not stop when we learned the mission that carried him by. On the next morning, June 10th, he was married to Miss Rosa Hines, of Murfreesboro. Our kindest wishes!

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith, who for two years past has been a student at Johns Hopkins University, is the successful contestant for a fellowship in that institution, which was competed for by many other students representing several States. The fellowship is a distinguished honor, and is the only one held by a North Carolinian. Mr. Smith has lately prepared a thesis on "Education in North Carolina," which has been favorably commented upon.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen will not return to Pantego next session. His work there as Principal of the academy has been successful.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, pastor of the First Baptist church of Raleigh, delivered the address at the closing exercises of the Monroe High School, June 23. His address is highly complimented.

Mr. W. C. Powell, of Wake Forest, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College at their late meeting. There are few more clear-headed and efficient men in that body.

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—The Association together with a large audience convened in Memorial Hall Tues-

day evening, June 7th. In the absence of the President and Vice-President, Rev. J. A. Stradley, of Oxford, was called to the chair. He introduced as Alumni orator Mr. J. H. Mills, of Thomasville, whose address on the "Lessons of Mistakes" is noticed elsewhere.

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Stradley invited ministers, members of the press, the graduating class, the Faculty, and the Board of Trustees to partake with the Alumni of the banquet which was spread in the Reading Room. Not quite so many gentlemen as on former occasions took seats at the well prepared table. Mr. S. W. Brewer, of Wake Forest, made the address of welcome, and Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of Scotland Neck, responded. The divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Wood, of Murfreesboro. Post-prandial addresses, limited to five minutes, were made as follows:

1. "The Alumni, as loyal and loving sons, rejoice in the present prosperity of their Alma Mater":—L. L. Jenkins, of Gastonia, and President J. B. Brewer, of Murfreesboro.

2. "Our big-hearted benefactor, J. A. Bostwick,—may he be even more blessed in giving than we have been in receiving":—Hon. J. C. Scarborough, of Selma, and Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, of Greensboro.

3. "The indigent young men of North Carolina who are struggling for a collegiate education,—God speed every effort to aid them!"—N. Y. Gulley, Esq., of Franklinton.

4. "The graduating class of 1887. It is the largest, may it also be the most successful and useful that has

ever entered our ranks!"—Rev. J. L. White, of Raleigh, and J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county, in behalf of the class.

5. "The New Chemical Laboratory. May it be but the earnest of more thorough equipment for teaching and investigation in all the sciences!"—Prof. W. G. Simmons, of Wake Forest, and Rev. Dr. J. D. Hufham, of Scotland Neck.

6. "The future of the College. It will be what we make it:"—Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, and Rev. T. Dixon, Jr., of Raleigh.

Upon motion of Dr. Hufham, the Association adjourned to meet Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the chapel.

At the hour named Vice-President W. L. Wright, of Reidsville, called the Association to order. After the reading of the record of the previous meeting, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. W. L. Wright; Vice-Presidents, Rev. J. L. White, of Raleigh,

and Mr. P. W. Johnson, of Wake Forest; Secretary, Dr. I. G. Riddick, of Wake Forest; Treasurer, Dr. J. B. Powers, of Wake Forest.

Committee of arrangements appointed: Messrs. F. M. Purefoy, R. E. Royall, and Dr. I. G. Riddick.

Upon motion of Mr. Johnson, Rev. Dr. Matthew T. Yates, of Shanghai, was elected orator for next June. Dr. J. B. Powers, of Wake Forest, was elected alternate.

At an adjourned meeting at 9 a. m., June 9th, the time of the banquet was changed from Tuesday evening to Wednesday at 5 p. m., and the committee of arrangements were instructed to provide coffee, etc., in order that the refreshments might take the place of supper. The motion was made by Mr. Wright.

It was further voted, Mr. Hilliard, moving, that each member upon payment of \$2 be allowed to bring with him a lady companion to the next Alumni supper.

